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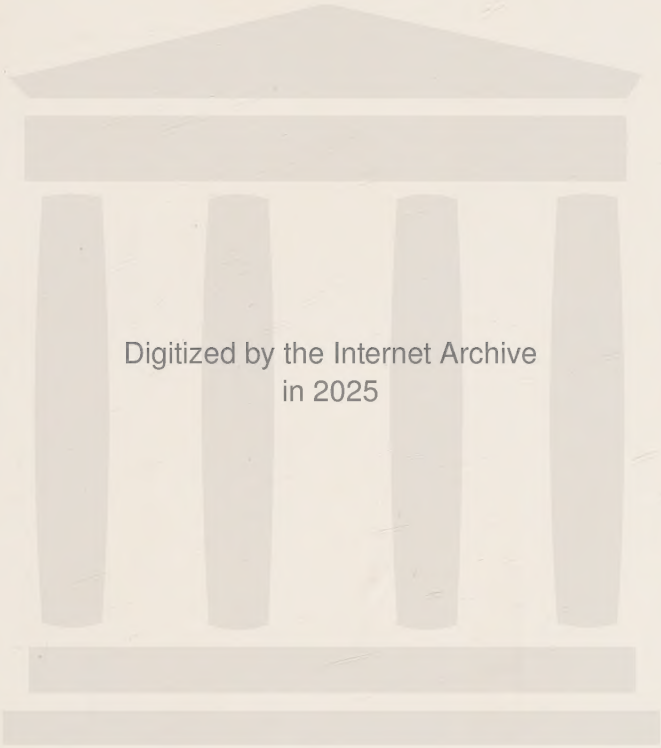
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TENNYSON AND THOMAS CARLYLE IN CARLYLE'S GARDEN.

MEN AND WOMEN OF ACHIEVEMENT

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book tells about heroes and heroines who are interesting chiefly for their personal character and work, as the volume on HEROES AND PATRIOTS is devoted to those who have been great in national affairs.

The volume begins with simple stories of the boyhoods and girlhoods of interesting persons, intended for little children, and this is followed by sketches of "OUR FAVORITE WRITERS," including "THE EDITORS OF THE TREASURY."

You will enjoy the laughable yet inspiring half-dozen tales of "QUAINT AND LOVABLE CHARACTERS." The boys and girls who think our volume in SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND PLANT LIFE is the best of the series will like the section devoted to "MASTERS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION" most of all. But not all of you will agree with them. Those of you who are taking music lessons will want to read about the "MASTER MUSICIANS," those who like to do drawing and cartooning will care more for the "MASTERS OF ART," while those who are fond of good books will wish to know more about a dozen of the "MASTERS OF LITERATURE." But we will all unite in finding pleasure in "LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT MEN" and in "HEROES OF EVERYDAY LIFE." Four "MEN AND WOMEN OF OUR OWN TIME" are named, because each of them, two men and two women, have done so much to make the world better and happier.

It is hard to write "inspirational" essays for boys and girls without being prosy. But there are two topics upon which it is almost impossible to be dull. These are: getting ready for life, and choosing a calling. The present editors have sought those who write on these live topics with the most authority and interest.

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

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WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN

THE world has many stately palaces and great cathedrals that tower in their loveliness high above the humble dwellings around them, and their beauty and wonder are the delight of our eyes. We look up at their high walls, their gilded roofs, their slender spires pointing to the sky; we admire the great strength and delicate tracery of their stonework, and whether in the sunshine or under the stars, they stand out as splendid monuments of what the mind of man has power to plan and his hands have skill to fashion.

But the foundations on which these buildings rest are hidden from our eyes, buried deep down in the darkness. Yet though unseen and seldom thought of, in every case there has been the patient laying of stone upon stone, without which the stately building could never have been reared.

It is much the same with the great lives which tower above the ordinary ones around us. Here and there we note them; we mark the noble deed, the courage, the heroism, the flash of genius, the habit of self-sacrifice, but we are apt to forget that all this did not come into being suddenly, that in each case there was a long time of preparation, a patient laying of foundations in the years of childhood, act by act, as stone is laid upon stone, before it was known what manner of life would be built up.

So whenever it is possible it is well to consider the time of preparation as well as to admire the finished work, and we shall learn to know these great men and women all the better for hearing something of what they thought and did when they were children.

"Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation stone;
Then the courses framed to bear
Lift the cloisters, pillared fair;
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring Heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star."

—AMY STEEDMAN

THE BOYHOOD OF A STORY-TELLER

(Robert Louis Stevenson)

By AMY STEEDMAN

"My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window and see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street."

"WHAT luck it is to have a lamp before our very own door," thought little Louis Stevenson as he stood by the nursery window to watch for the lamplighter.

One by one the lamps along Howard Place, Edinburgh, were touched into points of light, until the lamplighter reached No. 8, and then came the crowning joy of all, when Leerie stopped to light that special lamp. Would he look up and see the small face pressed against the window, and nod "good evening," or would he be too busy to think of little boys?

It was no wonder that the coming of the lamplighter was so eagerly looked for! The winter days were often long and wearisome to the little child shut up in the nursery there, but everything he could see from his window was interesting and exciting.

Louis, or "Smout" as his father called him, was so often ill, and caught cold so easily in the bitter cold Edinburgh winds, that he was often kept indoors the whole winter through, and all that he saw of the outside world was through his nursery window. They were happy days indeed when he was well enough to play about the nursery, to lie flat on the floor chalking and painting his pictures, and to watch for Leerie when the gloaming came.

But there were many other days spent in bed, when Louis was obliged to make-believe a good deal to keep himself

happy, as he sat up with a little shawl pinned round his shoulders and his toys arranged on the counterpane beside him.

Wintry Nights

It was all very well to make-believe in the daytime, when he could drill his soldiers and sail his ships and build his cities on "the pleasant land of counterpane," but when night came on it was weary work to lie long hours awake with a cough that hurt, dreaming half-waking dreams of terror.

The wintry winds shrieked as they swept past, thumping at the window and howling away into the distance, and they sounded to the shivering child like a horseman galloping up into the town. They seemed to thunder past with jingling spurs in fearful haste on some dreadful errand, only to turn and gallop back again with the same mysterious haste.

Louis in his little bed, shaken with terrified sobs, said his prayers over and over again, and longed for the morning to come. It was so difficult to be brave when the night was so dark and he was so full of aches and pains.

But there was always some one at hand ready to comfort the child through those long dreadful hours. His nurse, Alison Cunningham, "Cummie" as he called her, never failed him. She was always there to drive away the terrors and soothe the pain, always patient and always gentle with the poor little weary boy.

His nurseries changed from one house to another, but Cummie was always there. She was his sure refuge from terrors at night and the sharer of his joys by day. The feeling of "her most comfortable hand" he never forgot.

Sometimes on those long watchful nights, when his wide-open eyes began to see fearful shapes, he would ask:

> "Why is the room so gaunt and great,
> Why am I lying awake so late?"

And Cummie would wrap a blanket round him and carry him over to the window, where he could look across the dark

trees of the gardens beneath and see a few lights shining in the windows of the houses opposite.

Safe in her arms, no shadows could touch him, and together they gravely discussed the question as to whether the lights meant that another little lad was awake watching with his nurse for the morn to come.

"When will the carts come in?" was the question always on his lips those weary nights. For the coming of the carts always meant that daybreak was at hand and the world was astir once more.

"Out in the city sounds begin,
Thank the kind God, the carts come in!
An hour or two more, and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window blind."

A Thoughtful Child

One day, when Louis was only three years old, he was left alone with his mother after dinner and remembered that Cummie always wrapped a shawl about her; but there was no shawl to be found, so he reached up and took a doily off the table, carefully unfolded it, and spread it over as much of her as it would cover.

"That's a wee bittie, mamma," he said comfortingly.

Cummie was very strict about the observance of Sunday. Louis learned to repeat long passages out of the Bible, besides psalms and hymns, and he always recited them with a great deal of action, his small hands scarcely ever still, and his dark eyes shining with excitement.

With mother and Cummie to amuse him all day long, he was rather like a small prince in the nursery, and it was his will and pleasure that some one should constantly read to him.

He never could listen quietly to any story, but must always try to act it, slaying dragons, attacking the enemy, galloping off on a fiery horse to carry news to the enemy, until he was tired out, and Cummie would smooth back the hair from his hot forehead, and try to persuade him to rest.

"Sit down and bide quiet for a bittie," she said, and coaxed him to sew a piece of his kettle-holder, or knit the garter that was as black as only a child's gummy little hands could make it.

But it was not only Cummie who watched over and cared for little Louis, there were his father and his mother too. Often during the night the nursery door would open gently and his father would come in and sit by his bedside and tell him story after story, until the child forgot his pain and weariness and drifted away into the land of dreams.

His father's tales always had a special charm for him, and once they helped him through a terrible hour which he never forgot. He had been left alone in a room and by mistake had locked himself in, and then could not unlock the door. Evening was coming on, all his terrors of the dark began to gather round as the shadows crept nearer.

> "All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp,
> With the black night overhead."

But his father was close at hand, and his voice came through the keyhole talking about such delightful, interesting things that Louis held his breath to listen and quite forgot the shadows and the darkness until the locksmith arrived to open the door.

Then there was his young mother, who was so ready to play with him and who always made even the dull nursery a sunshiny, happy place. She was not very strong, and Louis began early to try to take care of her.

At Grandfather's

When spring came it brought new life to little Louis, and the long nights of pain and cold winter days were forgotten, as he played about the garden of his grandfather's manse in the country near Edinburgh. Like the flowers, he began to lift up his head and grow strong in the sunshine.

It was a different world to Louis when the sun shone and

the sky was blue, and the splendid colors of the flowers made his days a rainbow riot of delight. There was no more lying in bed, no more coughs and wakeful nights, but instead, long warm summer days spent in the garden, or down by the river, where there was the joy of his heart—a mill.

There were cousins there too, in the sunny garden, ready to play all the games that Louis invented, to lie behind the bushes with toy guns watching for a drove of antelopes to go by, or to be shipwrecked sailors on a desert island. The only food to be had to keep them from starvation was buttercups, and to eat those buttercups and suffer the after-effects was worth while rather than spoil the pretending game.

There, too, was the kind aunt who brought out biscuits and calves'-foot jelly at eleven o'clock from her store-room, which always had so delicious a smell of raisins, and soap, and spices. Never was there so kind an aunt, and never did anything taste so good as those biscuits and that calves'-foot jelly.

The children stood rather in awe of their grandfather, for he was very strict, and woe betide any small foot that left its mark on the flower-beds of the manse garden. It was whispered that their grandfather made a nightly round and examined each little muddy shoe put out to be cleaned at night, ready to fit it into the track which the evil-doer had left on the flower-bed.

That was enough to make them very careful where they stepped. It was awe-inspiring, too, to see their grandfather in the pulpit every Sunday, and though they admired his beautiful face and his white hair, there was something rather terrifying about him, and the cold dark room where he sat solemnly writing his sermons was seldom invaded by any of his grandchildren.

But there was something in that dark room which Louis longed with all his heart to possess. On the walls hung some very highly colored Indian pictures, and he wanted one of them more than anything else in all the world. At last there came a day when he was sent into the awesome room to repeat a psalm to his grandfather, and his heart beat high with hope.

Perhaps if he said his psalm very nicely, his grandfather might reward him with a gift of one of those colored pictures. Louis repeated it carefully, keeping one eye on his grandfather's solemn face, and one on the Indian picture.

When the psalm was finished, his grandfather lifted him on his knee, and kissing him gave him "a kindly little sermon" which so surprised Louis, who had a very loving little heart, that he quite forgot his disappointment about the gaily-colored pictures he had longed for.

A Winter with Cousin Robert

When those sunny summer days came to an end and Louis went home, he had a companion who made even the gray days cheerful. His cousin, Robert Alan Stevenson, spent a whole winter with him, and together they lived in a make-believe world of their own.

Disagreeable things were turned into delightful plays, and even their meals were interesting. Instead of having to eat up a plateful of uninteresting porridge for breakfast, the magic of make-believe turned it into a foreign land, covered with snow (which was the sugar of course), or an island that was threatened by the encroaching sea (that was the cream).

The excitement of seeing the dry land disappearing or the snow mountains being cleared was so entrancing that the porridge was eaten up before the magic came to an end. Even cold mutton could be charmed into something quite delicious when Louis called it red venison, and described the mighty hunter who had gone forth and shot down the deer after many desperate adventures.

But perhaps the greatest joy of all was when Saturday afternoons came round and the boys went down to Leith to look at the ships, always the chief delight of their hearts. Passing down Leith Walk they came to a stationer's shop at the corner, where in the window there stood a tiny toy theater, and piled about it a heap of playbooks, "A penny plain and twopence colored."

Happy indeed was the child who had a penny to spend

(for of course no self-respecting boy with paint-box at home ever thought of buying a "Twopence colored"), who could walk into the shop with assurance and ask to see those books. Many a time did Louis stand outside, having no penny to spend, and try to see the outside pictures and to read as much of the printing as could be seen at such a disadvantage.

It was no use going in unless the penny was forthcoming, for the bookseller kept a stern eye on little boys, and seemed to know at a glance whether they were "intending purchasers" or not. Inside the dark little shop which "smelled of Bibles" he stood, and seemed to grudge them the pleasure of even turning over the pages of those thrilling plays.

"I do not believe, child, that you are an intending purchaser at all," he growled one day, sweeping the precious books away when Louis had hesitated long over his choice.

It was those little books which opened to Louis the golden world of romance, the doors of which were never closed to him again.

Reading and Writing

It was not until Louis was eight years old that he began to read. His mother and Cummie had always been ready to read to him, and that, he thought, was the pleasanter way. But quite suddenly he discovered that it was good to be able to read stories to himself, and it was a red-letter day when he first got possession of the "Arabian Nights."

Long before he could write, he was fond of dictating stories to anyone who would write them for him, and poor patient Cummie would write sheet after sheet of nonsense, all of which she treasured and read to his mother afterward.

Sitting over the fire at night while Louis lay sleeping in his little bed, the mother and nurse whispered together over the cleverness of their boy, and anxiously tried to reassure each other that he was growing stronger, while they built in the air castles in which Louis was to dwell as king.

The schooldays of Louis Stevenson made but little impression upon him. He was so often kept away by ill-health, and the schools were so often changed, that he did not win

many laurels there. Whatever he liked to learn he learned with all his heart, and to the rest he gave very little attention whatever. He was not very fond of games, for he was not strong enough to play them well, and it was only when the make-believe magic began that he was in his element.

So it was that the make-believe magic kept Louis happy in his childhood's games, and when he grew up to be a man and left the games behind him, the make-believe magic was never left behind, but gave a great happiness to the world as well as to himself.

"Be good and make others happy" was his own particular rule, for he believed that we all should be as happy as happy can be, and that even children should remember

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

A NURSE'S GIRLHOOD

(Florence Nightingale)

By AMY STEEDMAN

ON the twelfth of May, the month of flowers, about a hundred years ago, a little English baby was born in a villa just outside the fair city of Florence.

Spring had been busy sowing the fields with flowers, spreading a carpet of tender green beneath the gray olive trees, and decking with delicate budding leaves the vines. She scattered blossoms abroad with such a lavish hand that the old city of palaces, with its sun-baked roofs and narrow shadowy streets, now well deserved its name of the City of Flowers.

New life was springing up everywhere, and the little new life in the villa lifted its face to the light in company with the flowers.

"We will call her Florence," said her mother. So the City of Flowers gave its dear name to the little English baby, who was one day to write it in letters of gold upon the scroll of fame.

It was not very long before the English family went back to their home in England, but the baby they carried with them must always have seemed a link with the beautiful old city, the rainbow-colored flowers of Spring, the sunshine and blue skies of Italy.

The first home that Florence knew in England was Lea Hall, in Derbyshire; but when she was five years old, and her sister Frances was six, they went to live in a new house called Lea Hurst, which their father had just rebuilt, and here all the rest of her childhood's summer days was spent.

It was a beautiful home, for Mr. Nightingale loved all beautiful things, and would have everything around him as charming as might be. The windows facing south looked over lawns and gardens and wooded slopes, across the valley where the Derwent Water wound its way like a silver thread, and on every side the view was lovely.

Little Sisters

But surely most charming of all must have been the sight of the two little maidens in their dainty muslin frocks, leghorn hats, and sandal shoes, as they played about the garden slopes, among the beds of purple pansies, blue forget-me-nots, and sweet-scented wall-flowers.

The children had each her own special garden in which she worked busily, planting, weeding, and watering, but it was Florence who was specially fond of flowers. It seemed as if the old City of Flowers had laid its charm upon her as well as given her its name.

The two little sisters were very fond of their dolls too, although they showed their fondness in very different ways, and brought up their families on quite different plans.

Florence's dolls were all delicate, and needed constant care. They spent most of their lives in bed, going through dangerous illnesses, while they were most carefully and tenderly nursed by their little mother, who doctored them, and tempted their appetites with dainty dishes until they were well again. Scarcely were they up and dressed, however, than some fresh ailment laid them low once more, and the nursing began over again.

The dolls belonging to Frances, on the contrary, were scarcely ever in bed at all. They led stirring lives of adventure and excitement, but when an accident occurred, and an arm was broken or a leg came off at the joint, it was Florence who tenderly set the arm, putting it in splints.

And if it was interesting to nurse dolls, how much more worth while was it to take care of live animals! Florence looked upon all animals as her friends, more especially those

that were rather ugly and unfortunate. Anything that needed her care appealed at once to her tender little heart.

It was she who welcomed and admired the very commonplace kittens which the stable-cat hid from less friendly eyes; and the old pony that was past work and of no use to anyone knew that his little mistress loved him as much as ever.

Whenever she passed the paddock he came trotting over to see her, and then he would poke his nose into her pockets until he found an apple or a carrot, which was always hidden somewhere ready for this daily game of hide-and-seek.

The birds, too, seemed to know and trust her, and even the squirrels came darting down for the nuts she carried with her, as she walked through the woods. They looked upon her as quite one of themselves.

Only half the year was spent at Lea Hurst, for in winter and early spring the family went to live in their other house, Embley Park, in Hampshire.

There were but few railways in those days, and so the journey was made by coach or in their own carriage, and it was always a delightful time for the two children who loved the excitement of driving along the coaching roads and stopping to rest at nights at the wayside inns.

At Embley

During those winter months at Embley, Florence and her sister were kept very strictly at lessons with their governess. Their father believed that girls should be taught quite as thoroughly as boys, and he planned his little daughters' lessons just as carefully as if they had been sons. With him Florence learned Greek and Latin and was extremely quick at learning foreign languages.

The little girls were taught, too, by their mother, to work their samplers and to do fine sewing, so there was not much spare time in their days, although some hours were always set aside for them to run about outside with their dogs, to scramble about the woods, or ride their ponies up hill and down dale.

From her mother, too, Florence learned the pleasure of visiting the village people, and learning to know them in their homes, and she was always eager to be the messenger when there was a pudding or a jelly to be carried to some invalid.

She was riding on her pony over the Hampshire downs one day, after a round of visits with the vicar, when they noticed that old Roger, the shepherd, was having hard work to collect his scattered sheep, and that he had no dog to help him. The vicar stopped and called to him.

"Where's your dog?" he asked.

The Injured Dog

"The boys have been throwing stones at him, your reverence, and have broken his leg," answered the old man.

"Do you mean to say Cap's leg is broken?" asked Florence anxiously. She knew the name of every dog about the place. "Can nothing be done for him? Where is he?"

The old man shook his head. "No, there's naught can be done, missy," he said. "He will never be good for anything again. I've left him lying yonder in that shed. I'll have to bring along a rope this evening and put an end to him."

Florence turned beseeching eyes upon the vicar.

"Can't we go and see?" she asked.

The vicar nodded, and they galloped off together to the lonely shed, and in a moment Florence had slid off her pony, entered the shed, and was kneeling by the side of the suffering dog.

She always seemed to understand the language of animals, and as she patted and soothed and spoke in a low tone to poor Cap, he seemed at once to understand her, and feebly tried to wag his tail in response, looking up at her with brown eyes full of grateful trust.

The Vicar following after, carefully examined the injured leg, and declared it was not broken at all, but that with careful nursing the dog might get well.

"What shall I do first?" asked Florence anxiously.

"We might try a hot compress," said the Vicar.

Florence did not know exactly what a hot compress was, but when she understood that it was a cloth wrung out of very hot water, she set to work at once.

The shepherd's boy was told to light a fire of sticks, and fill a kettle, and then came the question of a cloth and bandages. Looking round, Florence's quick eye caught sight of the shepherd's clean smock hanging behind the door, and this, she declared, was the very thing that was needed.

"Mamma will give him a new one," she said, as she tore the smock into strips. Very tenderly, then, did she doctor the swollen leg, and in spite of the pain, the dog lay quite still under her hand, watching her all the time with grateful eyes.

A Faithful Nurse

A message was sent home to explain where Florence was, and all that afternoon she watched by the side of the suffering dog, and bathed the poor leg until the swelling began to go down. It was evening before the shepherd came, and he came with a slow step, carrying a rope in his hand.

"Deary me, Miss," he exclaimed in astonishment, when the dog gave a whine of welcome, and tried to come to him, "why, you've worked a wonder. I never thought to see the old dog greet me again."

"You can throw away the rope, for he's going to get quite well now," said Florence, "only you must nurse him carefully, and I will show you how to make hot compresses."

Roger was only too glad to do all that the little lady directed, and had no words to express his thanks. But it was the look in Cap's grateful eyes that was all the thanks that Florence cared for.

She was only a child then, always ready to help anyone or anything that needed her care, tending her flowers and learning to be orderly and diligent, but she was laying the foundation of the great work that was to crown her life.

The look of gratitude in the eyes of a dog moved her childish heart with pity, but how well was she to learn to know that look in the eyes of suffering men, when the very

name of Florence Nightingale meant hope and comfort to wounded soldiers, and the sight of her face bending over their sick-beds was to them as the face of an angel.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

AN EARNEST GIRL

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, the artist, was a vivid, eager French girl. Once she was told of someone who was interested in her and desired to see her. As she passed the threshold of the room she breathed the prayer: "O God, make me worth seeing!"

"SHE MAY BE OBSERVED ALONE, WITH A LITTLE LAMP IN HER HAND, MAKING HER SOLITARY ROUNDS."

AN INVENTOR'S BOYHOOD

(Thomas A. Edison)

By AMY STEEDMAN

IT is not only in fairyland that magicians are born, for sometimes the dull old world produces just as wonderful a wizard as any that are to be found between the covers of Grimm or Hans Andersen.

In the little village of Milan, in the State of Ohio, on February 11, 1847, Thomas Alva Edison was born. There was no mysterious romance about the birth of this magician. No one thought him very wonderful at all, except perhaps his mother, and even she found him only a tiresome boy at times.

As to Alva's father, he thought the boy rather slow and stupid, and was quite worried about him. "Why, why, why," was on his lips from morning till night, and the number of questions he asked wore out his father's patience. He wanted to know the reason of everything and to prove for himself what was right and what was wrong.

Just like ordinary boys, he was always getting into mischief, but whether it was by magic or good luck he always managed to get out of it again. First of all he fell into the canal that ran past the house where he lived, but he was pulled out before he was drowned. Then he tried falling into a pile of wheat in a grain lift, and was nearly smothered, but he managed to get out of that too.

He had the top of one finger chopped off instead of the skate strap which he was holding, and when he tried to build a fire in a barn it was not surprising that the barn itself caught fire in the most ordinary way. There was nothing magical either in the punishment that followed, when he was publicly whipped in the village square as an example to other naughty boys.

And yet in Alva Edison's big head the magic was slowly working, although no one guessed it.

The boy was only at school three months, and all the time he sat at the foot of the class. Alva's mother was vexed that he seemed stupid, and so she took him away from school and began to teach him herself.

Down in the cellar he was allowed to keep rows upon rows of little bottles, collected from all parts of the town and filled with all sorts of chemicals, with which he made experiments, and each new discovery helped to add to the magic of his brain.

Sometimes, however, the experiments were a failure and the results far from pleasant.

"I will teach you to fly," he said one day to Michael Oates, a boy older than himself who helped with the work of the house. Now Michael had a great admiration for Alva and quite believed he was able to do what he said, so when he was told to swallow a fearful dose of Seidlitz powders he took it without a murmur, believing that the gas it produced would hoist him up.

But, alas! instead of flying he was soon lying on the ground twisted with pain. His cries of agony brought Alva's mother to the rescue, and she brought out the switch which was kept behind the old grandfather's clock and whipped the experimenter soundly.

But neither the failure of the experiment nor the whipping discouraged Alva greatly. He was sure the idea was all right and it was only Michael who was all wrong.

There was not much money to spare in Alva's home, and all those bottles and experiments cost a good deal; so before very long, when he was only twelve years old, he made up his mind to try to earn money for himself.

First he tried market gardening with Michael (who could dig if he could not fly), and he grew and sold vegetables for a time, but he did not like the work. Then after much persuasion his mother allowed him to sell newspapers on a railroad, and that suited him much better.

He had time to read the newspapers and magazines as well

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THOMAS ALVA EDISON

as to sell them, and as he went backward and forward in the train from Huron, where he now lived, to Detroit, he was allowed to use one of the vans for his beloved experiments, and here he collected all his bottles and worked away as he had done in the cellar at home.

Even that was not enough to keep him busy, and when the Civil War broke out and everyone wanted news, he started a little printing-press in the van, and printed a newspaper of his very own called *The Weekly Herald,* which he sold at "three cents a copy."

But, sad to relate, an accident happened to the new laboratory, and it and the printing-press came to an untimely end. The train was running along a badly laid track one day, when it gave a sudden lurch, and before Alva could catch it, a stick of phosphorus fell from the shelf to the floor of the van, and in an instant the boards were in flames.

The guard, a Scot with a quick temper, managed to put the fire out and save his van, but he was furious with the boy, and boxed his ears so soundly that Alva ever afterward suffered from deafness. Then as soon as the first station was reached the bottles and the printing-press were bundled out on the platform, and he was left there "tearful and indignant," in the midst of the ruins.

It was after this that the magician began the work that was to touch the whole world with magic. And this is how his chance came. He was standing one day talking to the stationmaster at a little railroad station, when he saw a tiny boy, the son of the station agent, go wandering along the rails on which a train was coming swiftly toward him.

There was not a moment to be lost, and in a flash Alva had jumped down and caught the child just as the train dashed past, and only just in time, for the wheel of one of the passing carriages struck his heel. The child's father was not rich enough to reward the boy with money, but instead he offered to teach him telegraphy, and so the magic wand was put into the boy's hand.

THE BOY WHO WAS HELPED

(Benjamin West)

By HAPGOOD MOORE

WE are told of a certain Oriental king that "His fame spread far abroad; for he was marvelously helped, till he was strong." This might have been said of a neighbor of mine of a hundred and seventy-five years ago.

The old house where he was born still stands, not a mile from my own. It was near a lonely highway, or trail, that led up from the Delaware River into the hills. According to a hospitable custom of those days "when hunger made even acorns savory," after the family had had evening prayers they went up-stairs to bed, leaving the door unlatched, a roaring fire on the hearth and food on the table, for any passer-by who was overcome by cold or hunger. It must have been a picturesque—and it would be to us a fearsome—sight to come down in the morning and find half a dozen redskins curled up on the floor around the fireplace. There was nothing, however, to fear in this Quaker household from the Indians with whom William Penn had made his never-to-be-broken treaty of peace. The youngest boy in this home admired the bright colors with which the Indians striped their faces, and they showed him how to prepare the red and yellow ocher. To this his mother added indigo, with which she colored her coverlets, and by mixing this blue with the yellow the boy got green.

Now comes a story which perhaps you have heard. Leaning one day over the cradle where his older sister's baby was sleeping, the little boy took some red and black ink and hastily sketched the child. When his mother returned he tried to hide his work, but when his mother saw it she knew it was a like-

ness of little Sally, and threw her arms about him and kissed him fondly.

The boy did not have much to work with. He had been told that a painter should have camel's-hair brushes, but there were no camels in Swarthmore. His eye fell upon the family cat. The little bunch of soft hairs at the tip of her tail were tempting. It took but a moment to cut them off. Later he resorted to other parts of her body. When his father wondered aloud what strange disease was making the pet bald, Benjamin, like the Father of his Country, could not tell a lie.

The Special Meeting

Later a neighbor gave him paints and brushes, and some sketches that were so precious that he took them with him to his attic bedroom at night. When he was sixteen there was a special meeting of the Society of Friends to help his parents decide his future. That the young man should be an artist was contrary to the faith of Quakers, for their Book of Discipline stated that "Things merely ornamental are not necessary to the well-being of man, but rather superfluous." Then arose a good man, who declared that it was plain that God had given this young man great talents, and that while such gifts had often been used for purposes of evil, it was also possible and probable that they might be made of great good. "What God has given, who shall dare to throw away?" So the meeting gave its consent, and gave Benjamin its blessing.

Through the generosity of a business man young West was sent to Italy to study, where his teachers gave such a good account of him that when he came to England his work was heartily praised, and men of authority and wealth urged him to remain there. He answered that there was but one thing to hinder. A young woman in America had promised to marry him, and he wished to go and get her.

Here indeed he needed help. The brother of Elizabeth Shewell was unwilling that she should marry the poor artist, and five years before he had locked her up so that the artist

should not meet her. One night Benjamin Franklin and two other young men went to the house with a rope ladder and assisted the young lady out of the window and to a sloop that was at anchor, where the father of Benjamin West was waiting to escort her across the Atlantic.

The Grateful Artist

How did the artist, who soon became the favorite painter of England, requite those who had so marvelously helped him toward fame and happiness? He lived always a good, a helpful, a generous life. There is room to tell but one story of his goodness. He learned that some Friends in Philadelphia desired to build a hospital. He promised to give them a painting. When it was completed the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for it. He accepted the offer, on condition that he should be allowed to send a duplicate to America. The proceeds of the sale of the first picture and of the exhibition of the second he gave to the hospital. The second picture hangs in the Pennsylvania Hospital to-day, where for many years thirty patients were cared for from the gift of Benjamin West. Nathaniel Hawthorne said: "If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever."

One day, when Mr. West was president of the Royal Academy and the king's favorite, George III said to him, "Mr. West, how did it happen that, living in the savage wilderness as a child, you ever became an artist?" Mr. West was silent for a moment. His mind was running back along the past, through his days of triumph, clear back to the stone house on Chester Road. Then he said, with a smile, "Your Majesty, the kiss of my mother made me a painter."

THE BOYHOOD OF A DISCOVERER

(Sir John Franklin)

By AMY STEEDMAN

THERE were already eight children in the house at Spilsby when John was born on April 15, 1786. The arrival of a new baby was quite an ordinary event in that large family, but John was to have the special distinction of being the youngest son, and to enjoy all the privileges of a Benjamin.

All the other brothers and sisters teased and spoiled him by turns, but perhaps on the whole there was more spoiling than teasing, for he was such a frail, delicate child that everyone was inclined to treat him gently.

For the first three years of his life it seemed as if John would never live to grow up, but after that he suddenly began to grow much stronger, and before very long was quite able to hold his own with the other children. He was a great favorite with everyone, and had what the old nurse called "a way with him" which no one could resist, and no spoiling seemed to hurt him.

He was a sunny-tempered child, easily managed, never cross or fretful, and willing to be friendly with everyone. Indeed he was exactly the sort of small boy which nowadays an elder English brother would describe as "a jolly little chap," while an American elder brother would ask proudly, "Say, have you seen my kid brother—he's some kid!"

Of course John had his faults like everyone else, and his mother shook her head over what she considered two very serious defects in his character. He was very untidy, and he was extremely curious.

Whatever was going on, John must always try to find out

all about it, and when he had once set his mind on some discovery there was no turning him from it. All the other children were "neat and orderly," but John was seldom fit to be seen. Either his socks sagged under his heels, or there was a tear in his coat, or his frill was lost.

Something was always amiss, and as to his hands and face, no sooner were they washed than they began at once to get dirty again. He was not at all a credit to the family, and unfortunately he could never be kept in the background, out of sight, for he always wanted to be in the front row and to see everything that was going on.

As John grew older he began to show a tremendous love for adventure, and whatever daring deed the other boys performed, he was always eager to do something more daring still. Sometimes the boys would begin to talk of the great things they meant to do and the exciting adventures that would be sure to happen to them when they were men.

Each one planned some heroic action, until at last, when it came to John's turn to say what he meant to do, there seemed nothing left for him to choose. But as usual he was not to be outdone, and he had his plan all ready. "I am going to build a ladder," he said grandly, "so high that I shall be able to climb up to heaven."

Of course it was pointed out to him that a ladder couldn't stand upright unless it leaned against something, but he explained that it was a difficulty which he meant to overcome What was the use of difficulties except to be overcome? he asked.

The Call of the Sea

Although John's home at Spilsby was not many miles inland, it had no dealings with any seaport town, and it was not until he was ten years old and was sent to the grammar school at Louth that he first heard the call of the sea.

He had started off one fine holiday with another boy to find their way to Saltfleet, which was ten miles distant, meaning to have a good time, but little dreaming of the change which that day was to make in his life. He was keenly inter-

ested in seeing a new place, but he had no idea of the wonder that awaited him. That first sight of the sea stirred his very soul.

In a moment it seemed to him that this was what he had been seeking for ever since he was born. The great mysterious sea, stretching away until it seemed to touch the sky, was the ladder of which he had dreamed. The sound of its breaking waves, the deep rolling swell, seemed to call to him as a friend, and instantly he recognized the voice and answered it with all his heart. He would be a sailor, and he would be nothing else.

Full of this great idea, with the sound of the sea ever in his ears, and the longing for it tugging at his heart, John lost no time in letting his father know that he had made up his mind to be a sailor. He little knew with what displeasure the news would be received at home.

"It is absolute nonsense," declared John's father, "I shall not consider it for a moment. The boy simply wants to escape from the drudgery of school, and, like every other boy, imagines that to go to sea is the way to stirring adventures. I will not hear of such a thing."

So John was sternly told that he might put the idea out of his head at once, and that he had better make up his mind to attend to his lessons.

It was no easy matter, however, to turn John from any settled purpose, and he quietly persisted in his request until at last his father grew very angry.

"I would rather follow my son to the grave," he thundered, and forbade the subject to be mentioned again.

For two years John worked steadily at his school lessons, and did his very best with them, although his heart was set as firmly as ever on the hope of becoming a sailor. It was the best way to show his determination, for it would never do for a sailor to shirk any kind of work.

He was a great favorite with his school-fellows and everyone else, for he possessed that most wonderful gift called "charm," which is as full of magic as any wizard's spell. Everyone loved the sunny-tempered, merry-looking boy, so

brave and frank and friendly, "so quick to resent a slight, and so ready to forgive it."

It was a great disappointment to his father when John showed no signs of outgrowing his desire to go to sea. The two years' discipline of school life seemed only to have strengthened his determination, and as time had proved no cure, it seemed wise now to try another remedy.

It was such an easy thing to talk of being a sailor while living comfortably at home, and looking at the sea life through rose-colored spectacles. The first real experience of rough life on board ship was usually enough to disenchant anyone. So it was decided that John should be sent off on a cruise in a merchant ship which traded between Hull and Lisbon, and it was to be hoped that this taste of life at sea would make him a wiser and a sadder boy.

A Sailor-Lad

It was all in vain. John returned home in great spirits, keener than ever. No hardships could daunt him, his heart was set on becoming a sailor.

His father saw that it was wiser now to give in, for this was no mere boyish fancy, and he sorrowfully gave his consent. A berth was procured for the boy on board the "Polyphemus," and it was arranged that an elder brother should take him up to London, see to his uniform and his outfit, and send him to join his ship.

The elder brother did not much relish the task. In a letter home, he complained bitterly of the trouble of "continually running after this clothes-buying business." But in spite of his annoyance he could not help feeling rather proud of his small brother when he was rigged out in all the bravery of his new uniform, and he was forced to admit in the same letter that "the dirk and the cocked hat are rather attractive parts of his dress."

At last, when all was ready, the little midshipman, cocked hat and dirk complete, joined his ship, and set sail for the north, the "Polyphemus" being part of the English fleet, under

the command of Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command.

From the calm quiet of the Lincolnshire home, where nothing very exciting ever happened and where adventures were only to be met with in dreams, John suddenly plunged into the wildest and most exciting of times, and was in the thick of the most terrible sea-battle which Nelson ever fought.

The Battle of the Baltic

That glorious Battle of the Baltic was John Franklin's baptism of fire, and it was a dreadful experience for the small midshipman. He himself escaped unhurt, but around him were the dead and dying, their groans mingling in his ears with the roar of the guns.

The sea was covered with pieces of wreckage lit up by the lurid light of burning ships, and as they anchored in Elsinore harbor and he looked over into the clear water, he could see the dead bodies lying thick there at the bottom, English and Danes together.

But there was a glorious side to the horrors of that day. Such deeds of daring and bravery had been done as made John glow with pride to think that he had had even the smallest share in the great victory. It was the unconquerable spirit of the English sailor which made Nelson that day clap his blind eye to the telescope, and refuse to see the signal to retire, as he nailed his colors to the mast and fought on until the Danes were beaten.

No wonder that the little midshipman was proud to belong to such a navy and such a country, and he was surer than ever that there was nothing in all the world so fine as to be an English sailor. His only fear now was that he might miss the chance of going on an expedition to the South Seas, which it had been arranged that he should join, before he sailed for Elsinore.

But luckily for him the "Polyphemus" was ordered home at once after the great battle, and he was just in time to be transferred to the "Investigator," which was bound on a voyage

of discovery. The captain, Matthew Flinders, was an uncle of young Franklin, and took a special interest in the boy and spared no pains to turn him out a good sailor.

"It is with great pleasure," he wrote home, "that I tell you of the good conduct of John. He is a very fine youth, and there is every probability of his doing credit to the 'Investigator' and himself. His attention to his duty has gained him the esteem of the first Lieutenant, who scarcely knows how to talk enough in his praise."

Hard Work

It must not be imagined that it was all smooth sailing for John, and that everything was made charming for him on board. He had his own hard work to do, and many a hardship to endure besides a certain amount of bullying.

One of the officers especially took advantage of the boy's keenness and made him do a great deal of extra work, taking all the credit of it to himself. John naturally resented this, but he never complained, and doggedly got through both his own share of work and that of the lazy bully, which certainly did him no harm.

It was not long, however, before John's time on board the "Investigator" came to a sudden end. The ship was a poor one and quite untrustworthy, and at the first breakdown it was found impossible to repair her. There was nothing for it but to ship all the crew back to England in another vessel, and that was only the beginning of a long series of misadventures.

The vessel on which the crew of the "Investigator" set sail was wrecked almost immediately afterward in the Torres Straits, and it was only with great difficulty that the men managed to land on a sandbank and to save stores enough to keep them from starving.

Shipwrecked

It was quite as exciting as any Robinson Crusoe adventure, and not nearly so pleasant, for the sandbank was much worse than a desert island. The only thing to be done was to rig

up tents for shelter and hoist a blue ensign with the Union Jack on a tall spar, in the hope that some passing ship might see their signal of distress.

There was luckily enough food to last them for some time, and so it was decided that one of the six-oared boats should be manned and the captain should try to find his way back to Sydney and bring relief.

It was weary waiting week after week on the desolate sandbank, watching the provisions grow less and less, but John always kept a stout heart, and at last there was a cry of wild delight as the lookout man caught sight of a sail bearing toward them. It was the relief boats at last, and no time was lost in taking the men off and arranging for their return to England.

Young Franklin with some others of the crew were shipped to Canton, where they found a fleet of homeward-bound merchantmen, and so once more gayly set sail for home.

More Adventures

In those days it was no uncommon fate for a merchantman to be captured on the high seas by an enemy or taken by a privateer, and so they all carried guns and were as ready to fight as a man-o'-war. As luck would have it, scarcely had young Franklin set sail again toward home when a powerful French squadron was sighted which bore down upon them, evidently expecting to make an easy and valuable capture.

Now, instead of running away as the French naturally expected them to do, the merchantmen turned about and prepared to give fight, which mightily astonished the enemy, and so well did the guns behave that in a quarter of an hour the French drew off, having had more than enough.

Then came the order from the English commander for a "general chase," and the little fleet of merchantmen actually drove the French squadron of war before them for nearly two hours. Then at last the commander considered that his honor was satisfied, and recalled his pursuing ships and proceeded once more on his way.

It is not difficult to picture the delight of young Franklin in that extraordinary chase, and it was no wonder he was proud of being a British sailor, born to rule the waves. Arrived at home, the boy was specially mentioned in the report of the captain, who said that no one in the ship's company deserved approval and reward for quick helpfulness and good conduct more than Franklin.

Home Again

That was surely a good home-coming for young John, and proved that his love for the sea was no idle fancy or desire to shirk work. In spite of all the dangers and disasters, the boy had shown throughout a "cheery contentment."

He could no longer now be called a child, but he was still only a young midshipman when he fought at the Battle of Trafalgar and once more shared the glory of a victory under Nelson, a victory which made the British flag "supreme on every sea."

But the young sailor's heart was set on something else besides the glory of victorious fighting. The keen love of discovery, the call of the unknown, was in his blood, and, like many another of England's heroes, he could not rest while there was a blank space upon the map to be filled in.

To discover the Northwest Passage was the dream of his life, and there, among the ice-walls of his Arctic prison, he laid down his life fighting to the last to conquer the unknown. The boy who had answered so faithfully the call of the sea, who had fought for king and country, was of the stuff indeed of which England's heroes are made.

Although the place where he was buried is unknown, and so has nothing to mark it as the grave of a hero, yet in Westminster Abbey is a fitting epitaph engraved in marble, as it is graven on many an English heart:

"Not here! the white North hath thy bones and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Towards no earthly pole."

OUR FAVORITE WRITERS

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

By AMY STEEDMAN

THE ancient town of Odense, in Denmark, seems almost as if it was situated on the borders of fairyland, so full is it of old stories and traditions and curious legends. So it was really the exactly right birthplace for little Hans Andersen, "the future fairy king," and there he was born on April 2, 1805.

No one could possibly have guessed that this baby held in his tiny mottled fist the golden key to fairyland, or that he had any connection whatever with fairies. His home was not in the least like a palace, in fact it was only a poor cobbler's room, so small that quite half of it was taken up by the big bed on which the baby lay, while the other half had to serve for workshop, kitchen, and dining-room all in one.

It certainly was a very poor and very small room, but the baby learned to love it as soon as his quick eyes began to look about and take notice of things. There were shining glimpses to be caught of cups and glasses on the top of the chest of drawers, and on the panels of the door were painted beautiful gay pictures of hills and dales and flowers which delighted his heart. Then, too, as soon as he grew old enough to toddle out by himself, he brought home all the wild flowers he could find, and with their dear faces smiling at him he thought this room the loveliest home in all the world.

In the evenings when he was tucked away into the big bed and the cotton curtains were drawn round it, he lay and listened to the tapping of the shoemaker's hammer, and the busy life going on in the room, wide awake and perfectly contented.

"How nice and quiet he is, the blessed child," said his mother, peeping in through the curtains to see if he were asleep, and finding him with wide-open eyes smiling happily to himself.

That must have been the beginning of the fairies' work, for they certainly kept him happy and amused all through his babyhood. People might have called those fairies the

child's own thoughts and fancies, but any sensible child who knows anything at all about fairies knows better than that. The fairies may have come in with the wild flowers or lay hidden in the fresh birch branches that stood behind the polished stove, or swung to and fro in the branches of sweet herbs that hung from the rafters. At any rate there can be no manner of doubt that they must have lived up above in the roof-garden, although that garden was nothing more than a box of earth where parsley and sweet peas grew. Anyone who doubts that has only to read "The Snow Queen" to find there an exact description of little Hans's roof-garden, and if there were no fairies there, how could it have found its way into a real fairy tale?

The Father of Hans

The father of little Hans was, as we have seen, a cobbler, but he was not very clever at his trade, and instead of mending shoes he was much fonder of building castles in the air or reading the books which crowded into the shelf hung close to the window where he worked. He had plenty of time to make toys for his little son, and Hans was the happy possessor of a mill that could work while the miller danced, a peep-show with puppets to act, and all kinds of pictures that changed into different shapes when they were pulled by a string.

Unfortunately, this was not the best way of making money, and the cobbler did not grow rich. There came a day, however, when it looked as if fortune meant to smile upon him. The squire of a country village close by needed a shoemaker, and offered a house and a garden, and grass for a cow, to the man who could make a good pair of shoes.

There was great excitement in the cobbler's home when a piece of silk was sent by the squire's lady to be made into a pair of dancing-shoes, and every night Hans, when he said his evening prayers, said a special prayer asking God to help his father to make these shoes most beautifully, so that they might all go to the house with the garden, and the green field for the cow, and live happily ever after.

But when the shoes were finished and the cobbler carried

them off rolled up in his apron to the great house, the squire's lady was not at all pleased with them. She said he had quite spoiled her beautiful piece of silk, and she could not think of having such a bungler for the shoemaker.

The poor cobbler listened in silence, and when she had finished he caught up his knife and in a great rage cut the pretty dancing-shoes into ribbons. Then he turned and went sorrowfully home.

So that dream-castle tumbled to pieces, and Hans wept bitterly because he thought God had paid no attention to his prayers. He was only a very little boy and did not know that God has many ways of answering children's prayers. Perhaps if Hans had gone to live happily in the country as he wished, then he would never have found his way into the much fairer country of fairyland.

His Mother and Grandmother

Hans had a mother, too, as well as a father, but she was not a very wise mother, and she did not look after him very carefully. Sometimes she spoiled him sadly and allowed him to do whatever he liked, whether it was bad or good, and sometimes she did not trouble herself much about him at all. His best and wisest friend was certainly his old grandmother, who lived close by, and who used to come every day to see her little grandson. All the nice old grandmothers in those fairy tales are just like that grandmother of his. She was always cheerful and kindly and very wise, with a tiny bent figure and the sweetest of blue eyes. Whenever she came she brought Hans a bunch of flowers, and Hans would climb up to the top of the chest and arrange them in the glasses that stood there. He had wonderful hands for arranging flowers, and he used to say, "Flowers know very well that I am fond of them; even if I were to stick a peg into the ground, I believe it would grow." That was quite true. Flowers know, almost as well as little boys and girls, who are fond of them and who are not.

All the old people who lived near the cobbler's house were fond of Hans, and he loved to go and see them and tell them all the things he knew, until they nodded their heads and

said, "What a clever child it is;" then in return they would tell him all sorts of stories which they had heard when they were children, and Hans carefully stored them up in his mind, to tell many years afterward to other children. There was "The Tinder Box," "The Traveling Companions," and many others that every child knows now.

School-days

But although the old people were fond of Hans, he was always a lonely child, and never had anyone of his own age to play with. Even when he went to school he never played games with the other boys. They were so rough that they frightened him, and he was much happier sitting by himself and dreaming his dreams. He did not stay very long at any school, for his parents allowed him to do very much as he liked, and school was not to his taste.

To begin with, his unwise mother had told the schoolmistress at his first school that Hans was never to be whipped, whatever happened, and the good dame quite forgot this one day and gave him a well-deserved tap with the birch-rod.

Hans said never a word, but got up at once, solemnly tucked his book and his slate under his arm, and marched out of the schoolroom. He went straight home and told his mother what had happened, and instead of sending him back to be whipped again, which would certainly have been wise, she took him away from the dame's school and sent him to another.

At this new school Hans was charmed to find a very little girl whom he thought much nicer than the rough boys, and with whom he immediately tried to make friends. The little girl told him that she wanted specially to learn arithmetic, that she might some day be a dairymaid at a grand castle.

Hans at once set to work and drew a splendid castle on his slate, and told her it was a picture of his very own castle, where she should be dairymaid some day.

"For you know," he said, "I am really a great nobleman, and the castle belongs to me, but when I was a baby the fairies came and took me out of my cradle and carried me off to the cobbler's cottage."

He thought his new friend would love his make-believe stories, just as the old people did, but the stolid little dairy-maid looked at him coldly. She did not believe in fairies at all, and she thought that Hans was not telling the truth, or that he was quite mad and foolish.

Poor Hans never tried to tell any more tales after that, but he went on dreaming them all the same.

An Idle Boy

Of course, if a boy spends his time dreaming about fairies he is apt to leave his lessons unlearned, and that was exactly what happened to Hans. He was always in disgrace, and never knew his lessons, and his angry master did not feel in the least less angry when the boy presented him with large bunches of wild flowers. The flowers were beautiful, but they could not make up for idleness.

Hans could easily have learned his lessons if he had tried, but he was not fond of lessons and was a great deal too fond of only doing what he liked best. He loved to make doll's clothes and to sit in the yard near the gooseberry bush and watch its leaves unfolding from day to day. There he sat under a tent which he rigged up out of his mother's apron and a broomstick, as happy as a king, and no one sent him back to school or made him learn his lessons.

After the sad business of the dancing-shoes, the poor cobbler grew less and less inclined to work and at last went off to be a soldier, hoping to return covered with glory. That castle also tumbled to pieces, for the poor man died before he began to fight. Then his widow married again and little Hans was left more than ever to himself.

By this time the boy was eleven years old and was growing into a long, lanky, queer-looking lad, with a face that was almost comic in its ugliness.

If ever there was an Ugly Duckling it was Hans Andersen. All the other boys laughed at him, teased him, chased him away and shouted after him, until the poor awkward child longed to run away and hide himself from the cruel, unkind world.

No one understood him, no one knew all the wonderful things that he thought about and the great things that he meant to do. He had begun to read Shakespeare, and had made up his mind to be a great writer of plays, but when it was discovered that Hans Andersen was conceited enough to think he could write, the boys shouted all the more scornfully after him, "There goes the play-scribbler," and tormented him more cruelly than ever.

Hans had a dim idea that the higher born, nobler people would understand him better and treat him more kindly, and certainly one or two of the great families took an interest in the poor cobbler's son. It amused them to hear him recite whole plays from memory, and to see the poetry he tried to write when he knew little about spelling and less about grammar. The boy was certainly clever in some ways, but what could be done with a boy who had left school almost as ignorant as when he went to it?

A Great Day

About this time there dawned a great day in Hans Andersen's life, the day of his confirmation at St. Knut's Church. It was the Sunday after Easter, and the boy had been thinking a great deal of the promises he was about to make, eager and anxious to become a true and loyal servant of God.

But it was so difficult to keep his mind from straying to other things. There was his new coat, which had been made for him out of his father's old one. The very thought of it filled him with pride, and above all there was his new pair of boots. He had never worn a pair of boots before, and these were quite new. His only fear was that the people might not notice them, and he was so glad when they creaked loudly as he walked up the aisle. They made so much noise that no one could help looking at them.

Then suddenly as he walked up, filled with delight over his coat and the creaking of his new boots, he remembered where he was and what he was doing, and he hung his head with shame to think that at such a time he should think more of his new boots than about God.

He never forgot how he felt that day, and he remembered it with sorrowful shame for many long years afterward. Indeed it was the remembrance of those very confirmation boots which made him write the story of "The Red Shoes."

A Changed Boy

But now it was time that Hans set to work in earnest, for after being confirmed he was a child no longer. His mother did not know what to do with him, but Hans had quite made up his mind to go away to Copenhagen to make his fortune.

"You go through a frightful lot of hardships first," he explained, "and then you become famous."

So the Ugly Duckling set out to see the world, quite certain that he was going to live happily ever afterward, as the fairy tales say.

He little guessed all that lay before him, and how truly "frightful" those hardships were to be. All that he had neglected to learn had still to be learned, he was to suffer hunger and cold and bitter want, and again, like the Ugly Duckling, to be driven away, laughed at, despised, and persecuted.

But the beautiful ending to the fairy tale was to be his, too. Hans Andersen, the queer, uncouth boy, was to become Hans Andersen the author, whose beautiful thoughts and dream pictures made him famous throughout all lands, and who, with the golden key, unlocked for all children the gates of Fairyland.

Like the swan who had once been the Ugly Duckling, "he now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him."

At the end he forgot all the hardships and sorrows of his life. He only remembered the beautiful things, and kept always the sunny heart of a little child, so that he could say at the last, when he came to the very end of the fairy tale, "Oh, how happy I am! How beautiful the world is! Life is so beautiful! It is just as if I were sailing into a land far, far away, where there is no pain, no sorrow."

THE WRITER OF "LITTLE WOMEN"

By AMY STEEDMAN

PERHAPS as a tiny baby Louisa May Alcott may have deserved to be called "the best in the world," but certainly as soon as she could toddle about by herself, and her energetic little feet began to carry her into all sorts of adventures, she could scarcely be considered such a model of goodness.

She was but a baby of two years when the Alcott family moved to Boston, and by that time she was quite an independent little maiden. She and Anna were carefully dressed in nice clean nankeen frocks for the journey, which was to be made by steamboat, and they looked the very picture of sweetness and good behavior.

In the bustle and excitement of settling on board, however, no one at first noticed that the baby had disappeared, and when an anxious search was made it was some time before she could be found. When at last they looked into the engine-room, there sat the truant as dirty as a little tinker and as happy as a queen, watching the engines and having "a beautiful time."

A Naughty Little Girl

Those energetic feet of hers and her inquiring mind led her into a good deal of mischief, and she was never tired of trying to run away. Sometimes she was caught and brought back before she had strayed very far, but one day she escaped unnoticed and spent a long happy day wandering about with some Irish children with whom she had made friends. They played about the common together and dug in the dust-heaps, and when she was hungry the children shared with her their store of cold potatoes, salt fish, and crusts. It was all most

delightful until evening came on, and then Louisa suddenly began to think about home and to wish she could find her way back. It was so easy to run away, but not nearly so easy to return. At last, when the other children left her, she gave it up and sat down on a door-step close to a big friendly dog that allowed her to cuddle up close to him and lay her tired head on his curly back. She watched the lamplighter going his rounds and the lights begin to twinkle in the streets, and then she fell fast asleep and slept soundly until the town-crier came round with his bell.

"Lost, stolen, or strayed," he cried, "a little girl, in a pink frock, white hat, and new green shoes."

"Why, dat's me," said a small voice from the door-step as Louisa sat up and rubbed her eyes, smiling a very sleepy smile.

She did not at all like to be parted from the dear curly dog, but the crier carried her off to his house and gave her a most delicious supper of bread and treacle on a tin plate with the alphabet round it.

So far the adventure had been nothing but pure pleasure, but the fun came to an end the next day when the runaway found herself tied to the arm of the sofa, with plenty of time to sit still and repent.

She had not meant to be naughty. The world was so full of interesting things, and she loved to make friends with everybody.

"I love everybody in dis whole world," she had declared with a beaming smile one morning at breakfast, and the little Irish children had only come in for their share.

That dinner of cold fish and potatoes must have been a real treat to Louisa, for at home she seldom had anything to eat but plain boiled rice without sugar and some kind of porridge. Her father never ate meat, and the children were not allowed to have it either. It was no wonder that they sometimes grew very tired of plain rice and porridge and longed for something more tasty. Great indeed was their joy when a kind old lady came to stay at a hotel close by, and used to

save up her pies and cakes in a bandbox ready to carry over to the children.

Years afterward, when Louisa had become a famous authoress, she met the old lady again and went up joyfully to greet her.

"Why, I did not think you would remember me," said the old friend.

"Do you think I shall ever forget that bandbox?" said Louisa Alcott, smiling reproachfully at her.

A Birthday Party

Occasionally on birthdays or some such special occasion the children were allowed a cake, and birthdays were a great event in the family.

Louisa on her fourth birthday held quite a reception in her father's schoolroom. It was like being a queen to have a crown of flowers on her head and to stand on the table and hand each scholar a plummy cake as they passed. But, sad to say, the supply of cakes ran short, and the little queen found that if she gave each child a cake there would be none left over for herself. That did not seem at all fair, for, after all, was she not the chief person on her own birthday? So Louisa held the last cake tight in her hand and refused to part with it.

Her mother, who was looking on, came and whispered in her ear.

"It is always better to give away than to keep the nice things," she said. "So I know my Louey will not let the little friend go without."

It was hard to part with the "dear plummy cake," but Louisa handed it over to the waiting child, and somehow, when her mother kissed her, she felt happier than any plum-cake had ever made her feel.

That school, kept by Louisa's father, was never a very successful one, and before very long it was given up, and the family left Boston again and went to live in a country house in Concord.

Life in the Country

It was a delightful change for the children. They loved the cottage and the garden full of trees, and they had besides a large barn which they were allowed to use as a playroom.

All the little Alcotts were fond of acting and dressing up. They had found their way early into Make-Believe Land, and now the old empty barn was the very place for them to act their plays and pretending games. The little Emersons and Hawthornes who lived in the neighborhood came to help, and together they acted the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and all the stories they knew.

Lessons were carefully done, though, before play began, and every morning the children went to their father's study for several hours. Louisa tells us those hours were very pleasant ones, for her father never crammed them with learning, but taught in the wisest, pleasantest way. She says, "I never liked arithmetic, nor grammar, and dodged those branches on all occasions, but reading, writing, composition, and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us."

No one could tell stories as her father did, for he was certainly a wonderful story-teller.

Besides the lessons in the study there was a share of housework for each little girl to do, and plenty of needlework, too. Anna had made a whole shirt most beautifully when she was ten years old, and Louisa tells us, "At twelve I set up as a doll's dressmaker, with my sign out and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were the rage at one time, to the great dismay of the neighbors' hens, who were hotly hunted down that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the dolls' headgear."

Yet in spite of housework and sewing, Louisa was certainly inclined to be a tomboy, and her greatest delight was always to be out of doors, running about the fields and woods, climbing trees and racing with the other children.

Her wise mother allowed Louisa to run about as much as

she liked, for she wanted her to grow up strong in body as well as in mind, and believed that Nature could teach her some of the best lessons. Indeed, the child never forgot those things which she learned out in the woods, under the open sky.

Life at "Fruitlands"

The happy days at Concord in the woods and garden and old barn came to an end when Louisa was ten years old, and once more the family moved to a new home, this time to a farm called "Fruitlands," at Harvard. Here their father helped to start quite a new kind of life, with some other people who shared his ideas. They were all to live together and have everything in common, and no one was to buy or sell or make money. It was quite like a picnic at first, and the children thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

This is how Louisa describes the journey to "Fruitlands": "On the first day of June, 1843, a large wagon, drawn by a small horse, and containing a motley load, went lumbering over certain New England hills, with the pleasing accompaniments of wind, rain, and hail. A serene man with a serene child upon his knee was driving, or rather being driven, for the small horse had it all his own way. . . . Behind them was an energetic-looking woman, with a benevolent brow, satirical mouth, and eyes brimful of hope and courage. A baby reposed on her lap, a mirror leaned against her knee, and a basket of provisions danced at her feet, as she struggled with a large, unruly umbrella. Two blue-eyed little girls, with hands full of childish treasures, sat under an old shawl, chattering happily together. . . . The wind whistled over the bleak hills, the rain fell in a despondent drizzle, and night began to fall. But the calm man gazed as tranquilly into the fog as if he beheld a radiant bow of promise spanning the gray sky. The cheery woman tried to cover everyone but herself with the big umbrella. The little girls sang lullabies to their dolls in soft, maternal murmurs. Thus these modern pilgrims journeyed out of the old world to found a new one in the wilderness. . . . The prospective Eden at present con-

sisted of an old red farmhouse, a dilapidated barn, many acres of meadow-land, and a grove."

No one was to eat anything but grain and fruits and roots at "Fruitlands," and they were to wear no woolen garments, for that would have meant robbing the sheep, and it was even suggested that no one should wear shoes, because the leather was made from the skins of animals. Here, however, the children's mother took a firm stand, and she refused to allow her little daughters to go barefoot.

The children were happy enough in their new home, for although they had to do their share of hard work, they were left free at other times to run about out of doors, which was what they loved. They all kept their diaries, and in hers Louisa gives a picture of their daily life.

"I rose at five and had my bath. I love cold water! Then we had our singing-lesson with Mr. Lane. After breakfast I washed dishes and ran on the hill till nine, and had some thoughts—it was so beautiful up there. Did my lessons—wrote and spelled and did sums. . . . Father asked us what was God's noblest work. Anna said 'men,' but I said 'babies.' Men are often bad; babies never are. We had a long talk and I felt better after it. . . . We had bread and fruit for dinner. I read and walked and played till supper-time."

There was only one other lady at "Fruitlands" besides the children's mother, but she did very little to help with the work. She gave the children music-lessons which they did not like at all. Louisa writes in her diary:

"I had a music-lesson with Miss P. I hate her, she is so fussy. I ran in the wind and played be a horse and had a lovely time in the woods with Anna and Lizzie. We were fairies, and made gowns and paper wings, I 'flied' the highest of all." She goes on afterward to tell the story of the day when Mr. Emerson and Miss Fuller came to visit them, and how the guests had a long conversation with their father and mother on the subject of education.

"Well, Mr. Alcott," said Miss Fuller at length, "you have been able to carry out your methods in your own family, and I should like to see your model children."

The visitors were standing talking on the doorstep, and just then a tremendous uproar was heard close at hand, and round the corner of the house dashed a queer procession. Anna was wheeling a wheelbarrow in which sat baby May crowned like a queen. Louisa was harnessed as a horse, and Elizabeth ran barking at the side pretending to be a dog. The shouts ceased suddenly when the children caught sight of the visitors, and the horse in her surprise stumbled and fell, bringing wheelbarrow and baby and driver down in a heap. Mrs. Alcott turned to Miss Fuller with a smile.

"Here are the model children!" she said.

Louisa had always longed to have a room of her very own, and at last when she was thirteen her wish was granted. This year she wrote "My Kingdom":

"A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

"How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

"Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near:
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

"I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command."

Again she writes, "I have at last got the little room I have wanted so long, and am very happy about it. It does me good to be alone, and mother has made it very pretty and neat for me. My work-basket and desk are by the window, and my closet is full of dried herbs that smell very nice. The door that opens into the garden will be very pretty in summer, and I can run off to the woods when I like.

"I have made a plan for my life, as I am in my teens and no more a child. I am old for my age, and don't care much for girls' things. People think I am wild and queer, but mother understands and helps me. I have not told anyone about my plan, but I'm going to *be* good. I've made so many good resolutions, and written sad notes, and cried over my sins, but it doesn't seem to do any good. Now I'm going to work really, for I feel a true desire to improve, and be a help and comfort, not a care and sorrow to my dear mother."

That plan for her life she carried out in spite of failures and difficulties, and worked manfully for the rest of the family, especially for the mother she loved so dearly. She had always been fond of writing stories and poems, as we know from her account of "Jo," but it was uphill work at first.

"Stick to your teaching, you can't write," was the advice given to her by a friend.

"I won't teach and I can write, and I'll prove it," said Louisa to herself.

How well she proved it we all know, and very thankful we are that she stuck to her guns, for what should we have done without our beloved book, "Little Women."

THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" *

By WILLIAM V. KELLEY

CHARLES L. DODGSON was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England who, because of a slight difficulty of speech and extreme shyness of nature, never took a parish, though he preached now and then, preferably to children and servants and the poor. His diffidence in society was painful. Mark Twain, after meeting him at dinner in London, said, "The shyest full-grown man I ever met."

Most of his active life was spent as resident teacher in Oxford University, where his instructorship gave him rooms and support on condition of his remaining unmarried. While living thus in bachelor quarters and pursuing his routine duties, three little children took him by the hand and led him on the path to immortal fame, which he won under the pen name of Lewis Carroll, as author of Wonder Books, in the same general class with Kingsley's "Water Babies" and Kipling's "Jungle Books."

There is abundant proof that the world counts Lewis Carroll's books worth more than nine-tenths of the fiction that is written. His books are oftener quoted and referred to than almost any others published fifty years ago. As in Mark Twain's case, this man's pen name supplanted his real name. Almost everybody knows Lewis Carroll, almost nobody mentions Charles Dodgson.

Browning in his "One Word More—To E. B. B.," cries: "God be thanked! The meanest of his creatures has two soul-sides: one to face the world with, and one to show a

* From "With the Children in Lewis Carroll's Company," by William Valentine Kelley, published by the Abington Press, Cincinnati. Used by permission of the author.

woman when he loves her." Multitudes of children of all ages, from six to seventy, agree in saying, "Heaven be praised that Charles L. Dodgson had two soul-sides: one to face his Oxford University world with, and one to show to little children when he loved them."

Extremely different the two soul-sides were, and hardly on speaking terms. Dodgson seldom admitted identity or connection with Carroll—shook his head gravely as if in denial when accused of it. Dodgson lived in Oxford with pundits and pedagogues and pedants and scientists and senior wranglers. Carroll lived in the land of Child's Delight with little tots and kiddies.

To Charles Dodgson's company some might not feel drawn. Queen Victoria was so delighted with "Alice in Wonderland" that she wrote its author a note commanding him to send her his next book when published. She was surprised and disgusted when it turned out to be a geometry. One pleasing conundrum with which this Oxford mathematician "makes a night of it" is this: "Sat up till 4 A.M. over this tempting problem sent me from New York: 'To find three equal rational-sided right-angled triangles.' I found *two* whose sides are 20, 21, 29; 12, 35, 37; but could not find three."

One of the puzzles invented by Dodgson wherewith to entertain his friends was called the Monkey and Weight problem: "Suppose a rope to be hung over a wheel fixed upon the roof-peak of a building. Suppose a weight fastened to one end of the rope, exactly counterbalancing a monkey which clings to the other end. Now supposing that the monkey begins to climb the rope, what will be the result?" Over this engaging little problem the mathematicians could not agree. One said, "The weight goes *up* with increasing velocity"; two others said, "It goes *up* at the same rate as the monkey"; while another said, "It goes *down*." One wonders that a gentleman who irked the souls of his neighbors with such puzzles had any neighbors. Why didn't they move away? Such was Charles Dodgson.

Dodgson, as lecturer on mathematics, would be extremely unpopular in Carroll's world. Wonderland abhors mathe-

matics of the Oxford type. Its sentiment is typified by Alice's struggle with the multiplication table which ran thus: "Four times five is twelve, four times six is thirteen, four times seven is—O Dear!" and by the Mock Turtle's definition of the four branches of arithmetic as "Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." Alice is of one mind with Marjorie Fleming and with the little girl toiling under the droplight over to-morrow's lessons who moaned piteously, "The oftener I add it up the differenter it is." What would have become of these poor little pestered souls if they had lived in old Babylon, where the multiplication tables multiplied up to sixty times sixty!

In the matter of mathematics numerous powerful persons are in Lewis Carroll's company with Alice and Marjorie. Emerson when a boy at school could never multiply seven by twelve with any degree of confidence. The imperial mind of Cecil Rhodes, mighty builder of continental empire, man of enormous intellectual daring and colossal enterprise, found difficulty in adding up a column of figures. The author of "The Little Minister," Sir James M. Barrie, confesses without shame that he "never had any passion for proving that when circles and triangles try to do impossible things the result is absurd." Why, of course it is!

In Lewis Carroll's Wonderland, where life is one grand revel of mirth and solemn drollery, mathematic laws no more hold good than, according to Kipling, the Ten Commandments bind Tommy Atkins "East of Suez" by "the old Moulmein pagoda on the road to Mandalay." In Carroll's company there are only such merry mathematical problems as this one in navigation: "Given the captain's name and the year of our Lord, to determine the latitude and longitude of the ship." Or the sort of figuring that was done in the court when the jury in the case of the Queen's Tarts wrote down on their slates the Fourteenth of March and the Fifteenth of March and the Sixteenth of March, and then added them up and reduced them to pounds, shillings, and pence. In Wonderland, Alice found two Tuesdays in every week; that was why they were called Two's days.

To be in Lewis Carroll's company is to go gypsying through Topsy-Turvydom. The sillier a Wonderland syllogism is the greater the gayety of nations. This is a sample syllogism: "No bald person needs a hair-brush; no lizards have hair; therefore no lizard needs a hair-brush." And this: "Caterpillars are not eloquent; Jones is eloquent; therefore Jones is not a caterpillar."

Little Friends

Lewis Carroll's chief joy was in his child-friends, of whom he said, when asked how many he had, "More than I could count on my toes if I were a centipede." Nearest and dearest of these were Alice, Lorina, and Edith, small daughters of a stately couple, the erudite Dr. Greek-Lexicon Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, and Mrs. Liddell, the Grand Dame of Oxford. Alice, Lorina, and Edith Liddell—a fine match for "grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair," in Longfellow's "Children's Hour"—lived close by Mr. Dodgson in the same college court, and much happy play he had with those three little girls, often taking them boating on the river in summer afternoons, picnicking under the trees along the bank, and spinning for them on demand many marvelous tales of a novel kind improvised by his fertile and facile imagination, to which they listened wide-eyed and entranced. When he paused they chorused, "Tell us some more"; and when he said, "Not now; next time," those insatiable youngsters cried, "It's next time now."

His favorite apparently was Alice, "Child of the pure, unclouded brow and dreaming eyes of wonder," with "sunny face and silvery laughter," who became to his enchanted fancy the "Dream-child moving through a land of wonders, wild and new, in friendly chat with bird and beast," as is recorded in "Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass"; and of whom he wrote with tender recollection in years long after,

> "Still she haunts me phantom-wise,
> Alice, moving under skies
> Never seen by mortal eyes."

In Lewis Carroll's company is a merry place to be. Here is the letter a small correspondent received from the sunny side of this grim middle-aged mathematician: "My Dear Gertrude: This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy that it is quite expensive. When the postman brought your last letter, he looked quite grave. 'Two pounds to pay, sir,' he said. '*Extra weight*, sir.' 'O, if you please, Mr. Postman!' I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to the postman—it's a very pretty sight). 'Mr. Postman, do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!' 'Only from a little girl,' he growled. 'What are little girls made of?' 'Sugar and spice and all that's nice —especially the spice,' I began to say, but he interrupted me. 'No, I don't mean *that*,' he said. 'I mean, what's the good of little girls when they send such heavy letters?' 'Well, they're not much good, certainly,' I said, rather sadly. 'Well, mind you don't get any more such letters,' the postman said, 'at least not from that particular little girl. *I know her well and she's a regular bad one.*' That's not true, is it, Gertrude? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him you and I would not send each other *many* more letters—'only two thousand four hundred and seventy or so,' I said. 'O,' said he, 'a little number like *that* doesn't signify. What I meant was, you mustn't send *many*.' So you see, Gertrude, we must keep count now, and when we get to 2,470 we mustn't write any more unless the postman gives us leave. Your loving friend, Lewis Carroll."

When Lewis Carroll was spoken of as the Children's Friend, he only half deserved that title, for all his child-friends were of the feminine persuasion. Boys were too much for him; he dreaded them as if they were wild animals. A playful letter from him to a little girl who had a new baby brother ends thus: "My best love to yourself; to your mother my kindest regards; to your small, fat, ignorant, impertinent brother, my hatred. I think that is all." The baby brother's mother thought that was more than enough, even if in jest.

Lewis Carroll at the age of fifty said, "Of course there isn't much companionship possible between an old man's mind and a little child's, but what there is is sweet and wholesome, I think." And again he wrote: "Next to what conversing with an angel might be, comes, I think, the privilege of having a child's thoughts uttered to one. I have known a few children and their friendship is a blessing and a help in life."

How Others Regard Him

Nothing is more natural than that the name of Lewis Carroll should be cherished and revered as it is in clean places and bright places and high places of the earth. Professor Sanday said in his memorial sermon in Oxford University, "The world thinks of Lewis Carroll as of one who opened out a new and delightful literary vein which added mirth and refinement to life; and who poured into the literature of our time a rill bright and sparkling, purifying and health-giving wherever its waters flow." Frederick Harrison wrote: "My little daughter, like all young people in civilized countries, was brought up on his beautiful fancies and humors; but I was more impressed by his intense sympathy with all who suffer than by his wonderful and delightful humor. For my part I remember him mainly as a sort of missionary to all in difficulty and in need." But the most affecting and meaningful of all the tributes paid was that of two shy, sorrowing women who came together, looked a while at his dead face and silently departed, leaving on the casket a wreath with a card attached bearing these words: "To the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes—from two of his child-friends."

One likes to think that when, at the age of sixty, this white souled man, who had gone through life attended by "blithe children's laughter ringing clear and children's merry voices," came to the end of this life's wonders, there must have been among "the bright intelligences fair, in circle round the blessed gates, that received and gave him welcome there," some of his child-friends gone before, who led him up through heaven's Wonderland which eye hath not seen nor the heart of man conceived.

In a volume of his poems published posthumously, one verse is so singularly fit that we hang it now against his evening sky which is still splendid with the rich afterglow of a luminous though modest life:

"I could not see for blinding tears
The glories of the west;
Yet heavenly music filled my ears,
A heavenly peace my breast.
'Come unto me, come unto me—
All ye that labor, unto me—
Ye heavy-laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest.'"

In this world or any other, all who love the gladness of the pure in heart will like to be in Lewis Carroll's company.

THE CHILDREN'S POET, LONGFELLOW

By ALICE CORKRAN

(With some additions by the Editors)

"THE Forest City," as Portland in the State of Maine is called, was the native town of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. At the beginning of the century it well deserved the title it bore. Built under the shadow of a primeval forest, its houses, stores, and churches of timber, its streets shaded by patriarchal trees, the hills surrounding it clothed with verdure, it had an idyllic charm. Situated on the sea, there were added to the town's woodland sweetness associations of war and of adventure. A naval combat was fought within sight of Portland, when Longfellow was a small child; and often there would come into the harbor some great ship, laden with merchandise from a distant land. Memories of his native city always exercised a fascination over the poet.

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

. . . . .

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides, tossing free;
And Spanish sailors, with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

The boy loved poetry, romance, and music. To the end of his life he remembered his mother playing the harpsichord of an evening; and the mention of certain stories or poems seemed to bring back snatches of the old melodies, to which, as a child, he had listened as she read. He loved his mother

tenderly; and, as he trudged by her side to the Unitarian Chapel, he proudly carried her footstool in winter, her posy in summer.

At fifteen the future poet had acquired all the learning the academy of Portland could bestow upon him, and was sent to Bowdoin College. There he acquitted himself with honor, and gave evidence of a native gift of language by the brilliancy of his translations. The college authorities offered to keep open for him the post of professor of foreign languages should he feel inclined to fit himself for the discharge of its duties. After he had taken his degree, Longfellow set sail for Europe, and traveled through France, Spain, Italy, and part of Germany. In each country he learned the language, studied its literature, and gathered a store of memories that became the inspiration of his poetry.

When he returned to Bowdoin, some two years later, he was an accomplished linguist. Appointed to the chair of foreign languages he settled down close to the college, and at the age of twenty-two he was the youngest and the most popular of professors. He rose at six, he went to bed at midnight, he taught French, Italian, Spanish, and lectured on their literatures; he wrote grammars, and compiled speakers. In 1832 he married the daughter of one of his father's neighbors at Portland, who had been the love of his boyhood. The fame of the young professor spread, and two years later the University of Harvard sought him out, and offered to him the chair of modern languages. The offer was accompanied by a leave of absence to enable him to travel in Europe for a year.

Longfellow had already appeared as a poet before the world; as a poet he was received in London, and welcomed in the best literary society. He met Carlyle, and took tea with the Sage of Chelsea and his wife, in their house in Cheyne Row. His object in coming to Europe had been to study the Scandinavian tongues and literatures. He went to Sweden and learned Swedish, Finnish, and Danish. He next proceeded to Holland to master Dutch; and at Rotterdam the first great sorrow of his lifetime occurred. His wife died—she it is of whom he speaks in "The Footsteps of Angels."

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"CRAIGIE MANSION," LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS

"The being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me—
And is now a saint in Heaven."

Longfellow left Holland broken-hearted and traveled to Switzerland. At Interlaken, he met his college friend, Mr. Appleton, who was taking a driving tour through Switzerland with his father and sister. They offered to the young widower the vacant seat in their carriage. He accepted it and sat opposite the lady, whose beauty, grace, and angelic smile he has celebrated as attributes of Mary Ashburton, the heroine of "Hyperion." Hers "were the deep unutterable eyes, with down-falling eyelids full of dreams and slumber." The poet and the lady parted as friends; some years later Miss Appleton became his wife.

During this interval Longfellow's name had taken rank as that of the first of living American poets. His was a brilliant personality; he became one of the lights of the intellectual circles in Boston; he was moreover the glass of fashion to the youth of the period. Singularly handsome, and an exquisite by nature, the poet-professor was the best dressed man of those parts. His waistcoats, his walking-sticks, the shade of his gloves were carefully copied, just as his lectures were attended by crowded audiences and his poems were read, by all America.

Craigie House

When Longfellow married Miss Appleton, the bride's father gave as a wedding gift to the young couple Craigie House and estate. The mansion had belonged to General Washington, and there is a fitness in the thought of Longfellow, the poet of the affections, and the singer of his country's romantic annals, inhabiting the home of the founder of American Independence. The poet's love of beauty was apparent in the adornment of the house. The poet's writing-table was placed in the room where Washington had worked among his charts and memorials of his campaigns. The golden brown of the curtains, repeated in the furniture, gave a subdued rich-

ness to the background. Faded portraits of the great so'dier and his wife hung among pastel portraits of Longfellow's chosen friends—Emerson, Hawthorne, Charles Felton, Sumner. The walls were lined with bookcases filled with rare editions—finely bound books and presentation copies. The room was always full of the scent of flowers; an orange tree stood in one of the windows; in the other a high desk.

Every room of the mansion contained valuable and curious or beautiful objects. It was a museum stored with relics of travels in foreign lands, with works of art and curios. The drawing-room, where, in the old days, Mrs. Washington and the General had held their simple court, was now a splendid apartment where stores of art were accumulated, and which also was sweet with tokens of home life. On the first landing of the staircase leading to the upper rooms, stood a magnificently carved Dutch clock with chimes telling the hour—

"Half-way up the stairs it stands,
It points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs. Alas!
With sorrowful voice, to all who pass—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In spite of the rare treasures it contained, the latch of the door of Craigie House was left ever open, that all who wished might enter in.

"The Children's Hour"

Longfellow had two sons and three daughters. Perhaps your favorite of all his poems is "The Children's Hour," which pictures his Alice, Allegra, and Edith creeping down the stairs at dusk past the old clock, to surprise their father in the Washington room, his study. You know how it goes:

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of the door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!"

They will always be children to American boys and girls, those little girls of the Longfellow house, and so you will enjoy reading this letter which the poet once wrote to an American school-girl who asked him to tell her more about them:

NAHANT, August 18, 1859.

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls.

The oldest is about your size; but as little girls keep changing every

year; I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice. I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks, which I sometimes call her nankeen hair to make her laugh. She is a busy little woman, and wears gray boots.

The youngest is Allegra, which you know means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw—always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day.

They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand and patter about the piazza all day long. Sometimes they go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, Miss Emily, give my love to your papa, and good night, with a kiss from his friend and yours.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The shadow of death crossed the threshold of his beautiful home, and this time it came in an appalling form. Mrs. Longfellow was here burned to death. One evening, as she was playing with her children, the draperies of her light dress caught fire, and she died of the injuries she received.

Some of Longfellow's sweetest poems were written at Nahant—his home by the sea; a green retreat, where the woods grow to the water's edge. His two-storied house was Italian in style, surrounded by a porch that commanded a noble view of the sea and country. Here, at sunset, sweeping over the sea, came, borne on the wind, the sound of the bells of Lynn, from the opposite shore:

"Oh, curfew of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn!
Oh, requiem of the dying day! O bells of Lynn!"

In England, Longfellow's popularity is second only to that which he enjoyed in America. His bust, the only one of any American, is placed in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, among the singers which the nation loves to honor.

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH"

During the latter years of his life he was made very happy by messages of affection that kept coming to him from the

school-children of America. After the "spreading chestnut tree" had been cut down that used to shelter the forge of his old friend, "the village blacksmith," the children of Cambridge gave him on his seventy-second birthday a handsome armchair made out of its wood. It was finely carved with leaves and chestnut burrs and was upholstered in green leather. Under the cushion there was a brass plate on which was engraved this inscription:

"To the author of 'The Village Blacksmith,' this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879."

Three years later, just before the lilacs budded, he left the beautiful home, thronged with heroic memories and poetic visions, and his body was laid to rest in Mount Auburn. "Lay a sprig of lilac from the garden on my grave," he had asked a friend to promise, the year before he died.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, STORY-TELLER

By H. E. MARSHALL and AMY STEEDMAN

IN the heart of "the old gray capital of the North," the city of Edinburgh, lies a pleasant square, with tall, rather gloomy houses surrounding it on every side, shutting out the poorer streets in one direction and the quiet green meadows on the other. This was considered a much healthier place for children than the College Wynd where Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, had lived with his wife and family for some years. One by one their children had faded and died, leaving but six little mounds in the churchyard and six locks of sunny hair for their mother to cherish. So it was a happy day for her when there was a flitting from the old house in College Wynd to the pleasant open spaces of George Square, where it was hoped that the last baby, Walter, and his two elder brothers would grow up strong healthy children.

There certainly seemed no cause for anxiety about the baby, for he was as well and happy as a child should be, and by the time he was eighteen months old he could run about by himself, and run swiftly too, when he did not wish to be caught. There was one night when his nurse must have lost all patience with her "laddie." He did not want to go to bed, and whenever she tried to catch him he danced out of her reach, wild with delight and merriment. The child was surely bewitched or "fey," as the Scotch tongue called it, and she shook her head over this wild mood of his, as she at last caught him and put him to bed.

The next day there was no more running about, for the baby lay moaning and ill with a teething fever, and when that left him they found, when they were bathing him, that one of his little legs hung limp and useless, with no life or power of movement in it.

Doctors were called in and everything possible was done, but still the leg remained weak and useless, and it seemed as if the child would be a cripple. Then Dr. Rutherford, his grandfather, advised that he should be sent away to the country, where he could be a great deal in the open air, and where perhaps the weak leg might grow strong again.

Loving Care Given the Little Cripple

So it came to pass that little Walter was sent to live with his other grandfather, Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, and the child's first memories were of the Borderlands of Scotland, the Tweed and the Teviot, and the old castle of Smailholm.

Every possible cure was tried for that poor little lame leg, and some of the remedies were very curious ones. Whenever a sheep was killed on the farm, Walter, stripped of his clothes, was wrapped in the warm newly flayed skin and laid on the floor to crawl about like a veritable Baby Bunting. The old white-haired grandfather watched him anxiously and tried to tempt the funny little figure, wrapped in its sheep's clothing, to move about and use the weak leg, and Walter also remembered an old colonel in a cocked hat and scarlet waistcoat, kneeling down and drawing a watch across the carpet before the creeping child.

But perhaps the best cure of all was the strong, fresh country air, and the days spent out of doors, when auld Sandy the "cow-bailie" carried Walter about on his back, or set him down to crawl on the thymey grass among the sheep and lambs.

"He was very gleg at the uptake, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them," said an old servant, Tibby, long afterward, with great pride.

Lying out there among the grassy knolls, he was content to watch the sheep and the distant hills, to crawl after wild flowers and the "velvet tufts of loveliest green," and he never needed other amusements.

There was one day when a thunderstorm came up suddenly and Miss Janet Scott, his aunt, remembered where he was, and set off in haste to bring him home, for she was

afraid he might be lonely and frightened. She need not have been anxious, for Walter was enjoying himself greatly. There he lay on his back watching the sky, clapping his hands at every flash of lightning and shouting, "Bonny! Bonny!"

The Stories

Everything about the countryside was "bonny" in the child's eyes, and as he grew older he thought it more beautiful still, when he heard the wonderful tales of the Borderland, "where every field has its battle and every rivulet its song." Auld Sandy would look across to the distant Cheviots and tell of raiders and famous battles, or pointing nearer still to where the Eildons stood, "three crests against the saffron sky," he whispered tales of the Faerie Queen and Thomas the Rhymer, while stories even more wonderful and interesting gathered round the old ruin of Smailholm Tower which stood sentinel on the crags above. Many a tale did Walter hear, too, of his own ancestors, of John the Lamiter; of William the Boltfoot, who, in spite of his lameness, grew up to be one of the boldest knights of all the country-side; of auld Watt of Harden, who swept over the Border with his gallant raiders, and returned with goodly herds of English cattle; of "Beardie," his great-grandfather, who fought for the Stuarts, and refused to cut off his beard since they were banished.

Every kind of tale was a delight to the child, and he was never tired of listening to anyone that would tell him a story, whether he was riding on auld Sandy's back out on the hills or lying on the floor at his grandmother's feet as she sat spinning by the fire. His grandmother's tales, indeed, were as exciting as any history of Robin Hood, and much more interesting, for some of the heroes of whom she told were old family connections, raiders and freebooters though they were, and the stories about their bold deeds were endless. Then, too, there were a few books lying on the window-seat of the little parlor, which Aunt Janet read aloud over and over again until Walter almost knew them by heart.

The "Ballad of Hardyknute" was the first he learned to

repeat, and repeat it he did on every possible occasion, greatly to the annoyance of the parish minister when he called for a quiet chat.

"One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is," he remarked grimly, sitting up, tall and thin, and regarding the shouting child with great disfavor. But they grew to be good friends afterward, the grave old minister and the little lame ballad-lover.

Growth

"The making of him" had begun when he first commenced to crawl about the grassy slopes of the old farm, when his eyes first learned to love the beautiful things he saw, and his ears to listen eagerly to the old tales and ballads, and before he was six years old there was much that was already made of the man to come.

He could ride fearlessly on his little Shetland pony, and he rode well. He loved all out-of-door things—birds, beasts, flowers, hills, dales, and rivers. All things connected with the past were interesting in his eyes, and he was a firm believer in the divine right of Prince Charlie. Above all he loved with all his heart old tales, old songs and ballads of every sort.

"He is born to be a strolling peddler," was his father's verdict.

"I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him," was his own opinion of himself.

School-Days

When Walter was eight years old and was growing so much stronger, his father began to think it was high time that his regular education should begin, and so the pleasant life at Sandyknowe came to an end and Walter went home to George Square, and after a little private teaching was entered at the High School.

Perhaps he had been rather spoiled at Sandyknowe where he was an only child and a favorite with everybody, where his gentle old grandmother ruled with a kindly hand, and where he was the joy of Aunt Janet's heart, strict though she might be.

But his mother understood all about it, as mothers do, and helped him to be patient and unselfish. Perhaps the little lame son whom she had been obliged to part from for so many years had a special place nearer her heart than the others, or perhaps she understood him better, for she loved many of the things he did, and Walter soon found that she was always ready to listen to his favorite stories and ballads, and his happiest times were when he was reading to her or reciting long passages which he had learned, sure of her sympathy.

The first day that Walter appeared in the High School playground, or "the yards" as it was called, a dispute arose between him and another boy.

"It's no use to hargle-bargle with a cripple," said the boy contemptuously.

"I'll fight anyone my own size, if I may fight mounted," said Walter. Whereupon one of the elder boys in great delight arranged that the "two little tinklers" should be lashed to a bench and fight the quarrel out; and Walter gave a good account of himself, and carried the respect and admiration of his schoolfellows.

Although he was rather idle and careless about learning his lessons, he was very quick with his answers, and had a wonderful memory which sometimes stood him in such good stead that he easily mounted to the top of the class, and then just as easily went down again.

One day he was guilty of a discourteous act, for which he never in after years forgave himself.

"There was a boy," he says, "in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I, with all my efforts, supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that, when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a

particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place, nor did he ever recover it; or even, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions."

The masters might shake their heads over young Walter Scott's idleness and "fooling," but they always found him most interesting, while among the boys he was a decided favorite. It was not only that they admired his pluck and courage and the way he faced up to the great drawback of his lameness, though that alone would have appealed to any boy, for he was such a thorough sportsman, but he had besides a magic gift, as full of enchantment as any wizard's wand, and as compelling as any fairy flute possessed by the Pied Piper of Hamelin fame.

The Story-Teller

When winter came round and play hours were dark and dreary, and outside games at a standstill, when the boys gathered round "Lucky Brown's" fireside, then began Walter Scott's hour. There was no one that could tell tales as he could. The boys were spellbound as they listened, and they crowded round nearer and nearer not to lose a word, for the magic worked then even as it did in later years, when it earned for him the title of "The Wizard of the North."

Dr. Adam, the rector, caught a glimpse now and then of what was in the boy, and began to take a greater interest in him, and when Walter saw that more was expected of him, he made it a point of honor to come up to his master's expecta-

tions, and so ere long he easily worked his way up to the first form. Neither did his lame leg prevent him winning honors in the playground, and outside the playground as well, for he could climb "the kittle nine stanes" above the precipice of the Castle rock as boldly as anyone, and when the boys sallied out with snowballs to harass the town guard, he was one of the most valiant dread-noughts in spite of his limp. He was a keen fighter, too, in the street fights, or "bickers" as they were called, battles between the boys living in different parts of the city, which were carried on with great good-will and energy.

But Walter's fighting days came to an end just then, and his High School days too. He had been growing too quickly, and again his health broke down.

Aunt Janet lived at Kelso now, and she was only too glad to have her boy with her once more, so there Walter spent a quiet holiday time, and in the pleasant garden running down to the Tweed read his beloved books in peace and quietness, in the midst of his beloved "land of romance."

For a short time each day he went to the village grammar school, and there again the boys came under the magic of his spell.

"He was certainly the best story-teller I had ever heard, either then or since," says one of the boys, James Ballantyne, who was afterward to be the printer of all Sir Walter Scott's works. "He soon discovered that I was as fond of listening as he himself was of relating; and I remember it was a thing of daily occurrence, that after he had made himself master of his own lessons, I, alas! being still sadly to seek in mine, he used to whisper to me, 'Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story.'"

Young Manhood

So the years passed. Walter left school, went to Edinburgh University, and began to study law. It was at this time, as a boy of sixteen, that for the first and only time he met Robert Burns, who had just come to Edinburgh, and

was delighted at receiving a kind word and look from the poet. He still found time to read a great deal, to ride, and to have long, rambling walks, for in spite of his limp he was a great walker and could go twenty or thirty miles.

It was in an expedition to the English Lakes with his brother and a friend that Scott met his wife. One day, while out riding, he saw a lady also riding. She had raven black hair and deep brown eyes, which found a way at once to the poet's heart. In true poet fashion he loved her. That night there was a ball, and though Walter Scott could not dance, he went to the ball and met his lady love. She was Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a Frenchman who had taken refuge in England from the fury of the Revolution. Walter was able to win his lady's heart, and before the end of the year had married her and carried her off to Scotland.

The first of Scott's song stories was called "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

From henceforth Scott was an author. But he had no need to write for money, as money came to him in other ways. So none of the struggles of a rising author fell to his lot. His career was simply a triumphant march. And good-natured, courteous, happy-hearted Scott took his triumphs joyously.

Other poems followed "The Lay," the best being "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake."

"Abbotsford"

In 1799 Scott had been appointed Sheriff-deputy of Selkirkshire, and as this obliged him to live part of the year at least in the district, he rented a house not far from Selkirk. But now that he saw himself becoming wealthy, he bought an estate in his beloved Border country and began to build the house of Abbotsford. To this house he and his family moved in May, 1812. Here, amid the noise of carpenters and masons, with only one room fit to sit in, and that shared by chattering children, he went on with his work. To a friend he writes, "As for the house and the poem, there are twelve masons

hammering at the one, and one poor noddle at the other—so they are both in progress."

It was at Abbotsford that Scott made his home for the rest of his life. Here he put off the gown and wig of a barrister, and played the part of a country gentleman. He rode about accompanied by his children and his friends, and followed by his dogs. He fished, and walked, and learned to know everyone around, high and low. He was beloved by all the countryside, for he was kindly and courteous to all, and was "aye the gentleman." He would sit and talk with a poor man in his cottage, listening to his tales of long ago, with the same ease and friendliness as he would entertain the great in his own beautiful house. And that house was always thronged with visitors, invited and uninvited, with friends who came out of love of the genial host, with strangers who came out of curiosity to see the great novelist. For, great as was Scott's fame as a poet, it was nothing to the fame he earned as a story-teller.

Scott's Novels

The first story he published was called "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since." He had begun to write this tale years before, but had put it aside as some of his friends did not think well of it. One day he came upon the manuscript by accident, thought himself that the story was worth something, and resolved to publish it. Finishing the writing in three weeks, he published the novel without putting his name upon the title-page. He did this, he said, because he thought it was not quite dignified for a grave advocate and sheriff of the county to write novels. The book was a wild success; everybody read it, everybody was eager to know who the author was. Many people guessed that it was Scott, but for more than ten years he would not own to it. At public dinners, when the health of the author of "Waverley" was drunk, people would look meaningly at Scott, but he would appear quite unconcerned, and drink the health and cheer with the rest. To keep the mystery up he even reviewed his own books.

And so curiosity grew. Who was this Great Unknown, this Wizard of the North?

Everybody read the novels, from the king to the shepherd. Friends, money, and fame came tumbling in upon the author. He had refused to be made poet laureate, and passed the honor on to Southey, but he accepted a baronetcy. He added wing after wing to his beautiful house, and acre after acre to his land, and rejoiced in being laird of Abbotsford.

The speed with which Scott wrote was marvelous. His house was always full of visitors, and he always had time to entertain them. He was never known to refuse to see a friend, gentle or simple, and was courteous even to the bores who daily invaded his home. He had unbounded energy. He rose early in the morning, and before the rest of the family was astir had finished more than half of his daily task of writing. Thus by twelve o'clock he was free to entertain his guests.

Sorrow and Trouble

If ever man was happy and successful, Scott seemed to be that man. But suddenly all his fair prospects were darkened over. Sir Walter was in some degree a partner in the business both of his publisher and his printer. Now both publisher and printer failed, and Scott found himself ruined with them. At fifty-five he was not only a ruined man, but loaded with a terrible debt of $585,000.

It was a staggering blow, and most men would have been utterly crushed by it. Not so Scott. He was proud—proud of his old name and of his new-founded baronial hall. He was stout of heart, too. At fifty-five he began life again, determined with his pen to wipe out the debt. Many were the hands stretched out to help him; rich men offered their thousands, poor men their scanty savings, but Scott refused help from both rich and poor. His own hand must wipe out the debt, he said. Time was all he asked. So with splendid courage and determination, the like of which has perhaps never been known, he set to work.

But evil days had begun for Sir Walter. Scarcely four

months after the crash, his wife died, and so he lost a companion of nearly thirty years. "I think my heart will break," he cries in the first bitterness of his sorrow, "lonely, aged, deprived of my family, an impoverished, an embarrassed man." But dogged courage comes to him again. "Well, that is over, and if it cannot be forgotten, it must be remembered with patience." So day after day he bent to his work.

Fighting to the Last

The tremendous effort which he made to force himself to work beyond his strength could not be kept up. His health broke down under it. Still he struggled on, but at last, yielding to his friends' entreaties, he went to Italy in search of health and strength. It gives us some idea of the high place Sir Walter had won for himself in the hearts of the people, when we learn that his health seemed a national concern, and that a warship was sent to take him on his journey. But the journey was of no avail. Among the great hills and blue lakes of Italy, Scott longed for the lesser hills and grayer lochs of Scotland. So he turned homeward. And at home, in his beloved Abbotsford, in the still splendor of an autumn day, with the meadow-scented air he loved fanning his face, and the sound of rippling Tweed in his ears, he closed his eyes forever. In the grass-grown ruin of Dryburgh Abbey, not far from his home, he was laid to rest, while the whole countryside mourned Sir Walter.

"Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and too fair ye be;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me."

Before he died Scott had paid $350,000 of his debt, an enormous sum for one man to make by his pen in six years. He died in the happy belief that all was paid, as indeed it all

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From an Engraving of a Painting by J. W. Gordon.

was. For after the author's death, his books still brought in a great deal of money, so that in fifteen years the debt was wiped out.

The Immortal Wizard

Long ago in the twelfth century, when the people of England were simple and unlearned, they loved Metrical Romances, and we when we are simple and unlearned may love them, too. Many of these old romances, however, are hard to get, and they are written in a language hard for many of us to understand. But Sir Walter Scott, in the nineteenth century, has created for us all the charm of those old tales. For this, then, let us thank and remember him.

Four generations have grown up since the voice that told those tales was silent, but the magic of his gift still holds men spellbound, and the golden key he placed in their hands has opened the gate of a world of Romance in which he himself used to dwell. The little lame story-teller is gone, but his magic lives on, and any child who cares to listen may still hear the invitation, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story."

A DAY WITH CHARLES DICKENS

IT was a glorious June morning. The scarlet geraniums, dear for their brilliance and color to their master's heart, were in full flamboyance of flower; the syringas were sending wafts of sweetness through the garden: lovely shadows lay beneath the two great cedar trees—when a smallish, active, brown-bearded man, strongly resembling a sea-captain ashore, came out to survey his little domain, in all its pomp of midsummer, while yet the dew was on it.

As a child, Charles Dickens had desired this quaint old Georgian house of Gadshill on the Dover Road. And now, at forty-five years of age, behold him ensconced as the owner thereof.

The bronzed, hardy-looking man looked eagerly to and fro, casting his eyes of extraordinary brilliancy over the glorious panorama of the landscape and the sunlit splendor of the flowers; then, with the quick, light step of a practised pedestrian, he crossed the road in front of the house, by an underground passage, to a shrubbery on the opposite side. Here was the Swiss châlet which Fechter had sent him from Paris, and which Dickens had turned into a study. "I have put five mirrors," he told a friend, "in the châlet where I write, and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds seem to come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

Orderliness

The great author ran upstairs and busied himself, with alert movements and dexterous touches, in setting his papers in order for the day's work; for he was the most methodical of men.

He could not write unless everything was placed exactly ready to his hand in apple-pie order, and unless he had, ranged around and before him, that singular variety of objects upon which he wished his eye to rest in any momentary respite from actual work. A little cup full of fresh flowers was invariably one of those objects—a bronze group of toads dueling—a gilt leaf with a seated rabbit—a huge paper knife—a French statuette of a dog-fancier carrying a multiplicity of little dogs. And, among these heterogeneous odds and ends, the most popular and the most widely read man of his time created that unrivaled portrait-gallery, which was and is unique in the annals of literature.

Four months after he began to write, he was famous; his career had known no checks, no blights, no returned MSS., no sicknesses of hope deferred. "His literary life was a triumphal procession," and his characters were already household words. It is hardly possible to understand in this present day the feverish excitement and anticipation which hailed the issue of the monthly parts of "Pickwick" and its successors; when Oxford undergraduates raced each other for the mail coach to secure the first copies, and men told each other seriously in the city that "Quilp is dead!" But at the time of which we write, men had hardly ceased chuckling over Mr. Winkle's skating exploits, and the anxieties of Sam Weller over his carefully concocted "Valentine."

Dickens, having completed his preparations to the smallest detail, returned to the house,—that methodical, comfortable house,—"the sweetest and cleanliest I have ever been in," as Marcus Stone said. It was an ideal home in many respects; and especially arranged with a view to the comfort of those countless visitors whom Charles Dickens loved to entertain.

In every bedroom was the most somniferous of beds, the most luxurious of sofas, the easiest of chairs; not to mention a writing-table supplied with every kind of paper and envelopes and continuous provision of new quill pens. A small library of books, a lighted fire in winter, a shining copper kettle and a tray with every appurtenance for tea, completed the plenishing of the room; and as a consequence of this thorough-going preparation for every possible need, no servants were ever visible in the house, except at meal-times. The household appeared to be conducted by invisible agencies, much like the enchanted palace in "Beauty and the Beast."

The Morning Schedule

Breakfast was at nine; besides the novelist himself, and his wife—a plump, handsome, amiable woman—were several members of his large family, the ten sons and daughters who were growing up around him. Two or three guests were usually present: men of note and name, happy to dwell awhile in that vivacious company, and in that preëminently hospitable home. It was a merry breakfast-table; for Dickens, who could tell a story well himself, was also a capital listener.

Breakfast over, the visitors dispersed to amuse themselves—and that was easy enough, in a charming atmosphere of summer warmth and *dolce far niente*. They smoked, read the papers, and pottered about the garden in sweet content until midday; some, indeed, went walks or drives, but it was much less trouble to potter.

The strenuous host, however, was already hard at work. He had begun, with his usual orderliness, by scanning every corner of his kingdom: "seeing that all was in its place in the several rooms, visiting also the dogs, stables, and kitchen garden, and closing, unless the weather was very bad indeed, with a turn or two round the meadow before settling to his desk." He was usually accompanied on this progress by his magnificent St. Bernard, Linda; but this was only one of many canine favorites.

His daily inspection of the little estate performed, the

novelist ascended to his sanctum in the châlet, and there wrote for a good three hours—thorough in all that he undertook, plodding on with neither haste nor faltering, deliberately covering sheet after sheet in his small neat handwriting. For he took himself very seriously as regards his profession; and considered system, in this as in all other matters, to be the very foundation of it.

Genuinely Religious

Charles Dickens was not, to outward semblance, what is usually termed a religious man; yet his morning and evening prayers were part of his unvarying routine, and he adhered to them with a child's punctuality.

"Try to do to others," he wrote, when his youngest son was leaving for Australia, "as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was, or ever will be, known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature, who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty, can possibly be guided. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it."

"He was a good man," it has been written of him; "brave, transparent, tender-hearted, scrupulously independent and honorable." And Carlyle, not born to flatter, called him "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."

The midsummer morning passed all too soon, and the novelist at last threw down his pen with a sigh of relief.

Luncheon

Luncheon-time having now arrived, Dickens put his writing-table in order, fastened his papers together, and returned

to the house. He glanced with fond admiration, as he passed by, at the increasing splendor of his flower-beds. Color was with him a passion—manifested, it must be confessed, in a somewhat crude and barbarous form. He was capable of combining a bright green waistcoat with a vivid scarlet tie and a huge bouquet in his buttonhole; or of a sky-blue coat with red cuffs, with a huge gold chain and tie-pin. But these trifling eccentricities endeared him the more, perhaps, to his friends, who appreciated the true lovable worth of the man.

Some of these friends were already awaiting him now. They sat down, full of mirth and gayety, at the comfortable table, which was bright with flowers, and at which—a daring innovation—the dishes were handed round to each guest, instead of being planked down simultaneously according to the custom of the period. Luncheon at Gadshill was a substantial meal, although the host himself rarely ate more than a little bread and cheese. No "shop" talk jarred upon the easy flow of conversation.

The Afternoon

Luncheon over, Dickens' astounding vitality, which never allowed him to lounge; now evinced itself in proposing a game of bowls upon the lawn. Not all his guests had sufficient energy to join him; some preferring the coolness of the billiard-room, and others finding, in the library with its rows of sham book-titles, that "Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep" was by no means a misnomer. The novelist, after half an hour's energetic bowling, returned to his châlet workroom.

In addition to actual creative work, he had a vast amount of editorial business in connection with "Household Words," and an enormous correspondence to cope with. The successful author of those days had neither amanuensis, stenographer, nor typist, and the quantity of sheer manual labor entailed was consequently very great; though, to a man of Dickens' remarkable personal activity, this was all part of the day's work and could never be regarded as a hardship.

He was shut up in the châlet till six o'clock, the dinner-

hour; and then at last he might lay by his literary labors, and find fresh outlets for his mental and bodily unrest.

Fresh visitors had arrived during the afternoon: James White, the kindly jovial Scotsman, one of Dickens' dearest friends,—the small, thin, dull-looking Procter ("Barry Cornwall") and his daughter Adelaide, a charming but singularly plain woman; and the Carlyles, husband and wife, the one tall, lean, rugged, with "the head of a thinker, the eye of a lover, and the mouth of a peasant," and the other slim, bright, upright, with her great lustrous eyes of gypsy black, the most brilliant conversationalist, perhaps, that ever entered that house.

Dinner was the same genial and delightful meal that lunch had been, enlivened by the most entertaining conversation, full of wit and free from the least spice of ill-nature; in all points a comfortable repast.

The Author's Evening

When the various guests had departed for town, as the evening wore on, the indefatigable novelist set out for his daily walk. Never was so determined a devotee of "shanks' mare." So he took pleasure in exploring the whole beautiful Kentish neighborhood, for miles and miles around.

When at last he reached Gadshill once more, the moth-time and the twilight surrounded it. Scents of syringas and roses floated out to welcome him at the gate; the exquisite odors of a June evening rose like incense from the whole surrounding country. He saw, by the lights in the upper windows, that his younger children were retiring to rest; and ran, unexhausted, inexhaustible, upstairs—to sing them a jolly song or two, that they might go to sleep merry and light-hearted.

His Love for Children

For Dickens was excessively fond of children. The remembrance of his own unhappy childhood, far from souring him, inspired him with the desire to make life sunny for

others. He could enter, as the veriest child himself, buoyant and boisterous, into all their little frolics and amusements. He delighted to play nursery games, to dance "Sir Roger de Coverley." In many parts of his work there is, as has been pointed out, "evidence of some peculiar affection for a strange sort of little girl." A queer little girl, too old or too young for her years, full of startling possibilities,—you have only to think one moment to recall the Marchioness in "The Old Curiosity Shop"—Jenny Wren in "Our Mutual Friend"—Tattycoram in "Little Dorrit"; Little Dorrit herself, though she perhaps ranks more readily beside the touching figure of Little Nell.

The oft-quoted death of little Paul Dombey, the poignant sadness of the gradual decline of Little Nell, the piteous ending of poor Jo, are worthy pendants to this. Yet perhaps the tale which carried, as in a nutshell, the epitome of Dickens' whole cheery philosophy—"The Christmas Carol"—also contains the most popular example of his genuine power to draw tears—in the touching portraiture of Tiny Tim.

Working and walking, talking and thinking, had at length brought the day to an end, and laid a pleasant lassitude of fatigue over that exuberant and indomitable energy. With footsteps a little slower than his wont, the master of Gadshill, lighting a cigar, went round the garden in the fragrant dusk; then, with the exactness and punctuality which characterized his every deed, he entered the house at a given minute, and was soon plunged in a deep sleep. There, for a few brief hours, the restless mind and body were quiescent. "As to repose," he had written, "for some men there's no such thing in this life;" but even for him there was the temporary respite and refreshment which may be born of a midsummer night's dream.

LAUSANNE, CANTON VAUD, SWITZERLAND

[illegible] at Lausanne from [illegible] November, [illegible]

A DAY WITH THACKERAY

IT was about half-past nine o'clock, on a mild October morning, when the big, broad-shouldered, upright figure of William Makepeace Thackeray entered the breakfast-room of 36 Onslow Square, and was received with affectionate greetings by his two young daughters. His large, kindly face, "full of humor and human sympathy," beamed upon them across the well-furnished breakfast-table, as he made good play with knife and fork. And indeed it needed more than "butterfly-food" to sustain that fine frame of six-feet-two.

The great man was only forty-six, but appeared very much older, owing to the silvery whiteness of his short-cropped, curly hair, and the spectacles through which his blue-gray eyes sent forth so keen a gaze. His massive head and face were almost funny on the top of such a mighty figure, owing to the curious air of childlike simplicity which distinguished the famous satirist, giving him, as Motley wrote, the appearance of "a colossal infant, with a roundish face, and a little dab of a nose."

He looked about him in frank and simple pleasure, surveying all with satisfaction; now glancing at the two girls, the idols of his heart, now at the comfortable appurtenances of that "pleasant bowery sort of house, with green curtains and carpets, looking out upon the elm-trees," which was perhaps the most desirable of all the many dwellings he had occupied.

Finally, having finished his meal, he lighted a cigar and took up a comfortable attitude and a morning paper. For this man, who had in his youth struggled so strenuously and unavailingly, had now arrived at the zenith of a hard-earned fame. He made money, so to speak, lavishly, and he spent it lavishly—on himself and other people. "No man," it has been said, "was ever so much improved by success," and the suc-

cess carried with it the unusual traits of a large heart, an open hand, an incalculable capacity for charitable deeds.

A Disagreeable Task

Presently, with a sigh, the big man roused himself and went into his study. A slight expression of distaste crossed his face as his eye fell upon the evidences of work which thronged the desk, and the vast accumulation of letters piled upon it. And Thackeray was not an enthusiastic penman; he avowed himself naturally indolent. "I work only from necessity," he said, "I never take up the pen without an effort." This effort was continuous; "for, as the sheets went from him each day, he told himself with regard to each sheet, that it was a failure." He would revise his work continuously, from first MS. to second edition, re-writing whole pages and substituting simple words for longer ones.

But to-day he was absolutely debarred from a long session at that irksome piece of furniture, by the effects of a recent severe illness. His amanuensis, George Hodder, was already waiting to play the scribe at his dictation, a pleasant task, for, as Hodder himself declared, those who knew Thackeray best, loved him best; and the society of that "hearty and very human" man, with his charm of pleasant courtesy and placid temper, was in itself a perpetual delight.

The novelist paced to and fro, smoking while he dictated. Sometimes he found the noises of the street too harassing, and adjourned from his study to his bedroom; sometimes he sat down a moment, or even lay down a little while. To make a beginning of work, that was his great difficulty; once he fairly got into his stride, things went more easily.

He would create a few principal characters, and then leave them to make the running, with no very clear idea as to their possible course. "I don't control my characters," he said, "I am in their hands, and they take me where they please."

Finally, in a sudden fit of impatience, "That's enough, George," he cried, "I can write anywhere better than at home. I cannot work comfortably here in my own room. There is

an excitement in public places that sets my brain working; and here it goes like a creaking wheel. Let us run through the letters, and then—well, then I think I must take the children for a run."

His Family

The "children," the "little girls," as they always were to their father, were now young women. They were doubly dear to him—for their own sake, and for that of their mother, to whose loss he could never become reconciled, for it was a loss by far worse than death. After only four years of happy married life, Mrs. Thackeray's intellect had become irrevocably clouded, and for forty years she remained shut away in seclusion.

No gleam of hope ever penetrated, for her husband, the sadness of this lame conclusion to all the happy visions which had once been his. Only an infinite sadness grew more manifest in his writings as the years went on, and the charming young Irish wife became a poignant memory.

"Ah! me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke, and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

But, for her sake, he had a peculiar leaning toward the Irish. "I hear," a man said to him, "you have written a book upon Ireland, and are always making fun of the Irish. You don't like us." Thackeray replied, his head turned away, and his eyes filling with tears, "God help me! all that I have loved best in the world is Irish."

In a company given in Thackeray's honor on New Year's eve in Boston, the big man got to his feet when the clocks were striking midnight, and said with homesick tears and his great heart heaving, "God bless my girls in England and all who are kind to them!" In all his journeyings he thought ever

of them and could not help praying for them, and all the more because their unhappy mother was in an asylum. Is any clown so coarse or any heart of stone so hard as to be untouched, when Thackeray on his way home from the Far East after long absence wrote on shipboard:

"And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought as day was breaking
My little girls were waking
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

Thackeray's next move, this morning, was to "take the little girls for a run," as he had phrased it; and they unanimously decided in favor of Kensington Gardens, a district which never palls upon its devotees. The trees were already assuming their autumnal tints, but the Gardens and the Broad Walk were fairly alive with children, and the Round Pond was all a-flicker with sails. The great author's countenance became transfused with the warmest pleasure. He had an intense and extraordinary love for children. He rejoiced in playing with them, in taking them to the pantomime, in drawing funny pictures to make them laugh.

"Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner cards, and picture-pantomimes,
And many little children's books at times."

Thackeray's Attachment for Little Boys

But above all he was passionately attached to boys. "I always," said he, "give boys beef-steaks and apricot omelettes." He was consumed by a perpetual desire to provide them with little treats, to act the Fairy Godfather to boys all and sundry, and the little ones especially found their way into his genial heart. Thackeray always speaks of little boys with a singular fatherly tenderness, as though each had been his own, as though he had held the little warm sticky hands in his, and had personally known and sympathized with all the transient joys and sorrows of small-boyhood.

For instances of this, you have only to remember little Georgy in "Vanity Fair,"—and little Rawdon, for whom the big Dragoon his father had such a "great secret tenderness," his one redeeming spot; and little Harry Esmond—and little Denny Duval—and the boys of "Dr. Birch's School"—they are beyond naming or numbering: and all of them drawn with the truth and skill which only love can give. As for "The Newcomes," it is, one may say, a chronicle of little boys—from Tommy, afterward the Colonel, to Clivey, his son, and *his* son Boy, in later chapters—down to the "little laughing red-cheeked white-headed gown-boy," who talks cricket to the Colonel on his death-bed.

At His Club

When Thackeray and his daughters at length quitted the Gardens, he bade them farewell and turned westward; his brougham was waiting in the High Street to take him to the Athenæum Club. There, at a quiet table, he would proceed to cover a few slips of paper, but erratically and with no very fixed purpose of work.

At the club, however, although a room was sometimes placed entirely at his disposal, he was easily tempted to go for a walk, or to join an interesting conversation, or to stand in the smoking-room with his back to the fire and his hands in his trouser pockets, enjoying an animated *causerie* with his friends. Unquestionably he picked up a great deal of material for his tales through current club-gossip. He repudiated, however, the charge of drawing his characters from life.

He held his profession as a stewardship. He had prayed that he "might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God or with his love of man"; and again:

"To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may—may all these be yours and ours by God's will!"

"With regard to religion," he wrote on another occasion,

"I think, please God, my books are written by a God-loving man."

Some friend would bring a tale of distress to pour into the sympathetic ear of Thackeray; for to be in trouble was a sure passport to his heart. "His charity was only bounded by his means." There might be some struggling artist to be helped; some ailing man of letters to be tided over hard times.

An artist, in literature, to his finger-tips, he still hankered after the tools of a former trade, and was always exceedingly desirous to portray his *dramatis personæ* with his pencil as well as with his pen. For, if the truth be told, he infinitely preferred the former implement, and was always only too ready to forsake the desk for the drawing-board. His early attempts as an artist had been—frankly—failures; and it is small wonder that when, as a young man of twenty-five, he went with a few drawings to Dickens in the hope of being employed to illustrate "Pickwick," he was met with a point-blank refusal. But he had acquired an unconventional knowledge of art, and an intimate acquaintance with the inside of studios, which stood him in good stead all through life. And if the illustrations to his own books, which he produced with such facile profusion, were not very great from a technical standpoint, still, to quote Charlotte Brontë: "Thackeray's rude, careless sketches were preferable to thousands of carefully finished paintings, in their quaint humor and charm."

The afternoon soon slipped away, in the manner above recorded—club-talk, desultory writing, short walks with or visits to some dear and intimate friend.

Thackeray, on being asked by one of his daughters which of all his friends was best beloved, replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, of course, and Brookfield." Fitz—Edward Fitzgerald, of "Omar Khayyam" renown—fully reciprocated this affection, being a devoted admirer of the "gray, grand, good-humored" giant. As for the Rev. Charles Brookfield and Mrs. Brookfield, they were almost like brother and sister to him. "They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words of cheer." And to mention his other most notable friends would be to name the most famous men of the period

—Alfred Tennyson, Richard Monckton Milnes, Frederick Locker Lampson, Tom Taylor, Carlyle, Macaulay, Charles Lever, Hallam, Kinglake, Millais—the list is practically endless.

With the arrival of evening, the novelist went home to dress for dining-out, which, it must be owned, was probably of all others his favorite occupation. His healthy human appetite for food, from beans-and-bacon to turtle and champagne, was paralleled by an almost childish pleasure in being lionized. He affected to despise the adoration of himself and his work; but it is certain that society, popularity and applause, were a stimulant to the novelist—a stimulant increasingly necessary to him. And there was now hardly any aristocratic dinner party complete without him, or any society drawing-room where he was not a *persona grata.*

Thackeray was a notoriously bad public speaker. But in the club, the *salon,* or at the merry dinner-party, he was completely himself; and his *bon mots* flowed in a flashing torrent. "The best talker I ever listened to," as Dean Hole puts it, one who "said so many good things that they trod down and suffocated each other."

He was no idolator of wealth, as wealth; or of rank, as rank; something of more permanent worth must accompany these distinctions, to give them value in his eyes. He emphasized a point which might have otherwise been left long unnoticed:

"Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society. . . . Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly."

The moon was high above Kensington Gardens as Thackeray drove home. It was already past midnight; the sounds of Vanity Fair were growing hushed, and its lighted windows becoming darkened. That pensive and wistful habit of thought which underlay his surface vivacity, gradually gained the upper hand.

MIDNIGHT

And it was in this "sober, contemplative" spirit that he entered his bedroom, and, sinking heavily into an easy-chair, glanced at the engraving of Dürer's "St. George and the Dragon," which he had hung near the head of his bed, where he might see it every evening to remind him that "We all have our dragons to fight." He remained lost in thought, too weary to undress; and the burden of his calling pressed upon him with new weight as he looked back over a day's work which did not wholly satisfy his fastidious requirements.

"What an awful responsibility," he thought, "hanging over a writer! What man, holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks, to their children, and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart. May love and truth guide such a man always! It is our awful prayer, and may Heaven further its fulfillment."

And, lastly, a more intimate, personal note supervened. A tender vision crossed his drowsy eyes, filling them with the ever-ready tears; as the lines of his own favorite ballad took almost tangible shape in the still shadows:

"When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My *Fanny* I see in my cane-bottomed chair.
She comes from the past—she re-visits my room—
She looks as she did then, all beauty and bloom;—
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair—
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair."

THE FUN-LOVING EUGENE FIELD

By THE EDITORS

"I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me."
—*Horace Walpole.*

NOBODY was ever such a fun-lover and nobody ever had so much innocent fun as Eugene Field, the poet.

He was, as you know, for many years a newspaper writer, and he had a fine library of many rare books. But his library contained many queer things besides books that showed how much like a child he was in his fun. Here was a collection of bottles, there was one of bells, the ringing of which caused their handles, made in the shape of old men and women, sprites, and freaks, to perform all sorts of laughable tricks, such as sticking out their tongues, shaking their heads, and what not.

He was very fond of toys of all kinds. One of his collections was of dolls, and he always kept on hand a doll or two to give away to one of his little friends.

After his day's work, he would put aside his pens and papers and books, and have a romp with his children. When Daisy was about four years old, he played this game with him. He was the big blue bear and Daisy was the little rabbit, and they would start out together on an imaginary trip. Upon one of these pretended journeys, they chanced to take a jelly cake made by one of their aunties. They found an old witch and to gain her good will so she would not hurt them, they gave her the jelly cake. She ate this and it caused her death, which broke the spell and changed them from animals into human beings again.

Once he played a strange prank on some friends of his who were invited to his house to dinner. When it was about

time for the guests to come Mr. and Mrs. Field went out into the kitchen and found that the maid had suddenly left. This did not seem to worry Mr. Field very much, for he always thought of a way out of everything.

He said nothing about the girl's leaving, to his guests, but kept talking all the time about the new servant they had, called Camille. He told them she was a fine servant and an excellent cook.

"CAMILLE!"

They were called out to dinner, and when they were seated at the table Mr. Field called "Camille!" but no one answered; at that Mr. Field excused himself and went into the kitchen. The people at the table heard loud talking and scolding coming from the kitchen and felt embarrassed because they thought they had come at the wrong time.

Presently Mr. Field appeared bearing in his hands a roast of beef on a platter. On his head was a waitress's cap, and he had on an apron. *He* was Camille. He had carried on a conversation in two tones of voice, one to mimic the supposed servant. He enjoyed this joke very much, as his guests did also.

Once when Mr. Field wanted a raise of salary he dressed up three of his children as beggars and then dressed himself in rags and went down to the newspaper office, pretending they were all hungry. Again, when the newspaper proposed to give him, with the other employees, the customary gift of a Christmas turkey, Mr. Field wrote to them and told them he would prefer a suit of clothes.

Here was a fine chance for them to joke the joker, so they sent him a suit of prison clothes. Mr. Field accepted this suit of clothes and kept them at the *News* office. For a long time after this whenever any strangers came, he would put on the prison clothes, and with a coal-bucket and shovel in hand, would tell them how much money that newspaper made by employing cheap convict labor.

His charming child-poems are, as you know, full of playful humor. Here are a couple of them.

'THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shores of the Lollipop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye-Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrous sweet
(As those who have tasted it say),
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white night cap and gown.
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye-Town.

A DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish,
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw,
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the wonderful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Eugene Field never wrote a line that brought to his own heart shame or bitterness to another's.

THE EDITORS OF THE TREASURY

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE*

By LYMAN ABBOTT

HIS human sympathy amounted to genius. He read himself into the mind of his author. I do not know with what fluency he read any language but his own; but I know no modern critic whose interpretation of Turgenev or Goethe or Victor Hugo or Fogazzaro I would prefer to his. I do not think that he often held a book off at arm's length and subjected it to a critic's scrutiny. I doubt whether he ever laid it on the dissecting-table and investigated it with the scalpel and the microscope. But he saw what the author saw, felt what the author felt, was for the time being Russian or German or French or Italian, and, writing about the author, interpreted him in terms of the Anglo-Saxon mind. And this seems to me much the most important function of the critic.

This human sympathy determined his interest in and his writing about nature.

I do not think he took any great interest, either practical or theoretical, in nature's operations. I do not think he practiced horticulture, or floriculture, or arboriculture, or was familiar with any one of the natural sciences, or ever owned a microscope, or cared much to look through a telescope. Nature interested him but slightly as a machine, greatly as a book. What concerned him was not the relations of natural phenomena to each other, nor greatly their relations to the physical welfare of man. That he willingly left to others. What fascinated him was their relation to the intellectual and spiritual life of man. One quotation from his volume of

* This tribute to the first editor of THE YOUNG FOLKS TREASURY and the appended sketch of his life are used by special permission of *The Outlook*.

"Essays on Nature and Culture," will probably interpret to the reader my meaning. He writes: "About every man's feet there lies this wonderland of force, life, law, and beauty which has ministered so mysteriously and so vitally to the unfolding life of his race; and that wonderland is open to every one who is willing to give the eye and the mind the training of observation. In the order of growth it is written that each man must discover the world for himself; he enters into the heritage of knowledge which humanity has slowly and painfully accumulated; but if he would educate himself, he too must discover with his own eyes the world about him."

This human sympathy also gave to his writings on religious themes a unique attractiveness. In reading his religious meditations I have often been reminded of Jeremy Taylor. As it was the life, not the science, of nature which interested him, so it was the life, not the science, of the soul of man. He was more interested in reverence than in definitions of God, in kindliness than in definitions of brotherhood. Not the anatomy of religion, but its pulsating, inspiring life, appealed to him. His religious articles, therefore, were not articulated, but impressionistic. They were sometimes almost feminine in their combination of gentleness and power. He did not reach religious conclusions by an argument, and rarely used argument to commend them to others. He perceived them as a human experience and interpreted them as a phase of human life.

Yet I wish not to misinterpret him. A churchman, and in the latter years of his life an active and influential member of the Episcopal Church, he thought more highly of the institutions of religion than I do and attached more value to its historic creeds. It is not easy to say why. Institutions and creeds have been both helps and hindrances to human progress, and perhaps the hindrance impressed me more and the help more impressed him. Perhaps it was only because he was brought up in a highly organized church and I in one all of whose tendencies are toward individualism in the religious life.

Temperamentally Mr. Mabie had nothing of the ascetic in him. He was fond of society, and society was fond of him. His rare adaptability made him many friends and gave him

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

the pass-key to very varied social circles. It endowed him with a sympathetic understanding of all sorts and conditions of men. It was this breadth of sympathy, interpreting to him the inner life of men of all nationalities, that crowned his visit to Japan with success, and enabled him to return endowed with power to interpret the Japanese thought and life to unsympathetic and often unintelligent Americans. But it did not prevent him from feeling a fine indignation against any and every form of injustice, and especially of cowardice. His counsels, though generally conservative, were never reactionary or timid, and what sometimes seemed to others like caution in times of radical reform was due to his better, because more charitable, comprehension of those opposed to him. With time-serving and double-dealing he had no patience.

In this purely personal tribute I have said nothing of Mr. Mabie's education, of his home life, of the many and varied academic honors which have been bestowed upon him, of his authorship outside of *The Outlook*, and of his success as a public speaker, and especially as a popular lecturer. For I have wished it to be simply an appreciative portrait of the friend as I have known and loved him. I bring it to its appropriate end by quoting as an expression of his faith, as it is of mine, this closing paragraph of an Easter editorial written by him and published in *The Outlook* at Easter time, 1915:

"The open door of the empty tomb is a symbol of that escape from sin and death, that present entrance into life eternal, which makes every pure and noble life an assurance of immortality. There are those about us whose lives exhale a sweetness not of this world, and whose spirits have no kinship with death. In them the immortal has subdued the mortal, and they have already entered into the peace and rest that are the fruits of the final victory."

. . . . . .

Hamilton Wright Mabie was born in Cold Spring, New York, December 13, 1846, and was therefore seventy years of age at the time of his death, December 31, 1916. On his father's side, Mr. Mabie was of Huguenot descent. The ancestor who founded the family in this country was an offi-

cer named Mabille, who was on the staff of Admiral Coligny, who escaped to America through Holland after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On the other side Mr. Mabie was of Scotch descent. He was graduated at Williams College in 1867, and later received from his Alma Mater the degree of L.H.D. He studied law at Columbia, practiced for a short time, but soon found that his natural bent and ability were in the direction of literature and writing.

The honorary degrees received by Mr. Mabie from colleges and universities were: L.H.D., from Williams College, received in 1890; LL.D., from Union College in 1899, from Western Reserve in 1904, and from Washington and Lee College in 1906. He was a trustee of Williams College, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, was President of the Grenfell Association at the time of his death, and had been President of the New York Kindergarten Association. He was a member of the Authors Club, of the Century Association, of the Japan Society, and of the Aldine Club, and at one time was President of the Alpha Delta Psi Society.

In 1879 Mr. Mabie joined the staff of *The Outlook*, then known as *The Christian Union*. His contributions to this journal were from the first, and continued to be to the end, almost equally divided between the field of literature and that of social and ethical discussion. Hundreds of reviews and literary articles, hundreds of editorials on social topics, appeared in this journal from his pen. Many of these were later included in books which have had a wide reading and appreciation. The titles of half a dozen out of a much larger list of titles will illustrate the range already suggested: "Norse Stories Retold" was his earliest book; "My Study Fire" (two series), "Parables of Life," "Backgrounds of Literature," "William Shakespeare—Poet, Dramatist, and Man," and "American Ideals" are among the best known of Mr. Mabie's books.

Only those who followed Mr. Mabie closely in his daily work know how large a part of his time and effort were gladly expended in encouraging young writers and others in

need of advice and incitement toward success and character-building. As a speaker before college audiences and on educational and anniversary occasions few men of our day have been more honored and appreciated.

Of still a different type and character was Mr. Mabie's "Japan To-Day and To-Morrow." This appeared in 1914, after his return from Japan. He visited that country under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and, we believe, after a warm invitation of the Japanese Government. He went as an American "exchange professor" to deliver lectures in the Japanese universities and cities on the spirit and ideals of the American people. Mr. Mabie was delighted with his reception in Japan. He was cordially received by Japanese officials, and especially by the Japanese Premier, Mr. Okuma, who accorded him a notable and important interview. This interview and Mr. Mabie's own firm conviction that talk of war between Japan and America was "mischievous nonsense" had distinct influence in improving the friendly feeling and cordial relations between the two countries.

Mr. Mabie was known in many parts of the country not only as a writer, but as a lecturer. His addresses on literature abounded in personal reminiscences of famous men he had known, such as Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and also in apt anecdotes of famous writers gleaned by him from his wide reading. In conversation also he had a fund of humorous and dramatic incident, and it has more than once been urged that a volume of reminiscences from his experience would have been unique and immensely readable. He was very deeply interested in the work and organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was more than once a delegate to the great official meetings of that Church. Bishop Lines, of the Newark Diocese, and other distinguished clergymen took part in the funeral ceremonies, which took place at Calvary Church in Summit, on January 3, 1917.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

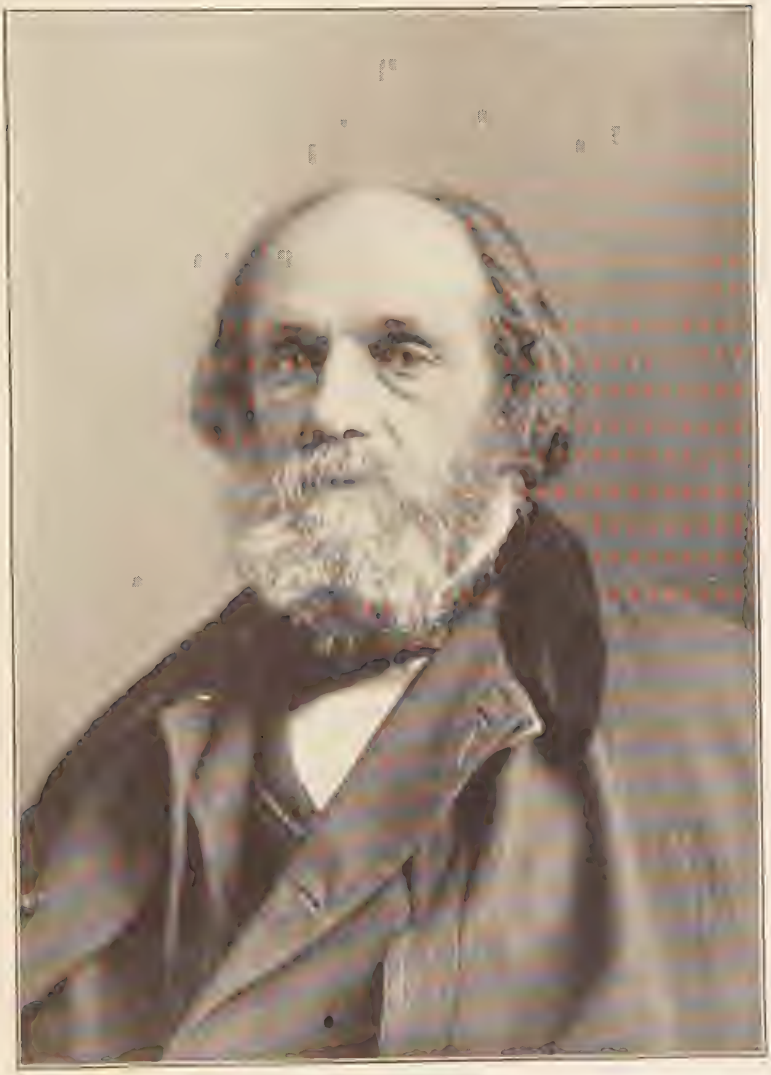
THE present Editor of THE YOUNG FOLKS TREASURY remembers with what pleasure he once turned to the title page of an early edition of the set and found there the name of one whom as a youth he had the privilege of calling "friend"—Dr. Hale. The interest that he showed in the TREASURY as its associate editor was but typical of his lifelong interest in everything that concerned young people. The following sketch is largely from *The Literary Digest*.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale lived to be eighty-seven. From his earliest years, being born in a family whose social, political, and literary positions were well established, he was actively concerned in great affairs. Yet he himself once remarked that it was strange to him that after an active life of over half a century he should only be remembered popularly as the author of "A Man Without a Country," a story written for the young.

In a broad but serious sense Edward Everett Hale when a youth was what we call "a real boy." His early years were peculiarly influenced by family life. Those were sedate years of sound reading, passionate love of nature, and an active interest in the progressive side of life as shown by studies in botany, geology, and the new animal magnetism. Even in his amusements, as a student at Harvard, he was serious-minded. He played cricket intently. Whenever he kicked a football there was a certain humor in the seriousness with which he attended to the matter. Here is his own record:

"Kicked football in the evening. We had some very good games, in the course of which I tore one of my coat-tails half off, tore one pant three or four inches up from the foot, and ran against some one so forcibly as to give me a pain in my chest."

Dr. Hale's early literary proclivities at college are discovered now and again from what he was reading. We follow



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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

this literary development through a long series of stories, essays, histories, and travels written by him, which in their time were well received, but which are now overclouded by that one story—"A Man Without a Country." Even while at Harvard he would walk for miles in pursuit of stray wild flowers. To him there was as much excitement in discovering a first violet or some unusual fern as in meeting a notable man of the period.

He was constantly in touch with natural history societies, and even went so far as to exchange specimens with the director of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. After he had been graduated from college, he went on many excursions with friends interested in geological surveys. We find him interested in getting plants outside the timber-belt during an ascent of Mt. Katahdin. In one of the early editions of Gray's "Manual" it is said that "Mr. Everett Hale is the authority for the habitat of some of these alpine things." Never once did this liking for nature desert him. He was keen to recognize rich or unusual verdure and rare flowers during trips south, west, and to Europe.

After he left college we find him still intent on books, which reënforced a dawning conviction that he was cut out for the ministry. In early life his interest in politics was largely encouraged by correspondence with his uncle Edward Everett. As a reporter he recorded the proceedings of the Massachusetts State Legislature. There was much more of the journalist in his early career than what one might describe as "direct call" to the ministry. It was while he taught at the Latin School that he turned his attention to ecclesiastical matters. He looked at the church at first, however, not as a vocation but rather as an avocation, as a means toward an amount of leisure which would enable him to attend to literary work. It was only after he had entered the ministry that he began to evolve for himself a theory of the minister's social function. We are led to believe that Dr. Hale's ministerial career began at a moment when, as he confessed, he had received a direct revelation as to what the ministry really meant.

"I had been reading in my musty, dark bedroom by an

air-tight stove. I think I was reading the "Revue de Deux Mondes." But I put the book down for what people used to call reflection, and I saw, or perceived, or felt that I was not alone and could not be alone. This present power knows me and loves me. I know Him and love Him. He is here, I am here. We are together. And it is a companionship much closer than I could have with any human being sitting in that chair.

"Of course I do not mean that before this I had never prayed to God, or waited for His answer. But it is true that the sense of perfect or absolute companionship, the give-and-take sense of society, took form in my life then by the side of that rusty stove in that musty little room at the Delavan such as it had never taken before."

In the fall of 1842 Dr. Hale preached his first sermon. He continued actively a minister until a very short time before his death—over half a century.

Activities During the Civil War

His ministerial career broadened rather than narrowed him, because he considered the church as a social institution, as well as a parochial one. At the outbreak of the Civil War, while at first he was actively engaged in drilling men, he finally contented himself with what, as an orator and as a minister, he could do toward bringing the conflict to a successful close. He followed closely the draft, and visited camps to see for himself conditions therein. Of his experiences while at the front he writes to his wife:

"It is exactly like life in the White Mountains in its physical and normal effects on me. The early rising, the early bedgoing, the open-air exercise, the indifference to newspapers (this I write as General Butler throws down papers like an editor), the *insouciance* to all but duty which I have been trying to describe in a letter I wrote to mother at Curtis's to-day, all this is just like vacation life at the mountains."

Ever eager to record anything novel, we find him describing to his wife the marvels of the new Gatling gun:

"I think the feminine mind would like it because it is a gun which is worked like a coffee-mill. One man pours cartridges into a hopper and the other grinds a crank, and so it gives thirty bullets a minute as long as a man can grind."

At the end of the war Dr. Hale, amid the current Northern attitude toward reconstruction, was interested in the regeneration of the South; but more than that, he was interested in those new forces which were to have profound influence on him as ushering in a period which he constantly refers to as "the new civilization." Among these none won a more enthusiastic and distinguished service from him than the movement for international peace.

In the founding of the Lend a Hand Society, the outgrowth of Dr. Hale's own story, "Ten Times One," he really became the father of Christian Endeavor and of all those kindred societies that have enlisted so many million young folks in useful service. He seems to have been the first to have confidence in their power to organize and to work together.

Two of Dr. Hale's children became artists. They inherited a liking for the pencil and brush directly from him. From his earliest years he was given to sketching and coloring whatever impressed him. In trips abroad he was eager to visit art-galleries. His comments on pictures are a measure of his artistic taste. He expressed very simply what he felt; was almost naïve in his statements, which are commonplace unless taken in connection with the very simple and sweet personality of the man. We find his moral reactions toward certain art and literary topics exactly what we would expect to find when we realize his ministerial outlook. Yet, all in all, his art criticisms show understanding of technique. His comments on Andrea del Sarto, Titian, and Rubens, for example, indicate how well versed he was in art.

Later Years of His Life

Dr. Hale's life scarcely had any new phases after the war, when he entered into what he called the new civilization. His beliefs, convictions, and methods of approach simply deepened,

and he settled into very definite channels. His family increased in size and he selected permanent homes for winter and summer. His duties as a minister imposed upon him a great amount of travel, which he seemed to enjoy. He was always a quick observer and a ready appreciator. In his home life, while there was seen some of the New England austerity connected with the bringing up of children, there was splendid comradeship, better nowhere seen than during a summer at Matunuck, when in his wife's absence Dr. Hale had entire care of the household. We see, during this time, how much of a boy he was, though there is always that same dignity which characterized him at a game of football at Harvard. Great joy those children and their father must have had on their picnics. Summer life to Dr. Hale meant everything. He wrote of it in 1873:

"Our life here is absolutely perfect. I was going to say Arcadian—but it is more and better than Arcadian. It is simply what a good God, who loves His children, meant and means in His infinite grace that His children shall have, pure enjoyment if only they will take life simply."

To the end of his days Dr. Hale was ready with his pen and tongue to aid any great cause. His spoken words, like his written ones, were simple and conversational. He was not an orator—simply a good man talking.

It was gratifying to him in his old age to be chosen chaplain of the United States Senate, an appointment which not only gave him pleasant winters in our beautiful Capital but which afforded him the material recognition and respect that he so well deserved. In his own home he was called "the most useful man in Boston," and he grew old gracefully, rejoicing in the wide reach and measure of his life, which exemplified so finely his own brave motto:

"Look out and not in;
Look forward and not back;
Look up and not down;
And lend a hand."

QUAINT AND LOVABLE CHARACTERS

"AULD BLACKIE"

By THE EDITORS

A FEW years ago whenever two Scotchmen met in a foreign country, one of the first questions that one would ask the other would be, "Aw, weel, how's auld Blackie?" This question referred to John Stuart Blackie, the old schoolmaster, who was the hero of all the schoolboys in Scotland. For forty years he had poured Greek into the minds of the lads of the great Scottish Universities, making the operation as painless as possible by his unique manners and boisterous humor and filling the remainder of his lifetime with more kinds of usefulness than were ever tried by any other man who ever lived, unless it was Edward Everett Hale, of Boston.

He is of interest to the boys of America, not because of his Greek, but because of his lovable character. Let us tell you some fine things that we know about him.

When he was a child he refused to learn his letters, since they seemed to him such an impediment in the way of knowledge, and it was only when he found that other boys had submitted to such foolishness that he finally succumbed. His mother found him kind and impulsive, but said frankly that she did not think there was much religion in him. Yet he grew up a manly, straightforward boy, especially admiring physical strength and outdoor activities. It was his habit as a boy, which he never left off as a man, to march up and down the house singing his lessons. During these excursions it was a habit of his to stop at the door of his father's study and shout at the top of his lungs: "For the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, I tell you, father, there is nothing like uncommon strength." He led his companions in gay sport in his mother's attic, and was much admired on the playground. He did not believe in fighting, but when a bully accosted him,

he answered. "I'll not fight, but I will knock you down," which he proceeded to do.

When he grew up he was sent by his father to the universities of Germany and Italy, and returned with two eccentricities, which he carried throughout life and for which he will always be remembered. One of these was a plaid cape, or shawl, and the other was the habit of wearing his hair long, and it must be confessed that when he became an old man these two were very becoming to him, but as a youth they nearly spoiled his future. When he applied for a position in a Scotch university, with his hair and this cloak, he nearly lost his chance. His friends persuaded him, with difficulty, to keep out of sight until the authorities could forget how he looked, and he finally gained a life-long appointment.

He revised the educational system of Scotland, because he thought it necessary that in imparting knowledge it should first be made interesting. He took infinite pains to achieve that result with boys in his own classes. He set Horace to music so that they might sing it as they translated it. He gave bright talks on current events, which he required the boys to tell him the next day in Greek. This was very new in those days and created a great sensation.

On one occasion he wrote upon the University bulletin a notice to the effect that "Prof. Blackie will not be able to meet his classes to-day." A waggish student crossed out the letter c in "classes," and a group of the boys awaited the Professor's approach with eager interest. He read the notice rapidly, took out his pencil and crossed out the letter l in "lasses" and passed on, humming a Scottish love song.

The boys in the University in those days were difficult to control and the Professor tried to be strict as well as kind. He once reprimanded a student, who stood to translate, with his book in his left hand, "Put your book in your other hand," he thundered. The lad blushed and looked down. He repeated the demand. Soon the class began to hiss and the Professor observed for the first time that the student's right arm was ended with a stump. He stepped down from the platform, and putting his arm around the lad's shoulders,

asked his pardon, with tears; then looking up, he said to the class: "I rejoice to be reminded that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

He always made an effort to call on any who were sick in his classes. Many a time he left a jolly house party late at night to help some poor student to translate, who could not afford a tutor, and he wrote for his boys their college song books. No wonder that they adored him. "When the Professor," says the novelist Sir James M. Barrie, "noticed any physical peculiarity about a student, such as a lisp, or a glass eye, or a broken nose, he was at once invited to breakfast. They were very lively breakfasts, and one person at the table —not the host himself—used to tremble lest, making mirrors of each other, the guests should see why they were invited.

"The Professor," adds Barrie, who once studied under him, "never tired of giving his students advice about the preservation of their bodily health. He strongly recommended a cold bath at six o'clock every morning. In winter, he remarked genially, you can break the ice with a hammer. According to himself, only one enthusiast seems to have followed his advice, and he died."

When he was but a lad he decided that there were three things for which he was willing to live: a great cause, a great battle, and a great victory.

His restless, generous mind threw itself forth in all the great reforms and interests of the day. Now it was Scottish song. Now it was the revival of the Celtic language. Next it was a translation of Faust and Goethe. Next it would be politics. Then he would study John Knox or political economy or the modern drama. He went over all Scotland delivering public lectures. Then he was at home writing lay sermons.

Some one called him the "Wordy Wanderer," because he was such a famous walker, such a reckless traveler, and because he had something to say on all subjects; but he was generally called "The People's John," because his heart was always with the common people. He was the first to have the idea, which Carnegie has made possible, that every Scottish boy might have, if he should choose, a university education.

He was overwhelmingly busy always. "My occupation nowadays," he said once, "is business, blethers, bothers, beggars, and backgammon."

Of course it was his unique character and his picturesque manners that attracted attention as well as affection. He was always happy and so was always making hearts happy. A friend once told him: "You are, by the grace of God, one of the joy-makers of the world." It must have been an astonishing sight to see him stride through the streets of Edinburgh, with his cloak flapping in the wind, his long white hair floating behind, and with his arms moving, and to hear him sing thus at the top of his voice. He told a lady friend once that he did this because he was conceited, and this is probably true. He also did it because he believed it a duty to be joyous. In one of his hymns for boys he sang:

"Who so would live
Like a serf and a slave here,
Let him stoop to the lash,
Till he crock to his grave here;
But whoso would breathe
A free breath in the land here,
Let him stand in his place
With his sword in his hand here.
That's what I do, boys."

"Other people's clothes are hanging limp," J. M. Barrie said; "Blackie carried his breezes with him."

It is stated that when he was summoned to meet the Queen, he was so delighted that he started without a dress suit, which was, of course, an unpardonable sin, and that at the close of a pleasing conversation with Princess Louise, he clapped her on the back and called her "a bonny lassie."

It would have been delightful to know him in his own home. Almost every evening he held a tea party, at which he would appear in a loose smoking robe and wearing a big hat, sometimes of straw, to shade his eyes. From this he would retire to the tutoring of a student, and just before midnight he would come down to the piano and peg away on some tune, with little skill, but disdaining all assistance, so that he might perform it to the astonishment of the family at

morning prayers. He was fond of introducing some of his opinions in his household, as quotations from a mythical boy-chum, whom he called "poor Bob Melliss," and when he had a new poem or story to read to his friends, he would introduce it by telling how a very agitated young man had left it in his hands and then suddenly disappeared.

He lived to an honored old age and died at eighty-six. His funeral was attended by a great multitude of the high and low of Scotland. Upon his funeral car, as it passed through the crowded streets of Edinburgh, were laid side by side the harp of violets sent by Sir Henry Irving, and the plaid woven for him by the women of Skye; a wreath sent by the Prime Minister of England, and a bunch of heather and a woodland garland offered by his poor friends and his own house-maids.

He wrote one book, which every boy ought to read. It is short, crisp, and stirring. The name of it is "Self-Culture."

In a fine, strong way he summed up his own life as follows:

> "I have lived in keen enjoyment,
> Large delight and stout employment,
> Working with God for men with glee;
> Now, Lord,
> Teach me to rest in Thee."

The prayer of his life was this:

"From eyes that see only what they wish to see, from fingers that itch to put buttons into other people's button-holes, and from feet that love to trample on other people's toes, Good Lord, deliver us."

"JOHNNY APPLESEED"

By FRANK B. McALLISTER

IF you had stood, on a bright day some one hundred years ago, by the banks of the Ohio River, you might have seen a strange procession coming down stream. You would have seen two birch-bark canoes securely lashed together and piled high with leathern bags brimming full of apple-seeds, and in the midst of the strange craft a small, wiry man with long, dark hair, keen black eyes, and a scanty beard that had never known the razor. On his head rested a tin dipper, while his body was clad in tattered garments that had once done duty as coffee-sacks.

Whenever the children in front of some lone frontier cabin glimpsed this queer sight they rushed inside and announced with glee:

"Oh, mother, Johnny Appleseed's coming; may we go down to the river and meet him when he lands?" Although the visitor was as odd a specimen of humanity as the wilderness afforded, he was known as one of the kindliest of men, and no one was afraid of him.

When Johnny came ashore he would look about him for soil that was rich and loamy, and then he would begin to plant his apple-seeds. Sometimes he would cover considerable tracts with his plantings, putting in as many as sixteen bushels of seed to the acre. He would stay as long as his stock of seed held out, and then would disappear as unceremoniously as he had come, only to return after a few weeks or months with another load.

He never forgot the orchards he had planted. When the trees were partly grown, he returned to prune them year after year, and to repair the slight brush fences he had built to keep out the deer and other animals that might nip the tender sprouts. Many of the trees he disposed of to farmers for

transplanting, and in some cases he would sell an entire orchard on the spot he had originally chosen. If the customer was poor, as most of the pioneers were, he could have the trees for nothing, or Johnny would take any old piece of clothing in exchange. If a customer wanted to buy, the price of each tree was invariably a "fippenny-bit," and immediate payment was never required. Johnny usually took a note from the customer, and of such promises-to-pay he collected a goodly number during his career, but it is not on record that he ever tried to collect any of them, apparently considering, like Mr. Micawber, that the transaction was completed when the note was written.

When he could not travel by water he went on foot, carrying his precious seeds in leathern bags slung across his back. Occasionally he would press into service some decrepit horse that he had saved from cruel treatment by purchasing it with his slender income. Every autumn he would start out in a diligent search of the woods and clearings for such strays or cast-offs, that he might care for them till they died of old age, or he could transfer them to some new owner, the sole condition of the transfer being humane treatment. Johnny never sold any of the poor old nags he had collected.

Besides appleseed, Johnny planted seeds of many medicinal herbs in the woods through which he traveled. Doctors were few and far between in the wilderness, and Johnny wished to make up for this lack as far as he could. By his efforts hundreds of miles of forests were carpeted with fennel, catnip, hoarhound, pennyroyal, rattlesnake root, and other of the "simples" that our ancestors used in sickness.

Johnny was fervently religious, and was always ready to talk with friends or strangers on high themes. His own little library of religious books, purchased with that part of his income not given away or used to relieve suffering, was freely lent to all who would take the books and read them. When his supply of whole books gave out, he would divide two or three of them into pieces and leave one chapter at each farm, to remain till his next visit, when he would exchange it for another chapter. The only difficulty with the scheme was that

the readers rarely got the chapters in their proper order, but that troubled neither them nor their queer librarian.

His Love of Nature

No one could have been more tender to all forms of animal life than was Johnny Appleseed. In this respect he reminds us of good Saint Francis of Assisi, with his appreciation of all nature as God's works, and the birds as man's little brothers. On one occasion he even put out his camp-fire that the smoke might not destroy the myriads of mosquitoes who hovered near it. Another time he found that a bear and her cubs were asleep in a hollow log against which he had built his fire, so, not wishing to disturb them, he quenched the flame and slept that night in the snow. A rattlesnake once bit him, and he killed the venomous creature, an action he always after regretted. "Poor fellow," said Johnny; "he only touched me, while I, in an ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe in him and went home." Surely a kind heart beat beneath this man's coffee-sack; if he had lived in the early centuries, the painters would have drawn the tin-dipper on his head as a halo.

His journeyings over Ohio and Indiana, carrying his bags of apple-seed and his tattered books, continued till the very week of his death. When he was taken sick in the home of a settler at Fort Wayne, he was on his way to repair the fence about an orchard he had set out some years before near the western frontier of the state. The pioneers in a large section of the Middle West mourned him as one of the strangest but one of the best friends they had. It was estimated that he had left behind fully one hundred thousand acres of orchards planted as a testimony to his love for nature and for his fellow man.

Who Was He?

Who was Johnny Appleseed? His real name was Jonathan Chapman, and he was born in Boston in 1775. He had

followed the Revolutionary veterans over the Alleghanies, and conceiving his life mission to be the planting of apple trees, as theirs was the wielding of the ax or the guiding of the plow, he served a great and useful purpose in making men and women contented in their new homes on the frontier.

No one knows just where his body is buried, but no one doubts that it is somewhere in the woods he loved, where the birds sing and the squirrels play, and where the breezes of spring waft the sweet odors of blossoming branches. There is an old poem that the children in Mansfield still learn, one verse of which runs:

> And if they inquire whence came such trees,
> Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
> The reply still comes as they travel on,
> "Those trees were planted by Appleseed John."

And now every springtime in the Western Reserve where he wandered the air is full of fragrance and blossoms and through the long summer the fruit swells and ripens on the trees and in the golden autumn men and women go forth where the fruit shines like lanterns and fill their baskets with food. And the orchards of Ohio sift down their soft petals somewhere on the grave of Jonathan Chapman, the seed-planter and saunterer.

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW

By HAPGOOD MOORE

A SCHOOL-BOY was taking his vacation in the old fishing town of Boscastle, on the Cornish coast of England. Knowing the superstitious character of the natives he conceived the idea of swimming out to a rock in front of the harbor, dressed as a mermaid, and there at sunset for several nights he sang plaintive songs. The bewildered villagers actually believed that a mythical monster had come to visit them, until one evening he stood up and closed his concert with some very plain English remarks, following which he dived into the water and disappeared.

The name of this boy was Robert S. Hawker.

Many amusing stories like this one are told of his fun-loving boyhood, but when he became a young man he suddenly settled down and decided to enter the Christian ministry.

He took extraordinary means to get his college education. He had no money. So one afternoon he ran out impetuously, bare-headed, from his home and asked a spinster lady, old enough to be his mother, to become his wife. Strange to say, she at once consented, she educated him, and they lived together in the greatest happiness for many years.

After Hawker had finished his theological course he was assigned to the parish of Morwenstow, a little, rough community of fishermen and wreckers, perched upon a headland of the Cornish coast. Here he spent his entire lifetime in the service of his people. His adventures in endeavoring to persuade his parishioners not to lure ships ashore by false lights, nor plunder the dying, required a courage which was characteristic. He succeeded in changing the character of the

place from savagery to chivalry, and many a wild night he spent in fisherman's garb, carrying a lantern among the rocks, to rescue the dying and nurse the wounded in his home, or to bury the shipwrecked dead. He was always a friend of men of toil, and his charities were as generous as they were indiscriminate. The monetary value of the living was £365. He wrote up over the porch of his vicarage—

> A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
> A pleasant place to watch and pray:
> Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
> O minister, for evermore!

On cold winter nights, if he felt the frost to be very keen, the idea would enter his head that such and such persons had not above one blanket on their beds, or that they had gone without anything to warm their vitals, to the chill damp attics where they slept. Then he would stamp about the house, collecting warm clothing and blankets, bottles of wine, and any food he could find in the larder, and laden with them, attended by a servant, go forth on his rambles, and knock up the cottagers, that he might put extra blankets on their beds, or cheer them with port wine and cold pie.

Eccentricities

His eccentricities continued all through life. Instead of dressing as a conventional English clergyman, his costume consisted of a yellow poncho, a red cassock, a purple coat, a blue jersey, blue trousers, and a pink fez. He wore a pencil attached to a string in his button-hole, as a memorial of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and carried a cross-shaped staff. At his side, just where the Lord's side was pierced, a little red cross was woven into the jersey. He wore fishing-boots reaching above his knee.

"My coat," said he, when asked by a lady why he wore one of such a cut and color, "my coat is that of an Armenian archimandrite." But this he said only from his love of hoaxing persons who asked him impertinent questions.

The claret-colored cassock coats, when worn out, were

given to his servant-maids, who wore them as morning dresses when going about their dirty work.

"See there! the parson is washing potatoes!" or "See there! the parson is feeding the pigs!" would be exclaimed by villagers, as they saw his servant-girls engaged on their work, in their master's coats.

At first he went about in a college cap; but this speedily made way for a pink or plum-colored beaver hat without a brim, the color of which rapidly faded to a tint of pink, the blue having disappeared. When he put on coat, jersey, or hat he wore it till it was worn out: he had no best suit.

When Mr. Hawker went up to London to be married the second time, he lost his hat, which was carried away by the wind as he looked out of the window of the train, to become, perhaps, an inmate of a provincial museum as a curiosity. He arrived hatless in town after dark. He tied a large crimson silk handkerchief over his head, and thus attired paced up and down the street for two hours before his lodging, in great excitement at the thought of the change in his prospects which would dawn with the morrow.

He was always accompanied by pet animals, sometimes a tame stag, always cats, and even a pig. He was usually followed to church by nine or ten cats, which entered the chancel with him and careered about it during service.

While saying prayers Mr. Hawker would pat his cats or scratch them under their chins. Originally ten cats accompanied him to church; but one, having caught, killed, and eaten a mouse on a Sunday, was excommunicated, and from that day was not allowed again within the sanctuary.

A friend tells me that on attending Morwenstow Church one Sunday morning, nothing amazed him more than to see a little dog sitting upon the altar step behind the celebrant, in the position which is usually attributed to a deacon or a server. He afterward spoke to Mr. Hawker on the subject, and asked him why he did not turn the dog out of the chancel and church.

"Turn the dog out of the ark!" he exclaimed; "all animals, clean and unclean, should find there a refuge."

His Love of Children

His love of children was extraordinary. They flocked to him daily in his walks, and he constantly visited them in school. This is one of the charming stories that he was in the habit of telling.

Sitting down by the road one day, in front of his own house, he took a little girl's hands in his and spoke to her as follows: "Margaret, one day there came to this door a poor man. He was in rags. Whence he came I know not. He appeared quite suddenly at the door. I gave him bread. There was something wonderfully mysterious, unearthly in his face, and I watched him as he went away. Look, Margaret! Do you see that hill of gold and crimson, with gorse and heather? He went that way. I saw him go up through the gold and crimson, up, still upward, to where the blue sky is, and there I lost sight of him all at once. I saw him no more, but I thought of the words,—'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

When he was a white-haired patriarch he was again happily married, to a charming young woman, and two dear little daughters came to gladden his last days.

He was a well-built man, tall, broad, with a face full of manly beauty, a nobly cut profile, dark, full eyes, and long, snowy hair. His expression was rapidly changing, like the sea as seen from his cliffs; now flashing and rippling with smiles, and anon overcast and sad, sometimes stormy.

His Church

His one idol was his church. He repaired it elaborately, and adorned it with beautiful carvings. He opened a door at the southwest and planted thyme, so, as he said, to attract the angels. He had ripples carved in the roof beams, as a reminder of the waves of the sea of Galilee. He built his vicarage upon an exposed highland where lambs sought refuge, as a symbol of the fact that he was a shepherd of sheep.

He conducted services in his own fantastic manner. Going into the chancel and shutting the gate behind him, he remained invisible throughout the service, except as he projected his crimson gloves to receive the offering from the clerk, and when he forced his huge body up the narrow stairs of his pulpit. His sermons were a compound of stories and poetic mystery. His favorite sermons, especially his "Angel Sermon," he repeated frequently, especially for the delectation of strangers.

His mind was poetic, and he claimed to believe in witches and demons. When it was suggested that he had built his barn in too exposed a position, "No," he answered; "I have placed the cross on it, and so the devil cannot touch it."

A few weeks after, a gale from the southwest tore the roof off.

"The devil," was his explanation, "was so enraged at seeing the sign of the cross on my barn, that he rent it and wrecked it."

His Hospitality

He lived in the Cornish solitudes, though an educated man. He hated the town, yet he was fond of entertaining strangers. One day a tall man in a cloak, who did not say much about himself, made him a call. They took a walk along the crags and smoked a pipe together. Pretty soon the vicar dropped a sentence of praise that showed that he had penetrated his visitor's disguise, for he was none other than Alfred Tennyson. It was Hawker's talk that day that suggested to the coming Laureate the writing of "The Idyls of the King." Later, Hawker wrote these haunting lines of appreciation of the great poet:

"They told me in their shadowy phrase,
  Caught from a tale gone by,
That Arthur, king of Cornish praise,
  Died not, and would not die.

Dreams had they, that in fairy bowers
  Their living warrior lies,
Or wears a garland of the flowers
  That grow in Paradise.

I read the rune with deeper ken,
And thus the myth I trace:—
A bard should rise, 'mid future men,
The mightiest of his race.

He would great Arthur's deeds rehearse
On gray Dunagel's shore;
And so the king in laurel'd verse
Shall live, and die no more!"

Mr. Hawker had always been in the habit of writing prose and verse about the Cornish people, and while neither was in itself of great value, they form together an excellent guide-book to this rocky country. But during the months of bereavement after the death of his wife, the companion of many years, there came to him the one great inspiration of his lifetime, and he began to write, although he never completed it, an heroic poem entitled "The Quest of the San Graal." The poem is based upon Tintagel, King Arthur's birthplace. It is full of wonderful, martial lines and conversation. It contains both the beauty and the terror of that wonderful coast. It is populated by saints and fiends, as was the soul of its lonely author. It glorifies, as his whole life glorified, the poetry of the church-idea. You cannot read it without feeling that you have come upon the fragment of a masterpiece. Its keynote is that of manly sadness. It begins with this pathetic dedication:

"To a vacant chair: And an added stone:
I chant these solitary sounds."

It tells the story of the going forth of King Arthur's knights to seek The Holy Grail. King Arthur is addressing the Round Table:

"Comrades in arms! Mates of the Table Round!
Fair Sirs, my fellows in the bannered ring,
Ours is a lofty tryst. This day we meet
Not under shield with scarf and goodly page,
To quench our thirst of love in ladies' eyes:
We shall not mount to-day that goodly throne,
The conscious steed, with thunder in his loins,
To launch along the field the arrowy spear:
Nay, but a holier theme, a mightier Quest—
Ho! For the San Graal, vanished Vase of God!"

In response to this stirring challenge of the king there rose a storm of voices, "Like the sea, when ocean, bounding, shouts with all his waves." The knights are sent forth to the four quarters of the earth, representing in their course both the holy cross and the shape of the Christian church. Galahad goes to the sacred East, where he shall find the Grail. The pure-hearted Percival goes to the South, among the angels; while Launcelot marches to the North, the land of war; and Tristram to the West, the Galilee of men. The king remains behind to fulfill his own more patient quest, and then sees at night, summoned by the Mage Merlin, the varied fortunes of his warriors and the future of the world of men. In the midst of the vision the poem suddenly breaks off.

Ere we turn from this strange, lonely poet let us read the farewell words of Arthur, with which he opened to them his manly heart, the expression probably of the very soul of our Cornish poet:

"Ha, Sirs—ye seek a noble crest to-day,
To win and wear the starry San Graal.
The link that binds to God a lonely land.
Would that my arm went with you, like my heart,
But the true shepherd must not shun the fold:
For in this flock are crouching grievous wolves,
And chief among them all, my own false kin.
Therefore I tarry by the cruel sea,
To hear at eve the treacherous mermaid's song,
And watch the wallowing monsters of the wave,—
'Mid all things fierce, and wild, and strange, alone!

"Ay! all beside can win companionship:
The churl may clip his mate beneath the thatch,
While his brown urchins nestle at his knees:
The soldier give and grasp a mutual palm,
Knit to his flesh in sinewy bonds of war:
The knight may seek at eve his castle-gate,
Mount the old stair, and lift the accustom'd latch,
To find, for throbbing brow and weary limb,
That paradise of pillows, one true breast:
But he, the lofty ruler of the land,
Like yonder Tor, first greeted by the dawn,
And wooed the latest by the lingering day,
With happy homes and hearths beneath his breast,
Must soar and gleam in solitary snow,
The lonely one is, evermore, the King."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "PET MARJORIE"

By MRS. THOMAS CONCANNON

ROOM now in our "rosebud garden of girls" for the dear little Scottish lassie, Marjorie Fleming. For more than a hundred years she has been sleeping under the plain white marble cross in the graveyard of Abbotshall. Above her is the record of her life in length of years—of which the ninth was not complete: Marjorie Fleming. Born 1803; died 1811. Then, on the plinth, the name by which Sir Walter's love has made her famous: Pet Marjorie. Sir Walter Scott is only the first of a long list of great writers who have loved the little maid, though he was the only one of them who heard her voice repeating his ballads, and carried her proudly on his shoulder to set her at the head of his supper-table as Queen of the Revels.

The Fleming nursery, when Marjorie made her first appearance in it, had already two occupants, five-year-old William and two-year-old Isabella. The presiding genius of the place was a certain Jeanie Robertson. Nurse Jeanie was very particular about teaching her young charges their Catechism.

Whether or not, it was from Jeanie that Marjorie learned to know much about the "deevil" I cannot say. But, at all events, she had a very wholesome fear of him, mixed with a certain interest in his methods. Cousin Isa, later on, taught her how to get the better of him (as she taught her so many other useful things, as, for instance, to make "simecolings, nots of interrigation, pearids and commas." She advised her: "When I feel Satan beginning to tempt me that I flee from him and he would flee from me." But in the meantime there

was a certain horrible fascination in thinking of him going about "like a roaring lyon in search of his pray," and finding it in a little girl who "behaved extremely ill in God's most holy church," and "would never attande" herself "nor let Isabella attand," or in a little girl "who stamped with her feet and threw her new hat on the ground" when Isabella brought her upstairs to teach her "religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons."

It was when Marjorie had just turned five that Cousin Isabella Keith engaged on the course of education thus comprehensively described. Isabella was hardly out of her teens herself, but to Marjorie she was the embodiment of all wisdom. "Isabella," she says in the second journal, "teaches me everything I know, I am much indebted to her, she is learn, and witty and sensible." Then in another place: "I hope that at 12 or 13 years old I will be as learned as Miss Isa and Nancy Keith, for many girls have not the advantage I have, and I am very very glad that Satan has not given bols and many other misfortunes." The reference to "bols," it must be explained, was suggested by the story of Job, in whom Marjorie was much interested.

Marjorie Goes to Edinburgh

Isabella Keith had come on a visit from her Edinburgh home to her aunt's house at Kirkcaldy, and fell in love so deeply with her little cousin, that she begged to be allowed to take her back with her to Edinburgh to take charge of her education. The Flemings thought well of the plan, and in the summer of 1808 Marjorie left Kirkcaldy and went to live at her Aunt Keith's house in No. 1 Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.

Young as she was, she had read all sorts of things before she had left home. She seems to have learned to read, as some children will, who grow up among books, almost unconsciously, and she made herself free of her father's library in the most complete manner. Charles Lamb's recipe for producing "incomparable old maids" had been tried in her

case with extraordinary results. Like "Cousin Bridget" in "Mackery End," "she was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." The plan may be all that Charles Lamb claims for producing "incomparable old maids," but its effects on children are more questionable. Fortunately Marjorie seems to have got nothing worse from it than a vocabulary and stock of phrases that seem a little beyond her control, and a tremendous interest in romance, which cousin Isa has to keep in check.

Cousin Isabella's Bedfellow

Cousin Isabella had the little maid for a bedfellow, and we get some funny glimpses of what she had to endure from that arrangement. "I've slept with Isabella, but she cannot sleep with me. I'm so very restless. I danced over her legs in the morning and she cried 'Oh! dear, you mad girl, Madgie,' for she was very sleepy." (Oh! those little "Early wide-awakes!" Which of us who have been wakened by them at four o'clock in the morning will not sympathize with poor Isa Keith?) "Every morn I awake before Isa, and oh I wish to be up and out with the larkies, but I must take care of Isa, who when aslipe is as beautiful as Viness and Jupiter in the sky." On a later occasion Marjorie records: "I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile 'ike the Genius Demedicus, or the statute in ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a very comfortable nap. All was now hushed up, but my anger again burst forth at her bidding me get up."

Finally poor Isabella, in self-defense against "continual ngiting and kicking" had to banish Marjorie to the foot of the bed, an arrangement not without its advantages, for it gave a certain young person opportunity "to be continialy at work reading the Arabian nights entertainment, which I could not have done had I slept at the top." The situation, moreover, inspired the following remarkable verses:—

"I love in Isa's bed to lie
O such a joy and luxury
The bottom of the bed I sleep
And with great care I myself keep.
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys
But she has got on all the pillies
Her neck I never can embrace
But I do hug her feet in place.
But I am sure I am contented
And of my follies am repented
I'm sure I'd rather be
In a small bed at liberty."

Behold what happened a few days after. "I am going to tell you that in all my life I never behaved so ill, for when Isa bid me go out of the room I would not go, and when Isa came to the room I threw my book at her in a dreadful passion and she did not lick me but said 'Go into the room and pray,' and I did it. I will never do it again."

The New Leaf

"I am going to turn over a new life and am going to be a very good girl and be obedient to Isa Keith, here there is plenty of goosberrys which makes my teath water. . . .

"My religion is greatly falling off because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers and my character is lost away a-mong the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again, but as for regaining my character I despare for it. . . . Everybody just now hates me and I deserve it, for I don't behave well."

Whether at home in Edinburgh, or in Braehead, or Ravelston, Isabella continues the education of her little charge: "I am thinking," says Marjorie, in a serious Sunday mood, "how I shall improve the many talents I have. I am sorry I have threwn them away, it is shocking to think of it when many have not the instruction. I have, because Isabella teaches me to or three hours every day in reading and writing and arethmatick and many other things and religion into the bargain. On Sundays she teaches me to be virtuous." Saturday was a half-holiday—even from virtue! "This is Saturday, and I am very glad of it, because I have play half of the day

and I get money too, but alas I owe Isabella fourpence, for I am fined 2 pence whenever I bite my nails."

Poor Isabella did not always have an easy task. The "multiplication table" gave particular trouble. "I am now going to tell you about the horible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it—the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7; it is what nature itself can't endure. . . ." "To-day I have been very ungrateful and bad and disobedient, Isabella gave me my writing, I wrote so ill that she took it away and locked it up in her desk where I stood trying to open it till she made me come and read my bible, but I was in a bad homour and red it so carelessly and ill that she took it from me and her blood ran cold, but she never punished me, she is as gental as a lamb to me an ungrateful girl."

Isabella tries the effect of praise:—

"Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper, for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

But Marjorie is honest enough to think a whipping would do herself good: "But she never whipes me, so that I think I should be the better of it, and the next time that I behave ill, I think she should do it, for she never does it, but she is very indulgent to me, but I am very ungrateful to her."

Marjorie and Sir Walter

It may have been at Ravelston (where "I am enjoying nature's fresh air, the birds are singing sweetly, the calf doth frisk and play, and nature shows her glorious face, the sun shines through the trees") that Marjorie first saw and conquered Sir Walter. For all readers of "Waverley" will remember how deeply its author loved the old house and garden, where he had played as a boy. The conquest was completed when Marjorie returned to Edinburgh, and by all accounts it was not her beauty that worked the charm. As Marjorie herself says, "I am very strong and robust and not of the delicate sex, nor of the fair, but of the deficient in

looks," and poor Isa Keith is quite concerned about her plainness: "She is grown excessively fat and strong," she writes about this time to Kirkcaldy, "but I cannot say she is in great beauty, as she has lost two front teeth, and her continued propensity to laugh exhibits the defect rather strongly." But in the eyes of Sir Walter, she was better than beautiful: "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with," he told Mrs. Keith, "and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Dr. Brown draws some charming pictures of the great man and the little child together, Marjorie teaching him nursery rhymes: "He used to say when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down. Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um. Tweedle-um made him roar with laughter. He said Musky Dan especially was beyond his endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidity. Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over 'Gil Morrice' or the 'Baron of Smailholm,' and he would take her on his knees and make her repeat Constance's speeches in 'King John' till he swayed to and fro sobbing his fill."

The year before she died she was at a Twelfth Night Supper at Scott's in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn? What can have come over her? I'll go myself and see!" And he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Dougal, with the Sedan chair which was brought right into the lobby and its top raised. And there in its darkness and dingy old cloth sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy. "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you," and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night, and such a night! Those who knew Scott best said that night

was never equaled. Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them Constance's speeches, and Helvellyn, and all her repertoire, Scott showing her off, and being ofttimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

Perhaps the prudent mother at home in Kirkcaldy began to fear the effects of all this notoriety and excitement on her little daughter's character. At all events she did not leave her in Edinburgh very many months after this. In July, 1811, Marjorie bade good-by to her darling Isabella and returned to Kirkcaldy.

"The Land o' the Leal"

We have letters of hers, mainly to Isa, to fill up the simple story of the next few months. In one of them, she refers to an epidemic of measles. Little did Isabella think, as she laughed over the quaint phrases, that there was something ominous in it. In November Marjorie herself fell a victim to the epidemic, and was very ill for many weeks.

It was a strange Maidie even to those who knew her best that developed in this illness—a very patient, submissive, and quiet Maidie, who liked best to lie still and think. One day as she was lying very still her mother asked her if there was anything she wished. "Oh, yes. If you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play the 'Land o' the Leal,' and I will lie and think and enjoy myself."

On Sunday, December 15, she was allowed to be up for a little while.

That was the last earthly scene for poor little Maidie. Six days later, they laid her to rest in the churchyard of Abbotshall.

OLD DOCTOR JOHNSON

By H. E. MARSHALL

SAMUEL JOHNSON was the son of a country bookseller, and he was born at Litchfield in 1709. He was a big, strong boy, but he suffered from a dreadful disease known then as the King's Evil. It left scars upon his good-looking face, and nearly robbed him of his eyesight. In those days people still believed that this dreadful disease would be cured if the person suffering from it was touched by a royal hand. So when he was two, little Samuel was taken to London by his father and mother, and there he was "touched" by Queen Anne. Samuel had a wonderful memory, and although he had been so young at the time, all his life after he kept an awed remembrance of a stately lady who wore a long black hood and sparkling diamonds. The touch of the Queen's soft white hand did the poor little sick child no good, and it is quaint to remember that the great learned doctor thought it might be because he had been touched by the wrong royal hand.

Samuel learned so easily that, though he was idle, he knew more than any other of the boys. He ruled them too. Three of them used to come every morning to carry their comrade to school. Johnson mounted on the back of one, and the other two supported him, one on each side. In winter when he was too lazy to skate or slide himself they pulled him about on the ice by a garter tied round his waist. Thus early did Johnson show his power over his fellows.

At sixteen Samuel left school, and for two years idled around his father's shop, reading everything that came in his way. He devoured books. He did not read them carefully, but quickly, tearing the heart out of them. He cared

for nothing else but reading, and once when his father was ill and unable to attend to his bookstall, he asked his son to do it for him. Samuel refused. But the memory of his disobedience and unkindness stayed with him, and more than fifty years after, as an old and worn man, he stood bareheaded in the wind and rain for an hour in the market-place, upon the spot where his father's stall had stood. This he did as a penance for that one act of disobedience.

Johnson's father was a bookworm, like his son, rather than a tradesman. He knew and loved his books, but he made little money by them. A student himself, he was proud of his studious boy, and wanted to send him to college. But he was miserably poor and could not afford it. A well-off friend, however, offered to help, and so at eighteen Samuel went to Oxford.

Here he remained three years. Those years were not altogether happy ones, for Johnson's huge ungainly figure, and shabby, patched clothes were matters for laughter among his fellow-students. His gown was tattered and his toes showed through his boots. Yet when someone, meaning no doubt to be kind, placed a new pair at his door, he kicked them away in anger. He would not stoop to accept charity. But in spite of his poverty and shabby clothes, he was a leader at college as he had been at school, and might often be seen at his college gates with a crowd of young men round him, "entertaining them with wit and keeping them from their studies."

After remaining about three years at college, Johnson left without taking a degree. Perhaps poverty had something to do with that.

Johnson was now twenty-five and a strange-looking figure. He was tall and lank, and his huge bones seemed to start out of his lean body. His face was deeply marked with scars, and although he was very near-sighted, his gray eyes were bright and wild, so wild at times that they frightened those upon whom they were turned. He wore his own hair, which was coarse and straight, and in an age when every man wore a wig this made him look absurd. He had a trick of making

queer gestures with hands and feet. He would shake his head and roll himself about, and would mutter to himself until strangers thought that he was an idiot.

And this queer genius fell in love with a widow lady more than twenty years older than himself. She, we are told, was coarse, fat, and unlovely, but she was not without brains, for she saw beneath the outside of her young lover. "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life," she said, after talking with him. So this strange couple married. "Sir," said Johnson afterward, "it was a love-marriage on both sides." And there can be no doubt that Samuel loved his wife devotedly while she lived, and treasured her memory tenderly after her death.

Mrs. Johnson had a little money, and so Samuel returned to his native town and there opened a school.

After struggling with his school for more than a year, Johnson resolved to give it up and go to London, there to seek his fortune. Leaving his wife at Litchfield, he set off with his friend and pupil, David Garrick, as he afterward said, "With twopence halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with threepence in thine."

The misery of this time was such that long years after Johnson burst into tears at the memory of it. But it did not conquer him; he conquered it. He got work to do at last, and became one of the first newspaper reporters.

The tragedy called "Irene," which Johnson had brought with him to London, was at length, after twelve years, produced by Garrick, who had by this time become a famous actor.

Johnson's play was a failure, but by that time he had begun the great work which was to name him and single him out from the rest of the world as Dictionary Johnson. To make a complete dictionary of a language is a tremendous work. Johnson thought that it would take three years. It took, instead, seven.

In the days when Johnson wrote, his style was greatly admired, but now we have come back to thinking that the simplest words are best, or, at least, that we must suit our words to our subject. And if we tell a fairy tale (as Johnson

once did) we must not use words of five syllables when words of two will better give the feeling of the tale.

He had by this time founded a club of literary men which met at "a famous beef-steak house," and here he lorded it over his fellows as his bulky namesake had done more than a hundred years before.

While he was still working at his dictionary he suffered a great grief in the death of his wife. He had loved her truly and never ceased to mourn her loss. But though he had lost his wife, he did not remain solitary in his home, for he opened his doors to a queer collection of waifs and strays—three women and a man, upon whom he took pity because no one else would. They were ungrateful and undeserving, and quarreled constantly among themselves, so that his home could have been no peaceful spot. "Williams hates everybody," he writes; "Levett hates Desmoulins and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them." It does not sound peaceful or happy.

Some years after the death of Johnson's wife his mother died at the age of ninety, and although he had not been with her for many years, that too was a grief. The poor lady had had very little to live on, and she left some debts. Johnson himself was still struggling with poverty. He had no money, so to pay his mother's few debts, and also the expenses of her funeral, he sat down to write a story. In a week he had finished "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

But a year or two after "Rasselas" was written, a great change came in Johnson's life, which gave him comfort and security for the rest of his days. George III had come to the throne. He thought that he would like to do something for literature, and offered Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds a year.

Just before this a young Scotsman named James Boswell got to know the great man. He worshiped Johnson and spent as much time with him as he could. It was a strange friendship which grew up between these two. The great man bullied yet loved the little man, and the little man accepted all the insults gladly, happy to be allowed to be near his hero

on any conditions whatever. He treasured every word that Johnson spoke and noted his every action. Nothing was too small or too trivial for his loving observation. He asked Johnson questions and made remarks, foolish or otherwise, in order to draw him out and make him talk, and afterward he set down everything in a notebook.

And when Johnson was dead Boswell wrote his life. It is one of the most wonderful lives ever written—perhaps the most wonderful. And when we have read it we seem to know Johnson as well as if we had lived with him. We see and know him in all his greatness and all his littleness, in all his weakness and all his might.

Boswell after a time joined the famous club at which Johnson and his friends met together and talked. Johnson loved to argue, and he made a point of always getting the best of an argument. "There is no arguing with Johnson," said one of his friends, Oliver Goldsmith, "for when his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it." And perhaps Goldy, as Johnson called him, had to suffer more rudeness from him than any of his friends, save Bozzy. Yet it was Goldsmith who said of Johnson, "No man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin."

And indeed in Johnson's outward appearance there was much of the bear. Yet in spite of all that, added to his noted temper and rude manners, men loved him and sought his company more than that of any other writer of his day, for "within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a child's."

After Johnson received his pension we may look upon him as a lumbering vessel which has measured many a strong sea and has now safely come to port. His life was henceforth easy. He received honorary degrees, first from Dublin and then from Oxford, so that he became Dr. Johnson. For two-and-twenty years he enjoyed his pension, his freedom and his honors; then, in 1784, surrounded by his friends, he died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE SHOES THROUGH THE WINDOW

By THOMAS CARLYLE

AS for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—poet, priest, sovereign ruler!

Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any of the favorablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, "Live in an element of diseased sorrow." Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other.

At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull incurable misery, the Nessus'-shirt not to be stripped off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live.

Figure him then, with his scrofulous disease, with his great greedy heart and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at, school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of "four-pence-halfpenny a day." Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's.

One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford, the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned college servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable gentleman commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the raw-boned servitor, lifting them, looking

at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thought,—pitches them out of the window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will, but not beggary; we cannot stand beggary! Rude, stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery, and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal.

It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man; not a second-hand, borrowing, or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a world of heroes was there loyal obedience to the heroic.

MASTERS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION

LUTHER BURBANK, THE FLOWER MAGICIAN *

By MARY H. WADE

WHAT has been most interesting to you in the fairy stories that you have read? Was it not the magic wand by means of which common stones were turned into gold, and rags into silk and satin garments?

Now there is a quiet man in the western part of the United States who has found a magic wand.

The name of this man is Luther Burbank, and the wand which he possesses was given him by no fairy godmother. It is his own patient, observing mind which has knocked so persistently at Dame Nature's door, that she has been forced to open and reveal her secrets.

This great magician is generally spoken of as the most successful breeder of plants in the world, which he has not only made richer by giving us new fruits and vegetables, but more beautiful with new and lovelier flowers.

Luther Burbank was born in the little town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, March 7, 1849.

Even when he was a baby he was not like other children. Sometimes, as he lay in his cradle, his mother or one of his sisters would bring a flower and place it in his tiny hands. He would not crush or drop it, as other babies would have done, but would hold it tenderly until it drooped and faded.

He Makes a Pet of a Plant

As the baby grew older and could trot about from place to place, he did not care for pet animals, like most children.

* From "Wonder Workers," by Mary H. Wade. Used by special permission of Little, Brown and Co., Boston, publishers.

Instead of these he chose plants for his friends. One of the plants which he loved very dearly was a lobster-cactus. It grew in a pot and, with this in his arms, the little fellow would toddle about, indoors and out.

One day a sad thing happened. Luther fell down, and the plant which he was carrying so tenderly was broken from its stem. He could not be comforted; he felt that he had lost a dear friend.

As he grew up, he was sent to school. All his teachers were pleased with him, for they quickly noticed his fondness for study. It was not only what he found in the books of the schoolroom, however, that interested him. The birds and the insects, the flowers and the trees—there was so much to learn about them!

He enjoyed boys' sports, too. He played games; he fished and hunted; but after all he was happiest when in the company of Nature herself. His eyes were so bright that they saw many things which others passed by.

One of the dearest of his friends was a young cousin, the son of a minister. This boy was also fond of Nature, but particularly of rocks and stones. He was much older than Luther, and was a close friend of Agassiz, the great scientist. This young man helped to keep his cousin interested in the wonders of the world around him.

When Luther was old enough, he studied in the academy of his home town in the winter. Then, when summer came, he worked in a factory in Worcester.

Summer after summer he worked in the factory, but never for one day did he forget the work which he knew he loved best in the world.

A Creator

At last the time arrived when Luther left the factory for good, and began to raise seeds and vegetables in a little market-garden. A great day came—it was a red letter day in the young man's life and could never be forgotten. He found himself greater than an inventor; he was a creator.

Some time before this he had been watching the potatoes

CONE FLOWER AND FIELD DAISY

The coneflower is also known as black-eyed-Susan, yellow daisy, ox-eye daisy, cornflower and golden Jerusalem

in his garden very closely. The green tops were not all alike, and one of them had something not found in any of the others. It was a seed-ball.

Luther said to himself: "If I plant this seed-ball, quite different potatoes will grow from it than from the other plants."

He watched the seed-ball carefully. One day, when he went to look at it, it was gone. He was greatly disappointed. What could have become of it? He began to look around, and at last found it upon the ground, where a stray dog had possibly knocked it down as he ran past.

From this very seed-ball came the delicious Burbank potato. No doubt your father has heard of it, but perhaps he did not think of the man who developed it. At the very time when Mr. Burbank first raised it in his little market-garden, many people feared that there would soon be a potato famine, because these vegetables were becoming poorer every year.

It is now said that this country has gained twenty millions of dollars through Mr. Burbank's discovery. He himself sold the seed which he had raised for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Soon afterward he had a slight sunstroke from working in his garden on a hot summer's day. When he got better, he thought of California, where he felt he could live out-of-doors without any fear of the sun. Then he could work to his heart's content among his plants.

Up-hill Work

Not long afterward he started for California, taking with him ten of his new potatoes. He was now twenty-one years old and had saved only a small sum of money. He reached San Francisco and then traveled northward till he came to a valley among the Coast Range mountains.

When he arrived there he tried to find work, but it was not so easy to get as he had hoped. He heard that help was needed on a new building in a town not far away. He went to the place and asked for work.

"But you have no tools," he was told. "Get a shingling hatchet and you may have the job."

He went away and spent nearly all the money he had left for a new hatchet. He came back quite sure that he could now get work; but, sad to say, some one else had been given the job while he was gone.

He did not stop to think of his bad fortune, but set out once more, and this time he got a chance to clean coops on a chicken ranch. For months afterward he slept in one of the coops every night because he did not receive pay enough to hire a room. Sometimes this work on the chicken farm failed and the young man did not have money to buy enough food to keep him alive. Then he was obliged to go to the meat market in the village, where he was given the bones which had been laid aside for dogs. He gnawed away the meat from these and thus satisfied his hunger.

After a while he got work in the nursery of a hothouse. The job was a steady one, but the pay was so small that even now Mr. Burbank did not have money enough to hire a good lodging. His employer allowed him to sleep in a bare room over the hothouse. It was so damp there that the young man's clothing was wet all the time.

A Friend in Need

He had never been very strong, and before long the hard work and the dampness brought on a fever. A kind-hearted neighbor found out how sick and poor he was. She was poor herself and had a large family to care for, but she insisted on bringing him every day some of the fresh milk which her one cow gave her.

Mr. Burbank begged her not to do this. He might not live to be able to pay her for her kindness. But the good woman would not listen to him and insisted on giving him daily a pint of milk. There is no doubt that this kept him from dying.

Think of it! this man who had already done what would gain for his country millions of dollars and who was yet to

become one of the great people of the world, was sick and starving, kept alive by the generosity and charity of a poor woman.

He was brave and hopeful through all this trouble, and at last the fever left him. Then, pale and thin, he started out once more in search of work. He was able to find it now. He took one job after another, and as the weeks passed by he managed to save small sums of money, which he put in the bank.

His Own Nursery

All this time he had one ambition. As soon as possible he would have a garden of his own, where he could work and make experiments. More than this, he would create new plants. It was a happy day for him when he had saved enough money to get a small plot of ground where he could start a nursery.

He was now quite well. Every morning found him at his work; every evening saw him tired, yet happy and contented. One day an order came from a man who wished to start a ranch for raising prunes. He asked Mr. Burbank for twenty thousand young prune trees. He must have them all ready in nine months.

"I will fill that order," the young nurseryman said to himself. But how was it to be done? Any one else would require at least two years and a half to get so many trees ready for planting. Now it was that Burbank began to play the magician. He would make use of a secret which he had forced Nature to give up to him. First of all, he sent out in different directions for men and boys to work for him.

As soon as they arrived he set them to planting almonds. Perhaps you wonder what almonds can have to do with prunes, but you will quickly find out. It was already late in the season, but the almond seed would sprout at this time when any other which could be used in the way that Mr. Burbank planned would not sprout. Then, too, the almond tree grows very fast.

As the seeds sprouted and shot up into the air, it seemed

to the young nurseryman that he could see them grow. The time soon came when they were ready for budding. Twenty thousand prune buds had been made ready by this time and these were budded into the young almond shoots.

You can hardly realize how eagerly Mr. Burbank watched and tended his nursery. Everything went well, and when the nine months came to an end, behold! there were twenty thousand prune trees ready for the ranchman. He was very much pleased, and gladly paid Mr. Burbank a sum of money which made him feel quite rich.

His Name a Guarantee

Mr. Burbank was very honest. Everything he raised must be exactly what he said it was. Before long, people found this out. They would say: "If this thing comes from Burbank, it must be all right."

A time came when he needed some extra money. If he did not have it, he could not go on with his work; but he did not know of any one who would lend it to him. One day, when he had given up all hope of doing what he wished, he saw a team of horses coming down the road. Behind them sat a man who was said to be a great miser. Before the man reached him, he began shouting to Mr. Burbank. He said he had been watching him for a long time, and liked the way in which he attended to his business. Did he not need some extra money now?

Mr. Burbank answered that he could use one hundred dollars that very day. At this the man whom everybody called mean and miserly pulled out his wallet and handed out two hundred dollars.

As the visitor drove away he called out: "No, I don't want no note, nor no interest, neither; when you get ready to pay it, all right. G'long there."

From this time Mr. Burbank was more and more successful in his business. It was not very long before he was making ten thousand dollars a year. But he was not satisfied.

From a Stereotype. *Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.*

LUTHER BURBANK

Studying his many-hued Chrysanthemums.

The Vision Made Real

After thinking it over very carefully, the day came when he said: "I will sell my nursery, and will give all my time to breeding new plants."

"How foolish!" thought his friends. Give up ten thousand dollars a year for the sake of his dream!

But he would not listen, and it was not a dream. He had thought the matter over very carefully. The nursery should be sold,—and sold it was.

Then Mr. Burbank began on the work that was dearest to his heart. Slowly but surely he met with success.

People all over the world began to hear of Luther Burbank and the wonderful things he was doing. He had actually created new berries, new flowers, new fruits. He was Nature's helper in making the world richer and more beautiful than before.

As time went by Mr. Burbank found that he needed a great deal of money to carry out his plans. He had already made his country richer by millions of dollars. But he had plans for doing still greater things.

In the city of Washington there is an Institution founded by the rich Scotchman, Andrew Carnegie. It is called the Carnegie Institution, and its work is to help such people as Luther Burbank. After carefully examining what he was doing, it decided that one hundred thousand dollars should be set apart for his use.

You can scarcely imagine how happy Mr. Burbank was when he learned that he was to receive this help. It was not that he himself was to be more comfortable. Indeed he would henceforth work harder than ever, if this could be possible. But he could now make some of his dreams real.

Serving His Fellow-men

Perhaps you would like to hear of some of the good and beautiful things which never grew upon the earth until Mr.

Burbank's busy mind and hands set to work. You have probably seen cactus plants with their sharp thorns and prickly leaves. As you looked at them you felt that you did not care to handle them. These plants have their home in the hot deserts, and woe to the poor horse who plants his foot among them.

After much thinking this good man set to work, and in the course of time his wishes came true. He created cacti which were not only thornless but were edible. It was as wonderful as the changing of Cinderella's rags into silken garments.

This new cactus fruit is shaped somewhat like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends. Sometimes its color is a beautiful yellow. Sometimes the flesh is crimson. Every one who tastes it calls it delicious. Some say that it reminds them of peaches; others, again, declare it is like a melon; still others claim it is more like a pineapple.

How did Mr. Burbank create this new fruit? How did he change the nature of the cactus altogether?

First of all, Mr. Burbank made a picture in his mind of the kind of cactus he wished for. The thorns and the spicules must be done away with, of course. They took much of the strength of the plant.

Mr. Burbank learned all he could concerning the different kinds of cactus. In some countries he found that it bore a fruit which could be eaten. In others it had few or no thorns.

"I will bring three different kinds together," he said to himself, "and from them I will breed a plant which shall have all the good qualities of all the different cacti that I know."

Much time passed by before he could get seeds from the different kinds of cactus. Then, as the plants grew and blossomed, the bees came to help Mr. Burbank by carrying the pollen from one plant to another. From this came crossings—that is, when the seeds of the plants ripened, they were quite different from the seeds of the old plants, because the germs of life inside of them partook of the nature of two very different cacti.

In and out among his plants he would go, choosing, out of

thousands, one that showed a change for the better. From these the seeds should be used for the next planting. Years passed by and at last came a new gift to men, by means of which deserts can be changed into world-gardens.

More New Fruits

Do you like plums? And did you ever taste apricots when fresh-picked from the trees? Both these fruits are good, but if the qualities which make each one pleasing to the taste were added together, what a delicious fruit there would be!

This is what Mr. Burbank thought. So he set to work, and kept on working till he had produced a new fruit in which the plum and apricot were joined together. This he named the plumcot. You may have heard of it and of its delicious flavor.

Perhaps, when you have eaten plums, you have wished that they had no pits. Possibly Mr. Burbank wished this, too. At any rate, he worked until he produced a tree which bore plums without pits. He has created still others which have the delicate flavor of Bartlett pears.

If you are fond of berries, you may like to hear of the princess berry which Mr. Burbank made by uniting the raspberry and the blackberry. Still more wonderful is the berry which he created by joining the California dewberry and the raspberry.

New Flowers

Do you like the field daisy which is so common in many parts of America? The farmers call it a bad weed, for it chokes out the grass which they wish to raise for hay.

On the hillsides near Mr. Burbank's New England home many wild flowers grew. As a boy he loved them all. Among them was the little field daisy, so common that many pass it by without noticing its beauty.

After Luther Burbank grew up and became a man, he remembered this little friend of his childhood. He thought: "I will make a daisy which every one will admire."

He learned that in England there are daisies which are

larger and have coarser stems than those which he had always known. In far-away Japan this flower is small, but of the purest white. The New England daisy, though neither large nor perfectly white, is strong. It cannot be easily killed. He would join together the best daisies of the three continents, and make a fourth one which should possess the best qualities of each.

Before Mr. Burbank could make what he wished, he had to plant hundreds of thousands of daisies. He had to give them the most watchful care. Again and again one out of millions was chosen on account of the seed it bore. Season after season the bees gave their aid in carrying the pollen from the blossoms of one plant to another. Only the strongest plants were allowed to live; for, first of all, the new daisy must be strong.

At last the wonderful Shasta daisy was created. There was never such a daisy before. It will grow in the cold lands of the north as well as close to the equator. The flower will remain fresh in water for weeks after it has been cut from the plant. It is very large and beautiful, with snow-white petals and a center of velvety yellow.

His Personality

It is said that at least six thousand visitors go to Santa Rosa every year. If Mr. Burbank should meet and talk with them all, he would have no time for the work which needs his constant care. So, out of all these thousands, only a few people are permitted to meet him.

Mr. Burbank does not look strong. If you could meet him, you would notice, first of all, the clear blue eyes which are always changing. Sometimes they dance, and sometimes they are filled with sadness, and then again they sparkle with some bright thought. Children love those eyes, and love and trust their owner. Indeed, every one who knows Mr. Burbank feels his goodness. There is only praise in all the country round for the man who came to make his home there years ago.

When Mr. Burbank has a chance to rest from his work he prefers to do very simple things. Perhaps he takes a tramp among the mountains he likes so well. It may be that he goes to the seashore for a short stay, for he likes the ocean as he does the mountains. Or, perhaps, he visits some dear friends, where he can laugh and talk and forget his many cares for a short time. But he enjoys nothing better than a romp with children, for he loves these little ones very dearly.

In a town not far away from his home, a new park was given by a certain man in memory of his child. Mr. Burbank was asked to speak on the day when the park was given. These are some of the words he used:

"I love sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, sunny brooks, the ocean when its waves softly ripple along the sandy beach, or when pounding the rocky cliffs with its thunder and roar, the birds of the field, waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening sunset,—but children above them all. Trees, plants, flowers, are always educators in the right direction; they always make us happier and better, and, if well grown, they speak of loving care and respond to it as far as is in their power; but in all this world there is nothing so appreciative as children,—these sensitive, quivering creatures of sunshine, smiles, showers, and tears."

HEROIC PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

By ERIC WOOD

THE study and the laboratory have their pioneers as much as the wild places of the earth, and in many respects the geographical discoverer, the commercial pioneer, and so on, have to own to a great indebtedness to the men who potter about among tubes and finger queer-looking wires or concoct strange mixtures in jars—often playing with death.

For the scientific pioneer has perils as great as, and often greater than, the man who slings his rifle over his shoulder, gathers a crowd of natives around him, and swings out into an unknown country. Often they are greater perils, because, with a quick eye and presence of mind, a man has a fair chance in the wild places, whereas he who tampers with the hidden forces of Nature never knows what is before him.

Take, for example, Sir James Y. Simpson, the man who proved the value of anæsthetics to destroy pain. He tried all kinds of therapeutic agents, experimented perilously, and finally hit upon chloroform, which had been discovered at about the same time by Liebig and Soubeiran, as the most suitable agent. Simpson took the new fluid, tested it, as he tested many other things, upon himself, and well-nigh paid the penalty for doing so. On more than one occasion he was very ill from the effects of the drug. Once his butler burst into his room and found the doctor lying unconscious on the floor. "He'll kill himsel' yet wi' thae experiments," said the servant, "and he's a big fule, for they'll never find onything better nor chlory."

Other surgeons had been experimenting, with but little success, and Simpson had proved that anæsthetics were a matter of practical surgery; but his very success brought addi-

tional pain to sufferers. Because surgery was safer, there were more surgical cases, and instead of folks dying under the surgeon's knife they died after the operation from gangrene setting in.

Lister and Pasteur

So experimenters began their work. Joseph Lister and Louis Pasteur struck out on different lines, which converged into one great healing science. Pasteur studied microbes, and proved that foreign organisms contaminated certain solids and liquids, which, if not affected by these microbes, would remain pure. That was a step toward safe surgery, though few realized it until Lister, who had been studying microbes which attacked wounds, saw the inwardness of Pasteur's discovery. His theory was, crudely put, "Kill the microbes of gangrene at the very place where they do their fell work." So he applied carbolic acid to wounds made by the surgeon's knife, with good results, although there was much more to be done before anæsthetics and antiseptics could be said to have joined forces. In the end Lister perfected his principle. Instead of applying a sterilizer to the wound to kill microbes brought in contact with it, *the microbe was kept away*. This was done by sterilizing the instruments—everything that went near the wound. These discoveries of Simpson, Lister, and Pasteur revolutionized the science of surgery, and have made the most astounding operations possible.

A Martyr

Still keeping to the field of medical discoveries, there are some more remarkable things of which to tell. Here is the story of a man who went pioneering to Africa for a medical purpose. The West Coast has long been called the White Man's Grave, and Dr. Dutton, of the School of Tropical Medicine, Liverpool, devoted himself to the study of the microbe which had taken so heavy a toll of white men. He went where the microbes thrived best, where the death-roll was greatest. He went as the blazer of a trail of health, lived among the

people who toiled in the midst of death, experimented with men who were attacked by the dread sleeping sickness, the scourge of the West Coast. He sought the reason, the cause of it all, and found it—the first step toward success in treating the disease. When you know your foe you can devise a way of baffling him. . . . But Dr. Dutton, successful in thus attacking the sinister foe, was himself attacked, and died a martyr's death in the cause of science.

Ronald Ross

Another baffling mystery of medical science was solved by the heroic devotion of a young doctor. As the sleeping sickness was the scourge of the West Coast of Africa, so malaria was the scourge of India—millions of people died from it every year. Major Ronald Ross, a young doctor on the Indian Medical Staff, had seen the ravage caused by malaria, and exerted all his time and energy to find a cure for it—nay, more than a cure, a preventive. Theory had it that the poison was introduced into the human body by a parasite of a mosquito, and it was to discover this parasite that Ross toiled hard and long.

Considering that there are some hundreds of varieties of mosquitoes, it is not difficult to imagine the work before Ross. What he did was to study the mosquito in every variety that came under his notice, and in the end what he did not know about the "fiend" was not worth knowing. What was the result? This: he could find no trace of the parasite he sought. The reason was a simple one: he had not yet found the mosquito which carried the parasite. It was a terror that flew by night and hid during the day. It was disheartening, this toiling in malarial districts without any tangible result, without success seeming any nearer; but the plucky doctor, enthusiastic despite his apparent failure, kept at his self-imposed task, and was rewarded, for the time came when he found a new mosquito, upon whose abdomen was a tiny excrescence that none of the others had. What was it? Just when Ross felt that he was within an ace of the discovery

of what he sought he was moved to a part of the country happily free from the pestilence of malaria.

Never was a man so disappointed at his fate, and never was a man so overjoyed when the influence of friends who knew how near he had possibly been to success got him sent to Calcutta for the purpose of continuing his investigations.

The result was, after months of labor, that Ross proved that the excrescence on the mosquito was the parasite of malaria.

And Ross did more than that: he showed the world how to prevent malaria. In much the same way that Lister had said: "Kill the microbes," so preventing the microbes from reaching the wound, so Ross lifted up his voice and cried: "Prevent the mosquito from laying its eggs. Clean out your cesspools, drain your marshes, where the scourge has its breeding places."

What the labors of Ross have meant to the world it is impossible to say. This can be said, however, that the death-rate from malaria is nothing to what it was; and it is highest where Ross's advice is not carried out. He showed that petroleum was a destroyer of the destroyer, and the value of this to commerce, without going to any higher scale, is evidenced by the fact that the great Panama Canal was built by the application of his principle. The malaria patches of the Isthmus had made work in the country impossible, but when the builders of the Panama got to work they sent before them men armed with queer-looking sprays which covered the places with petroleum, and a land which had been a death-trap became almost a health resort.

Leaving the sphere of medical science, we shall find in other fields pioneers equally persistent, equally heroic in the cause of science.

Pioneers in Geography

In the old days men who knew more than their fellows, and spoke of their knowledge, ran the risk of being helped off the mortal coil. When men began first to suggest that the world was round and not flat they were regarded at least

as blasphemers. Peter of Abano, who dared to suggest this, was condemned to death, but escaped a martyr's end by dying naturally. Cecco d'Ascoli, for the same reason, was burned at the stake when he was seventy years of age; and Columbus pottered about from court to court trying to get someone to back him financially in his purpose to prove that the earth was not a flat plane.

Copernicus, the Pole, had an idea that the sun and the planets did not revolve round the earth as common belief had it, but he kept his secret for thirty years, not daring to publish it for fear of the death penalty that he would receive at the hands of the theologians. When he did get it printed no publisher would publish it, and when he died, in his bed, and not at the stake, as would have been his fate if the truth had been known, he held in his hands a mutilated edition of his work.

But the seed sown by Copernicus bore fruit. Brave men dared to believe him and to assert their belief. Bruno paid for his temerity by dying at the stake; Galileo fought for years to prove, as he did prove, that it was correct. The Pope, the Inquisition, and all the forces of ignorance combined against him and held out their terrors to him, but he went on with his work, risking his life in doing so. But the powers that were arrayed against him were too great; as an old man he recanted under compulsion, and even then persecution of the brave old scientist did not cease. In prison or in exile, with disease eating his life out, with blindness upon him, he was regarded as beyond the pale—the man who dared to teach that which was different from what everyone else believed!

Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo—these three suffered for their heroism in maintaining what they knew was true; but out of their suffering was born the new science.

Humphry Davy

Another scientist, in a different sphere, was Humphry Davy, who experimented upon himself with nitrous oxide gas.

It had been regarded with horror, for from its effects upon small animals it was imagined that it contained the "very principle of the plague itself." Not long before a French scientist had succumbed to another kind of poisonous gas with which he had been testing, but Davy resolved to experiment with nitrous oxide. He was only a youngster, but, to compare the effects of the gas with those of ordinary stimulants, he confined himself to his room, where he became intoxicated to an alarming and dangerous degree, then he placed himself in a box for seventy-five minutes, during which sixty quarts of the gas were introduced, and then, when he came out, he breathed in twenty quarts of nitrous oxide!

He proved man's immunity to nitrous oxide, but it was many years (long after Davy had finished his work and "gone over") before it came into general use as an anæsthetic. But his experiments had another result in a different direction. After a great explosion in a colliery he was asked to investigate the subject of fire-damp. He made many experiments with gases before he perfected his safety-lamp: "a gauze of wire, whose meshes were only one twenty-second of an inch in diameter, which stopped the flame and prevented the explosion." Davy believed that this lamp, with its candle inside the wire gauze, might safely be introduced into mines filled with fire-damp, and he entered upon his experiments below ground in the spirit in which he had tackled those with nitrous oxide. He went boldly into mines filled with fire-damp, and, carrying his lamp, proved that he had invented a light which could be safely carried underground. Supposing Davy had been wrong? There would have been another martyr to science, but Davy was willing to risk his life to prove whether he was right or wrong, and his success marked a new epoch in mining.

A mere list of great scientific discoverers and mechanical inventors—all of them pioneers in the cause of civilization—would take pages on pages. There would be Watt and the steam engine; Parsons and the steam turbine; Hargreaves and the spinning jenny; Singer and the sewing machine; Edison and Graham Bell and their telephone; Marconi and his wire-

less—the possibilities of which have yet to be realized to the full; Bessemer and cheap steel; Westinghouse and the brake which has made travel safer; Sir William Crookes and the tubes he invented, making scientific experiments of a particularly valuable kind possible; Röntgen, Becquerel, and Curie and their discoveries in connection with radio-activity. All these are but a few, taken haphazard, and every one of them is a pioneer, blazing a trail along which humankind travels to health and happiness and wealth.

The stories of some of these men are full of the exhilarating influence that spurs on others to be up and doing. Edison, for instance. There is a man who, beginning life as a newspaper boy on an American railway train, started a newspaper which he printed and sold on the train! From printing to telegraphy, as an operator; from operator to inventor, the first invention being a repeater which made it possible to send messages from line to line without the aid of an operator—no small item, that. From this small beginning he pushed on, with indomitable will and wonderful energy, tackling the problem of the transmission of speech along wires, the problem of electric light, of the talking machine, and a host of others, most of which he solved. And this man's only education, beyond that which he gave himself, was that given him by his mother.

He is more than a pioneer in science; he is a pioneer in the way to get on.

It is well for us to realize this: that so many of the pioneers by whose work the world has benefited were men who began low down in the scale of education and opportunity, and yet, withal, persevered, worked, in season and out of season, because they saw that by toil comes success.

GREAT DAYS IN SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

A THOUSAND times we have asked, perhaps, Who invented this? Who discovered that? and often there is no answer to the question. Some of the greatest instruments of knowledge and happiness that the world possesses have come to us through the toil of men unknown. They labor in their day and generation; they find out this or that, and hand on their knowledge; and the day comes when the seed sown in a hundred springtimes bears its full rich harvest for mankind.

Often it seems to come by accident, and we call it so, but the more we know of the world the less we believe in accidents. It is true that again and again in history men have seemed to come upon some great discovery by chance, but we should rather say of them that they realized their opportunities, that they grasped the meaning of things when they saw them, and that it was something more than accident that brought about events in the presence of the brain that could understand them.

Gravitation

We all remember the chance falling of an apple from a tree, and the way it set the mind of Isaac Newton working on the law of gravitation, which pulls apples from trees as it pulls the sun and the moon from their path in the heavens. It was something like that which gave us our clocks with their swinging pendulums. Galileo was sitting in the cathedral of Pisa, when his eyes happened to fall on a swinging lamp hanging from the ceiling. Galileo noticed that the swing of the lamp gradually became less and less, and this set him thinking. He wondered how much less time the short swing took than the longer one. He, of course, had no such thing

as a watch, but measured the time of the swings by counting the throbs of his pulse.

To his astonishment, he discovered that the short swings occupied just the same time as the long ones, and from this he worked out the whole principle of the pendulum, one of the most important discoveries that had been made up to that time. The majority of our clocks have been worked by the pendulum ever since, because it is the most accurate and trustworthy timekeeper that can be found, and the pendulum is also of priceless value in measuring the velocities of falling bodies. But at first it was used solely by doctors for counting pulse-beats.

Magnetism

The great pioneer in the science of electro-magnetism, which is of such tremendous importance to-day, was a Danish professor named Hans Christian Oersted, who taught in Copenhagen at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Men had often wondered whether there was any connection between the electricity of the atmosphere and the movements of the mariner's compass-needle, but nothing was known of the matter until Oersted discovered the principle of electro-magnetism, which has since been developed so wonderfully that it now produces a large part of the mighty motive power used in modern industry.

Oersted was making some electrical experiments at a lecture he was giving, when he suddenly noticed the extraordinary movements of a magnetic needle standing near the wire along which his electrical current was passing. The needle became frantically excited, and moved round rapidly. Oersted stopped to examine the needle and the wire, and soon discovered that an electric current passing near a magnetic needle will always cause it to turn round so as to lie across the path of the current. From this fact, hitherto unknown, and discovered entirely as the result of the needle happening to be standing on the table where the electrical experiments were going on, he and others went on to the discoveries of later days.

Vaccination

Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination, which has been described as "the greatest triumph of modern medicine," followed upon a chance remark by a poor patient. Up to the close of the eighteenth century smallpox had been one of the most dreaded diseases from which Europeans suffered. An attempt to stay its ravages was made by the introduction of inoculation, experience having proved that people did not have smallpox twice. In inoculation hospitals, or in their own homes, persons voluntarily received the disease by inoculation with its virus, and this gave a mild form of smallpox, which proved fatal only in three cases out of every thousand. But the mischief was that, while inoculation proved a protection to the patient, it served to keep alive the dreaded disease in the community at large, and actually increased the number of deaths from smallpox among the non-inoculated in the country. Jenner, who had been apprenticed to an eminent surgeon, was one day giving medical advice to a young countrywoman, when he casually mentioned the smallpox and its dangers. "Oh," said the young woman, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had the cowpox."

Jenner thought nothing of this at the time, but he remembered it afterward, and found that it was a popular idea in the district, although doctors scouted it as a superstition. Years later, when he had settled in Gloucestershire, he began to make investigations, and found it to be a fact that many of the persons in farmhouses whom he was called in to inoculate with smallpox failed to take the disease. What could be the cause? The result of his investigations was that he made the great discovery that by inoculating people with the virus of the cowpox, a comparatively harmless disease, they were rendered exempt for a time from the more serious complaint.

He published his discovery to the world, and was at first laughed at, but the value of his researches soon came to be recognized, and Parliament voted him £30,000 ($150,000). The practice has spread all over the world; it has proved a

boon beyond price, yet it resulted from an accidental remark let fall in casual conversation. If we wish to realize the change that vaccination has wrought in the world, we have only to glance at the advertisements for servants in the newspapers of the eighteenth century. In the large majority of cases the phrase occurs, "Must have had the smallpox," so frightened were people of anyone entering their family circle who was not immune from the disease.

The Telescope

The telescope was invented as the result of an accident. The inventors were two Dutch spectacle-makers, Zacharias Jansen and Henry Lippershey. One or both of them received the first idea from his children, who happened to be playing with some lenses. They were holding the lenses up to look through them at various objects, when one of them placed a concave lens near his eye and held a convex lens some distance away in the same line. Suddenly he cried out that the vane of the church spire had come near, and his father, hearing his cry, came out and found that by looking through the lenses as his son was doing he saw the vane greatly magnified and brought very near to him. The spectacle-maker fixed the glasses on a board, and thus made the first telescope. This he presented to Prince Maurice of Nassau, and Galileo, hearing of it, made a really useful telescope with the lenses fitted into a tube. Almost immediately he discovered the mountains of the moon, the earth-shine on the moon and the four moons of Jupiter.

Lithography

The art of lithography, which has meant so much in the production of beautiful pictures, was discovered purely by accident. Lithography is based on three principles—the affinity of greasy substances for one another and their antipathy to water; the facility with which greasy bodies adhere to limestone; and the ease with which limestone absorbs water. When anything is drawn with grease on a smooth block of

limestone, it can only be erased by removing that portion of the surface of the stone which it has penetrated. Now, having drawn with a greasy substance upon the stone, if the rest of the surface be saturated with water, it follows that when a roller of greasy ink is drawn across the stone the ink adheres to the greasy outline, but will not remain on the parts of the stone that are wet. A sheet of paper then pressed upon the stone will receive an impression of the drawing covered with ink, and this is the whole principle of lithography.

The inventor of this process was a Bavarian named Aloys Senefelder, who has been described as "a sort of universal genius who could do a little of everything, but few things superlatively well." He was born in 1771, and on reaching manhood turned his hand to a good many things, including law, poetry, music, dramatic writing, painting, and acting. His father died, and he then suffered much from poverty. One of his plays having proved a failure, he wrote another, and, as the printers did not produce the work fast enough for his liking, he went into a printing office himself to learn the business, so that he could set up and print off his own compositions, for his ambition was to possess his own printing plant. "Had I then possessed sufficient means to gratify this wish," says Senefelder, "I should never, perhaps, have been the inventor of the lithographic art; but, as this was not the case, I was obliged to have recourse to other projects."

He tried to make wooden types and cast stereotype plates, but lack of funds compelled him to give up this idea also, and he then turned his attention to the writing of printed characters backward on a copper plate. His chief difficulty at first was to correct the mistakes which he made from time to time on the copper, for he was quite ignorant of the methods of the engravers, who covered their plates with a varnish on which to work before biting in the lines with acid.

He used his ingenuity, however, and soon invented a new composition for the purpose, consisting of a mixture of wax, lampblack, soap, and rain-water. Just as he was beginning to succeed with his process his funds ran out again, and he could obtain no more copper plates. He therefore thought

of utilizing the old plates by rubbing off the wording with stones, so as to leave them smooth for fresh matter.

In the district where Senefelder lived there were abundant supplies of a soft, calcareous stone which seemed very suitable, and by carrying out his project he made the old copper plates last a considerable time. Next he tried etching on the stone itself, but the acid made the material effervesce, and the letters could not be bitten deep enough to take the printing ink. It was now, in his poverty, that a pure accident led to the discovery of the wonderful art that has meant so much to the world in the reproduction of beautiful pictures.

"I had just succeeded," he says, "in polishing a stone plate, which I intended to cover with etching-ground, in order to continue my exercises in writing backward, when my mother entered the room, and desired me to write her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. I happened to have not the smallest slip of paper at hand, as my little stock of paper had been entirely exhausted by taking proof impressions from the stones, nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and we had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my ink prepared with wax, soap, and lamp-black, on the stone which I had just polished, and from which I could copy at leisure. Some time after this I was just going to wipe this writing from the stone, when the idea struck me to try what would be the effect of such a writing with my prepared ink if I were to bite in the stone with aquafortis; and, having bitten away to about the hundredth part of an inch, I found that I could charge the lines with ink, and take successive impressions."

Thus the new art was invented, and thus the first lithographic impression was that of a washerwoman's bill. Senefelder had, as a result of his poverty, and by pure chance, hit upon a great invention, but he went through much privation and suffering before he could put his invention to use. He had no money, and was afraid to entrust others with his secret, so he tried to enlist in the army as a substitute for another in order to earn 200 florins. He was rejected; but a

little while later a musician named Glaissman befriended him, and together they issued some pieces of music in 1796, the first published lithographic prints the world had ever seen.

Glass

The discovery of the manufacture of glass itself is said to have been due to an accident. Pliny, the Roman historian, tells us that it was first made in Syria by some mariners who were driven ashore on the banks of the River Belus. They made a fire on the sand, burning the kali plant, which abounded there, and later on they were surprised to find, where their fire had been, a bright, shining substance. This was glass, which had been formed by the alkali of the plant uniting with the sand.

The Rosetta Stone

In the field of archæology accident has played a most important part. Perhaps the most marked case is that of deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. For centuries the art of reading them had been lost; it was not known till the close of the 18th century that they even represented writing at all. Men had tried again and again to evolve some meaning from the curious pictures repeated with such regularity on the walls and obelisks, but had almost given up the attempt. Then came Napoleon's conquest of Egypt, and with him he took a number of learned men from France to study the monuments and history and geography of the country. They collected many relics and remains, but were really no nearer any understanding of the mysterious pictorial inscriptions, when a curious accident unveiled the curtain and gave the key which soon unlocked the history of a mighty people with a wonderful civilization.

The scholars had deliberately dug for treasures and ancient records, but it was not they who made the great discovery; it was a soldier, an artillery officer named Boussard, who was in charge of a party of privates engaged in digging the foundations of a house at Fort St. Julien, near Rosetta. They were digging, not for archæological relics, but for some mili-

tary purpose. The men were hard at work, when they came on a large slab of black granite, broken at the corners and covered with curious signs. The men showed it to their officer, and Boussard, realizing that it might be of interest and importance, handed it to the learned men, who placed it in the French Institute at Cairo. Shortly afterward the French troops were defeated by the British, and among other captures was the Rosetta Stone. It was brought to England and put in the British Museum.

Now, the finding of this stone by the soldiers was a pure accident, but it proved a priceless treasure. On its surface it bore three inscriptions, the first in picture writing, the second in what is known as demotic characters, and an inscription in Greek. The full value of the accidental discovery of this remarkable stone was not realized at first, but the scholars, after wrestling with the almost worn-out characters, found the inscription to be a decree drawn up by the priests of Memphis in B.C. 198, in honor of King Ptolemy Epiphanes, who had bestowed many favors upon them. There was a good deal about the king, but the important part that made the accidental discovery of the stone of supreme importance was the last sentence, which read thus:

Finally, that this decree be engraved on a tablet of hard stone in hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek characters, and placed in every temple of the first, second, and third class, near the image of the ever-living king.

Here, then, was a key to the decipherment of the hieroglyphics, for evidently the stone bore the same decree in the three kinds of writing. By comparing the known Greek with the other inscriptions, it would, no doubt, be possible to get at a knowledge of the ancient Egyptian written language. But the work was not quite so simple as it seemed, and it was only after many years of labor that the French scholar Champollion was able to establish a system of reading the ancient Egyptian inscriptions. But for the accident of the discovery of the Rosetta Stone by the soldiers, we should, no doubt, be as ignorant to-day of the history of ancient Egypt as were the men of the Middle Ages.

A Clay Tablet

Another wonderful discovery in archæology which set the whole world talking was made in 1872 at the British Museum as the result of an accident. Mr. George Smith, one of the officials in the Oriental Antiquities Department of the museum, had been an engraver to a firm of printers, but, while still a workman, occupied all his spare time in studying the ancient inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia. His intelligence and skill brought him to the notice of Sir Henry Rawlinson, one of the trustees of the British Museum, who was himself a great Oriental scholar, and the result of the friendship was that Smith was appointed to a post in the museum. He was particularly interested in the mythology of the ancient empires of Mesopotamia, and was one day looking through a mass of odds and ends of clay fragments brought home from the East by Sir Henry Rawlinson, when he picked up a small piece of clay, with part of an inscription on it.

There was a statement about a ship resting on the mountains. His attention was immediately riveted, and, looking more closely, he saw an account of the sending forth of the dove and its finding no resting-place. Here was a wonder indeed, for this appeared to be almost identical with the Bible story of the Flood.

"I saw at once that I had here discovered a portion at least of the Chaldean account of the Deluge," says George Smith. "I then proceeded to read through the document, and found it was in the form of a speech from the hero of the Deluge to a person whose name appeared to be Izdubar." He began excitedly to search through all the other fragments of clay, a mass of what had been regarded even by the majority of the museum authorities as little better than rubbish. The search was long and heavy, for there were thousands of fragments to go over, but a fragment of another copy of the Deluge was found, containing again the sending forth of the birds, and Smith collected several other portions of this tablet, fitting them in one after another until he had completed the greater part of the second column.

The news of the discovery created a sensation all over the world. The newspapers were full of it, and Mr. Smith was sent out to Mesopotamia to search in the district where the fragments had been discovered, to see if he could find the remainder of the story—surely one of the most extraordinary and quixotic expeditions any man has ever attempted. But in this case truth was indeed stranger than fiction, for he was actually successful, and found many of the missing pieces, which, when put together, made almost the complete tablet, giving the story of the Deluge, with the building of the Ark, and so on. During his search he found also a large number of other tablets and fragments containing the Chaldean versions of many of the stories of the Book of Genesis. Thus, from an accidental glance at a fragment of clay that had lain for years in a lumber-room at the museum, came one of the strangest chapters of modern scholarship.

WILLIAM AND CAROLINE HERSCHEL

By CHARLES R. GIBSON

THERE are several cases of eminent scientists having been assisted in their scientific work by their wives, but I cannot recall any case, other than that of the Herschels, in which the co-workers were brother and sister.

When William was seventeen years of age he entered the army, becoming a member of the band of the Hanoverian Guards; at this time his sister Caroline was about five years of age. Their father was a musician in this band, a profession which did not provide a very large income for a large family of growing boys and girls. But the father found time for healthy mental recreation in such subjects as astronomy; he was a cultivated man and thoroughly interested in the education of his family.

The Herschels' mother would not have been persuaded by the modern suffragettes to join their ranks. She believed a woman's place was in the home, but so extreme was she in this that she prevented her daughter Caroline obtaining a reasonable education, such as her father would have liked her to receive. She might have lessons in all that pertained to cooking, sewing, and household duties, but all else seemed to the mother not only unnecessary, but harmful.

William's Early Years

Whatever may have been wanting in the ordinary schooling of William Herschel was amply remedied by the personal education he received from his father. This fact is very evident from the "Recollections" of Caroline, in which, when referring to her brothers playing solos in the orchestra of the court, she says: "I remember that I was frequently prevented

from going to sleep by the lively criticism on music on coming from a concert, or conversations on philosophical subjects which lasted frequently till morning, in which my father was a lively partaker. Often I would keep myself awake that I might listen to their animating remarks, for it made me so happy to see them so happy."

In her childhood Caroline became devoted to her big brother William, and some of her early recollections of him are most touching. It was a terrible grief to her, when she was a little girl, to see her father, with her brothers Jacob and William, leave along with their regiment for England.

When nineteen years of age William returned to England alone. We know little of the first few years during which William lived in England, but he had a hard struggle as a professional musician. By the time he had reached twenty-six years of age, he had been appointed teacher of the band in an English militia regiment, and shortly after that he became the organist in a chapel at Halifax.

Some years later we find him in a more lucrative position as organist in Bath, which was then the most fashionable resort in England. After William had resided for a few years in Bath, it so happened that the Musical Director of Public Concerts brought his youthful daughter on to the concert stage. She seems to have charmed the fashionable world not only by her voice but by her personality. Before she was seventeen she became engaged to a wealthy suitor, one of her many admirers, whereupon she retired from the concert platform. It was this that suggested to William Herschel, the professional musician, that his sister Caroline, then about twenty-one years of age, might make a success as a concert singer in England.

Caroline had started to learn millinery and dressmaking, so that she might be able to support herself. She was busy with such matters when a letter came from William, proposing that his sister should be allowed to come to England as a singer. Despite all discouragement she began when alone to try to imitate the solo parts of concertos. That this Cinderella of the home did not then neglect her household duties is evi-

dent, for she set about knitting as many stockings as would last the family for two years.

Caroline in England

At last William arrived to conduct his sister to England, she having obtained her mother's consent. They had to travel to the coast in an open mail-wagon, the journey taking six days and then several additional days at sea.

When Caroline came to Bath, she must have been impressed with the very earnest life her brother William was living. Every moment was of value, for by this time he was keenly interested in astronomy, and his musical profession was merely his means of livelihood. He was giving lessons on astronomy to some of his pupils, and he was both reading and thinking very hard. He had previously prepared himself for this by a serious study of mathematics.

When I have heard it argued that we should not ask our young people, who work for nine or ten hours, to attend an evening school, I have quoted such cases as Herschel's.

Here was William Herschel keen to be at astronomy, but he did not neglect his ordinary duties. He had brought his sister over from Germany with the idea of making her a professional singer, and so he gave her two or three singing lessons every day. He gave her also lessons in English and arithmetic, but these seem to have been entirely during meals, with discourses on astronomy by way of relaxation. These talks upon astronomy had been begun in the six days' travel in the open mail-wagon, on their way to the German coast.

But William was so busy that, apart from her singing lessons, it was only at meal-times that Caroline saw him, and even then it was necessary to use the time for English lessons. The natural result was that poor Caroline felt very home-sick. Her brother Alexander was also an inmate of the house, but he too was busy.

Caroline had looked forward to seeing more of her brother William during the Easter holidays, but by that time he was so fatigued that "he retired to bed with a basin of milk or a glass of water, and Smith's 'Harmonies and Optics,' or

Ferguson's 'Astronomy,' and so went to sleep under his favorite authors."

It was most natural that Herschel should wish to see the heavenly bodies about which he had read and thought so much. Telescopes, although invented nearly two centuries earlier, were still luxuries. But there happened to be a two-and-a-half-foot telescope for hire in Bath, and Herschel took advantage of this. He seems to have determined at once to make a larger one for himself. As it was a reflecting telescope which he proposed to make, he thought he might be able to purchase a mirror for it in London. Word came from the opticians in London that no mirror had been made so large as was asked for, but that one could be made at a certain price. Herschel thought the price unreasonable, and so he determined to make his own mirror.

A Busy Holiday

When the summer holidays came round, Herschel began his work in real earnest. Poor Caroline saw almost every room in the house turned into a workshop. A cabinet-maker was hard at work, making a tube and stands of all descriptions, in a handsomely furnished drawing-room. Her brother Alexander was busy with a large turning-machine in a bedroom, and so on. Such arrangements must have been rather alarming to the housekeeper, but all would seem quite reasonable to the enthusiastic astronomer.

Even when Herschel had turned his house into a workshop, he was not free of musical duties. He had to leave his hobby to attend rehearsals, and to compose glees and catches for the next winter's concerts. He would return from a concert and set to work without taking time to change his dress, so that many a lace ruffle was torn or bespattered with molten pitch. He could not work fast enough, and several times he had reminders of the old proverb, which says, "the more hurry the less speed." On one of these occasions he lost a fingernail and was found in a fainting condition.

No matter how desperate William was to hurry on the

completion of his telescope, he did not neglect family duties. Just as he was trying to snatch every spare moment to get to his workshop, news arrived from Hanover that his youngest brother, Dietrich, had run away from home, with the avowed intention of going to India with a young idler not older than himself. Immediately upon receipt of this news William laid down his tools and set out for Hanover. During his absence it was discovered that the lad was laid up in an inn at Wapping (England), so Alexander went off and brought him to Bath. But it took William several weeks to make his double journey.

On his return from Hanover he set to work on his telescope in real earnest, not even taking his meals in peace. Although not so bad as Sir Isaac Newton, who never took time to sit down to meals if alone, Caroline tells us that her brother was never unemployed at meals, while both tea and supper had to be served to him in his workshop to save any interruption.

While William was engaged in the tedious work of grinding and polishing mirrors, his sister would sit in the workshop and read to him such books as "Arabian Nights" or "Don Quixote," and sometimes she would lend a hand in the work.

Success and Fame

Caroline proved a success as a singer, and became the principal artiste at the next winter's concerts, but by this time William was so keen about astronomy that he would gladly have been quite free of music. The writer to which I have already referred tells us that Herschel would leave the orchestra in the theater during the interval between the acts to run home and look for a moment at some heavenly body.

With one great bound William Herschel leaped into fame. The cause of this was, of course, his discovery of a new planet. Astronomers had been viewing the heavens through telescopes for nearly two hundred years, and they had no thought of there being any other great planets in our solar system than those which had been known from antiquity;

these being in the order of their distance from the sun—Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. I have included the Earth, although the ancients did not reckon it as a planet.

Naturally there was considerable excitement among astronomers, and a great deal of general interest among the public, when it was announced that this musician at Bath had seen another great planet away in space, a fellow-traveler around the sun.

This great discovery was made, not by chance, but by a persistent and systematic searching of the heavens. The planet was discovered a few days before Caroline's thirty-first birthday, when Herschel himself was forty-three years of age, and still an amateur astronomer. But his discovery brought him honors from practically every scientific society in the world. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University. There is evidence that up to this time his name was unknown, except locally, for in the accounts of his discovery his name is spelled in no less than half a dozen different ways.

Herschel's letters from London to his sister, whom he always addresses as "Dear Lina," make very interesting reading. These tell of his different visits to the king, and it is evident how pleased he was to have his work recognized, both by the king and by the astronomers: "You see, Lina, I tell you all these things. You know vanity is not my foible, therefore I need not fear your censure."

Not only was the king himself interested, but so were all the members of the royal family. One evening, when the king and queen were gone to Kew, the princesses were desirous of seeing the new telescope, but wanted to know if it were possible to see without going out on the grass, which probably was wet. Herschel arranged to have the instrument taken into the queen's apartments. Unfortunately the sky was completely clouded, and after showing the young ladies the speculum mirror and the movements of the telescope, Herschel gave up all hope of the sky clearing.

It has been stated, and by authors for whom I have the greatest respect, that Herschel showed a good deal of worldly wisdom in having prepared an artificial Saturn of pasteboard, which he affixed to the garden wall, and that with the aid of lamps he showed this to the princesses as though it were the real planet, and that they went away much pleased.

Of course, with a Herschel-reflecting telescope one does not look directly toward the object, but toward the mirror in the telescope. But Herschel did not cheat the princesses. In a letter to Caroline, telling her of this incident, he writes: "When the evening appeared to be totally unpromising, I proposed an artificial Saturn as an object, since we could not have the real one. I had beforehand prepared this little piece, as I guessed by the appearance of the weather in the afternoon we should have no stars to look at. This being accepted with great pleasure, I had the lamps lighted up which illuminated the picture of a Saturn (cut out in pasteboard) at the bottom of the garden wall."

It is quite evident from Herschel's letter that there was no attempt to cheat the princesses. He proposed to them the artificial Saturn, and they accepted the proposal with pleasure.

The Assistant Astronomer

So far we have seen Caroline as the household drudge in her home at Hanover, then as housekeeper to her brother and at the same time a professional singer, only aiding her brother in his astronomical work indirectly. Now, after ten years' residence in England, she became a real assistant-astronomer, her brother giving her a telescope with which she was to "sweep for comets," and to write down all remarkable appearances which she saw in her "sweeps."

Caroline began her astronomical work in the garden, when her brother was from home, and at first she did not like being out there on cold winter nights "without a human being near enough to be within call." We may anticipate somewhat by noting that Caroline became the discoverer of no less than eight comets. But greater than all this was her absolute self-denial in so very faithfully assisting her brother William.

We have an interesting description written by one who visited the brother and sister at their observatory near Windsor. The large telescope was in the garden, and was moved by an assistant who stood below it. In the room near it sat Herschel's sister, who had Flamsteed's "Atlas" open before her. As Herschel gives the word to his sister, she writes down the circumstances of the observation. In this way he examines the whole sky without omitting the least part, and he hopes to make a complete survey in four or five years. At that time he had found about nine hundred double stars and almost as many nebulæ. The visitor then states that he himself went off to bed when at 1 p. m. the thermometer showed nineteen degrees of frost, but that Herschel observed all night, only stopping for a few moments every three or four hours. His sister would probably insist upon him taking a cup of coffee during these short breaks in his work.

On some occasions Herschel found his shoes frozen to the ground, when he had looked long at a star. The ink in the room was sometimes frozen, and even that was sheltered compared to Herschel who stood out in the open air all the time.

As Herschel worked all night, one would not be surprised if the daytime had been occupied with sleep and rest, with some time given to writing out the results of his observations; but that would not be a true picture. In the daytime he was a telescope-maker, and here is a record of some of the telescopes which he made:—

200	seven-foot telescopes	at	$1,000 each
150	ten-foot "	"	$3,000 "
80	twenty-foot "	"	$15,000 "

making a total value of over $1,850,000. The prices quoted were the values in 1785.

It became a fashionable craze to have one of Herschel's telescopes, but although our hero was a prosperous telescope-maker, his real interests were in observing and studying the heavens.

The devotion of his sister Caroline can scarcely be better

illustrated than by the following extract from her *Diary;* she is referring to the huge forty-foot telescope which her brother had erected in his garden by this time: "The evening had been cloudy, but about ten o'clock a few stars became visible, and in the greatest hurry all was got ready for observing. My brother, at the front of the telescope, directed me to make some alteration in the lateral motion which was done by machinery. . . . At each end of the machine was an iron hook, such as butchers used for hanging their joints upon, and having to run in the dark on ground covered a foot deep with melting snow, I fell on one of these hooks, which entered my leg above the knee. My brother's call, 'Make haste!' I could only answer by a pitiful cry, 'I am hooked!' He and the workman were instantly with me, but they could not lift me without leaving nearly two ounces of my flesh behind. The workman's wife was called, but was afraid to do anything, and I was obliged to be my own surgeon." Later the doctor said that had a soldier met with such an accident he would have been entitled to six weeks' nursing in a hospital. The one consolation to Caroline was that the weather for a few nights was dull, so that her brother was not the loser through her accident, and it so happened that for about a fortnight "there was no necessity for my exposing myself for a whole night to the severity of the season." Here was Caroline back at her trying work, when even a soldier would have been another month in hospital.

Occasionally work was so pressing in the day-time that Caroline says: "If it had not been sometimes for the intervention of a cloudy or moonlight night, I know not when my brother (or I either) should have got any sleep."

Although there is no intention of including an account of the scientific work of Herschel, it is of interest to note that the name he gave to his new planet was *Georgium Sidus,* as a compliment to George III.

The title of "Uranus" had been generally accepted by this date, and the name was an appropriate one: Uranus being in Greek mythology the father of Saturn, whereas the newly discovered planet was farther out in the solar system than Saturn,

which till then had been believed to be on the outskirts of our system. But Caroline writes of the moons of Uranus as the "Georgian Satellites" even twenty years after this date.

One French astronomer suggested that the planet should be called "Herschel" after its discoverer, but this was not accepted for the same reason as the king's name, it being considered improper that the name of any man should be attached to a great heavenly body.

The Professional Astronomer

Caroline became a professional astronomer, being appointed by the king as assistant-astronomer at a salary of fifty pounds ($250), per annum. This salary, though seeming ridiculously small to us, was very welcome to Caroline, who was then about thirty-seven years of age. She had always had entire charge of her brother's purse, and his instructions to her had been to use whatever she desired for her own personal use, and merely state in the account-book "For Car." opposite any sums thus expended. But Caroline had never let these exceed eight pounds in any one year.

Before Caroline was forty years of age she was released from housekeeping duties, as her brother William married the widow of a wealthy London merchant. But Caroline's separation from her brother's home life must have been a great trial to her; she very wisely refrains from including that period in her "Recollections." Herschel was not a youthful bridegroom, having reached the age of fifty before he married.

We set out with our hero as "Mr. William Herschel," then we saw that he had received the honorary degree of D.C.L. of Oxford, from which time he was known as Dr. Herschel, and ultimately we find him being knighted, so that he was then known as "Sir William Herschel."

The poet Thomas Campbell visited Herschel in his old age, and there is preserved a letter giving the poet's impression. He was impressed with the great simplicity, kindness, and unassuming manner of Herschel. And when the old astronomer said, "I have looked farther into space than ever human being

did before me. I have observed stars of which the light, it can be proved, must take two million years to reach the earth." Campbell, who was then thirty-five years of age, was quite overcome by the modesty of manner with which Herschel made this statement.

Last Days

For more than the last twenty years of his life William Herschel had only indifferent health, which necessitated frequent absences from home. During these periods his faithful sister took his place at the observatory, working extremely long hours, and going with only one or two hours' sleep on many occasions. Had Caroline happened to die young, there is little doubt that her early death would have been put down to her leading such a strenuous life, but fortunately she did not die young; had she lived two years longer she would have reached one hundred years.

Her brother William had died in 1822, so that Caroline lived for a quarter of a century after the death of "the dearest and best of brothers." She removed to Hanover, where she spent the remaining years, but kept up her interest in science to the end.

If we say, speaking figuratively, that Copernicus and Galileo set the earth in motion through space, we may say in the same sense that Herschel set the solar system moving through space; that it was he who discovered that the so-called fixed stars were in motion, and indeed that he was the founder of stellar astronomy.

CHARLES DARWIN

By CHARLES R. GIBSON

LIKE some other great men whose lives we have considered, Darwin was not a brilliant schoolboy. "I have been told that I was much slower in learning than my younger sister Catherine, and I believe that I was in many ways a naughty boy." However, at eight years of age he was trying to make out the names of all the plants he saw, and he was busy collecting all sorts of things, such as shells, birds' eggs, insects, and minerals.

He had an exceptional imagination, which, of course, is a very useful possession for a scientist, but sometimes apt to get a boy into trouble if he lets it take control of his words. Darwin tells us of several occasions when he allowed his boyish imagination to carry him beyond the bounds of truth in his desire to cause sensation among his playmates. For instance, when quite a little fellow, he told another small boy that he could produce colored primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids—"which was, of course, a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me."

As a little fellow Darwin was what schoolboys describe as "easily taken in." He tells us how a boy of the name of Garnett took him into a cake shop one day and bought some cakes, for which he was not asked to pay, as he had an account there. But Darwin could not understand how his young friend got the things without payment, and he asked an explanation. His young friend was evidently gifted with a very lively imagination also, for he said: "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved

it in a particular manner?" He then showed Darwin the secret of moving the hat, and offered to give him another practical proof of these facts.

They went into another shop, where the boy's people had an account kept, and he asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and, of course, obtained his purchase without payment. Garnett then offered to lend Darwin the hat so that he might go into the cake shop and make a purchase without payment. "I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat and was walking out of the shop, when the shopman made a rush at me, so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett."

By the time Darwin had finished school he says he was considered by all his masters and by his father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard of intellect. When quite a little chap he read "Wonders of the World," and to this book he attributed his desire to travel in remote countries.

The Amateur Chemists

Darwin and an older brother used to make chemical experiments in a tool-house in the garden, and when it became known in school that Darwin could make oxygen, hydrogen, and other gases, he received the nickname "Gas."

This amateur chemistry was a great pleasure to Darwin. It is remarkable how keen boys get on chemistry if they are set off on lines which they can understand. On one occasion I sent some chemicals, apparatus, and notes of experiments to some young friends in a boarding-school. I was surprised to receive by post a few days later a packet containing two cases of shaving soap, purchased out of the boy's allowance. When I was out at the school some time later I said to one of the young friends that I hoped they were not merely amusing themselves with the apparatus, but were taking an interest in the explanations accompanying the experiments, whereupon the youngster assured me that they were so keen about the

whole subject, that he thought sometimes they were "just like men after drink."

To return to our subject, we find that as Darwin was doing no good at school his father wisely took him away at a rather earlier age than usual and sent him to Edinburgh University. The intention was that he should study medicine, but Darwin tells us that from various small circumstances he became convinced that his father would leave him property enough to subsist on with some comfort, though he did not imagine that he should be so rich as he became, and this knowledge did not give him any impulse to strenuous effort to learn medicine.

It is very pleasing to see Darwin's great admiration for his father. In his autobiography there are many repetitions of such remarks as these: "My father, who was by far the best judge of character whom I ever knew," declared—so and so. . . . "My father, who was the kindest man I ever knew." . . . "My father, who was the most acute observer I ever knew." And again, "My father, who was the wisest man I ever knew." These were not the expressions of a boy's limited knowledge, but the mature opinions of a man with a great brain.

Young Darwin never got over the "creepy" feeling in the practical work in his medical career. He tells us that he attended two very bad operations in the Edinburgh Hospital. One of these was on a child, but he rushed out before it was completed, and never again could he be induced to be present at another operation. Of course, an operation in these pre-chloroform days must have been very different from what it would be to-day. Quite recently a famous surgeon, on coming out from performing an operation on a lady to whom no anæsthetic could be given, remarked to my brother, that if surgery had to be without chloroform, he for one could not do it, and it was quite apparent that the ordeal had been most trying even to this man of great nerve.

Darwin began to take an active interest in science while resident in Edinburgh, and he tells us of one occasion when he was taken to a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where he saw Sir Walter Scott in the chair as president.

"I looked at him and the whole scene with some awe and reverence."

An Amateur Naturalist

The one subject which became of absorbing interest to Darwin was natural history. He paid a negro to teach him how to stuff birds; he went out with the Newhaven fishermen to trawl for oysters, so that he might examine them; and he became acquainted with the curator of the museum.

In the summer vacations Darwin became a keen sportsman. On one occasion, when staying with his uncle, Darwin rose before daybreak, slipped into his shooting boots, which he always kept ready by his bedside, so as not to lose a moment in putting them on in the morning, reached a distant part of the estate before it was light enough to shoot, and toiled with the game-keeper the whole day through thick heath and Scotch firs.

Although young Darwin was to be an independent gentleman, his father wished him to be of some definite service in life, and not to become an idle sporting man. When his father heard that his son disliked the idea of becoming a physician, he proposed that he should become a clergyman. The young man felt rather attracted toward the life of a country clergyman, but he asked time to consider the subject, as he doubted if he could subscribe to all the dogmas of the Church of England, although he "did not in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible." In recording these facts Darwin says, "Considering how fiercely I have been attacked by the orthodox, it seems ludicrous that I once intended to be a clergyman."

As Darwin was to be a clergyman he was sent to Cambridge University at the age of nineteen years, but he did not prove a success in classics nor in mathematics, and he got on very slowly.

Darwin, like Sir Humphry Davy, could not perceive a discord in music, nor could he hum any tune correctly. Just as with Davy, even to distinguish "God Save the King" was a

complete puzzle, yet, strange to say, Darwin was fond of music and would hire the chorister boys to sing in his rooms.

One is surprised to learn that although Darwin was a great collector of beetles at this time, he merely collected them and made no scientific study of them whatever. His keenness as a collector, however, is well illustrated by the following remark in his autobiography: "One day on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one that I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burned my tongue, so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one." Speaking of these days of beetle-catching, Darwin has said: "No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing, in Stephen's 'Illustrations of British Insects,' the magic words 'captured by C. Darwin, Esq.'"

Darwin tells us that the one thing which influenced his career more than anything else was the friendship of Professor Henslow, at Cambridge. This professor, who had a great knowledge of natural history, kept open house for the students once every week, and young Darwin became so great a favorite that he was known among the dons as "the man who walks with Henslow."

After having been three years at Cambridge, Darwin went on a short geological tour during the summer vacation. On returning home he found a letter from his friend Professor Henslow telling him that Captain FitzRoy of the British Navy, who was going on a voyage to explore the southern seas on behalf of the Government, was willing to give up part of his own cabin to any young man who would volunteer to go with him without pay as naturalist on board H.M.S. "Beagle." Darwin was instantly eager to accept the offer, but his father did not think it would be wise, and so the young enthusiast wrote that evening declining the offer.

Next morning he went out shooting on his uncle's estate, when his uncle sent for him, offering to drive home with him

and talk the matter over with his father, as the uncle thought it would be a wise occupation. Darwin's father frankly accepted the advice of his brother-in-law, and by way of consolation young Darwin, who, strange to say, had been rather extravagant at Cambridge, said, "I should be very clever indeed to spend more than my allowance while on board the 'Beagle,'" whereupon the father answered with a smile, "But they tell me you are very clever."

The Voyage on the "Beagle"

Darwin had an interview with Captain FitzRoy and all was arranged, but later on he learned that he had run a risk of being rejected on account of his nose. The Captain believed himself to be an able judge of character by the outline of a man's features; and he doubted if any one with a nose like Darwin's could possess sufficient energy and determination for the long voyage.

Darwin's enthusiasm in setting out on this voyage was so great that although he secretly believed that he had heart disease, he would not consult a doctor lest he should order him to stay at home; he was determined to go at all costs. The heart trouble fortunately turned out to be a simple case of palpitation.

Darwin was on board H.M.S. "Beagle" for five years, and during this long voyage he collected an enormous number of facts in natural science. He shot specimens of all the different kinds of birds, he examined all the marine specimens he could find, he made a geological survey of each country they visited, and collected a large number of tell-tale fossils.

Darwin was twenty-seven years of age when he returned home. He was kept busy writing for two years, preparing his "Journal" and other books. During the greater part of this time he was resident in London. After this he married, and a few years later he bought an estate in Kent, and retired there, not to rest, but to work earnestly during the remainder of his life. Unfortunately, his health became a trouble to him, so that he had to give up dinner-parties and other social

gatherings, nor could he and his wife entertain their friends for the same reason.

Darwin counted his "Origin of Species" the chief work of his life, and we know what a tremendous influence it has had upon modern science. The book had an enormous sale, and was translated into almost every European language. It was no rash publication; it was twenty years in the mind of Darwin before it was published.

One cannot but admire the quiet way in which Darwin brought forward his theory of evolution. Although there was no attempt at sensationalism in Darwin's book, it could not be expected that people would calmly throw over the long-embedded ideas of special creation without grave consideration.

Darwin was content to wait; he knew that in the end the truth must prevail. Our hero did not strive to become famous; his desire was to advance man's knowledge; he was, indeed, a true hero of science.

Charles Darwin had a lofty, noble spirit; he was truly unselfish; he was modest, simple, and sincere, a great lover of truth and fair play. Like a wise father, he made companions of his children. "He allowed his grown-up children to laugh with and at him, and was, generally speaking, on terms of perfect equality with us." So wrote one of his sons, four of whom rose to high places in the scientific world.

Darwin had never enjoyed very robust health, and in later years had suffered much. After a short but painful illness he passed away at the age of seventy-three. So retired was the family life in Kent that the news of the great scientist's death was not known in London till two days after he had breathed his last. It was the desire of the family to have the burial a local and private one, but the nation showed the very high regard in which they held this great biologist, and all classes of men were anxious that the funeral should be national, and that the burial should be among Great Britain's illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. The sympathy of the public was so great that the family felt bound to accept this tribute to his memory.

MICHAEL FARADAY

By CHARLES R. GIBSON

NO one can take an interest in the history of electricity without being impressed with the great importance of Faraday's discoveries, but one may know his work without knowing the man. I was impressed with this many years ago, when the late John Tatlock, of Glasgow, who at one time was one of Lord Kelvin's assistants, told me the following incident concerning Faraday.

When a young man, Tatlock was passing the old Andersonian College, the forerunner of the colossal Royal Technical College, in Glasgow, when the janitor called to him and asked if he would care to hear Michael Faraday preach on the following day—Sunday. Tatlock thought at first that the janitor was jesting, but when given a note of the time of place and meeting he very naturally decided to be one of the audience. On Sunday he made his way to the address given, where in a back court he found a very small hall, in front of which stood Faraday in conversation with two old gentlemen. At the appointed hour the meeting was begun, with only a dozen or two of an audience in the small hall. There stood Faraday, at a time when the world was ringing with his praise, giving a simple discourse on "Brotherly Love." My old friend told me that the one thing at which he marveled most was the exceptional knowledge of the Bible, which was apparent by the ease with which Faraday turned from one quotation to another, and his whole address was practically a stringing together of passages of Scripture. The smallness of the meeting-place is accounted for by the fact that Michael Faraday belonged to that small religious sect known as Sandemanians or Glassites. Their religious creed is practically the

same as other Protestant bodies, but they do not believe in having professional clergymen, and they have some customs special to their own church.

Faraday, in common with most of us, followed the religion of his parents, but because he belonged to a deeply religious sect we are not to picture him flaunting his religion before the world, as some small sects are liable to do. One of his friends has said: "Never once during an intimacy of fifteen years did he mention religion to me, save when I drew him on to the subject."

His father was employed as a blacksmith in London, and lived in a very humble position. The blacksmith's wife was "particularly neat and nice in her household arrangements," but there was nothing outstanding about Faraday's parents.

He was born in London in 1791, and although we are looking back from the twentieth to the eighteenth century, the cry is not a very far one. Our hero very nearly lost his life when a boy. He tells how he was playing about in a loft above the smithy in which his father worked, and stepping backward he fell through an open space in the floor. The opening happened to be right above his father's anvil, and fortunately for him and for the world, his father was bending over his work at the moment when the boy Michael came down. Had he not fallen right on to his father's back, he would doubtless have been killed upon the anvil.

As a schoolboy Faraday attracted no special attention, but he tells us himself, "I was a very highly imaginative person, and I could believe in the 'Arabian Nights' as easily as in the 'Encyclopedia'; but facts were important to me and saved me. I could trust a fact, and always cross-examine an assertion."

Early Occupations

Like many boys leaving school, he seemed to have no particular bent, and so he became errand-boy to a bookseller, whose shop was in the neighborhood of the Faradays' humble residence. But Michael Faraday was one of those sensible boys who mean to take life in earnest, and who would put

his heart into whatever work he was set to do. Some of his duties were very humble, such as delivering newspapers at the customers' houses, but Faraday carried out his simple duties to such good purpose, that at the end of one year the bookseller offered to take him as an apprentice to learn bookbinding, without asking the premium which was usual for such a training. This must have been appreciated by Michael's father, who could not well afford to pay a premium, Michael being only one of a large family.

By this time Faraday was fourteen years of age, but he did not, like so many boys, idle away all his spare time; he got permission to read the books belonging to his master. Among these books one great favorite with him was Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry," and he said long years afterward that it was this book in particular which had led him into science.

By the time his seven years' apprenticeship was up in the bookshop Faraday had become very much interested in science, but as he had had no special training, there seemed nothing for it but to stick to the bookbinding trade. He was now a full-fledged workman, and he took a situation with another employer, who was evidently a hard taskmaster.

In any case, Faraday had acquired such a craving for science that he determined to write a letter to the great Sir Humphry Davy, asking if he could give him any employment in connection with the Royal Institution. Faraday had written previously to the president of the Royal Society, and one can scarcely blame so busy a man for not replying to this letter sent without any introduction. But Faraday doubtless felt as though he knew Sir Humphry Davy, for he had attended some of his public lectures, and had taken voluminous notes, to which he had added drawings of the apparatus used in the experiments. As proof of his interest in science, Faraday sent to the great chemist this notebook, which is now preserved in the museum at the Royal Institution.

Davy's Interest

Davy, great and busy man as he was, wrote the following very kind letter to Faraday:

"December 24, 1812.

"Sir,—I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, and which displays great zeal, power of memory, and attention. I am obliged to go out of town till the end of January; I will then see you at any time you wish. It would gratify me to be of any service to you; I wish it may be in my power.

"I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

"H. Davy."

How Faraday must have treasured that letter from one who was famous throughout the world!

The great chemist was as good as his word; he made an appointment for Faraday to meet him at the Royal Institution. He received the youth very kindly, but pointed out to him that science was not a money-making business, whereas he might do very well in the bookbinding business. Davy was evidently impressed with the lad's capabilities, for he promised him the book-binding of the Institution and his own private work also. This was very kind, but Michael Faraday was eager to become a scientist, and no doubt Davy saw that the lad would not be satisfied with a business life.

Not very long after this Faraday was going off to bed in his humble home, after a hard day's work, when the household was disturbed by a loud knock at the door. A footman had alighted from a grand carriage and had left a note for Michael Faraday. This was a request from Sir Humphry Davy that he should call upon him the next morning. I wonder if Faraday slept much that night! Nothing would prevent him keeping this appointment.

Sir Humphry, finding the young man was still as eager as ever to get into scientific employment, gave him the place of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, from

which he had been forced to dismiss the former occupant on the previous day.

This was not long before Davy's continental tour, and by that time he was so impressed by Faraday's general interest that he took him with him on his travels, to act as secretary and as assistant, for even then Davy carried a miniature chemical laboratory about with him. On their return about a year and a half later, Faraday was reappointed assistant in the Royal Institution.

When he was thirty years of age he was still assistant, but then to Davy's successor, and his salary was only one hundred pounds, with residence in the Institution. At this age Faraday married the daughter of a silversmith, following the custom of the Sandemanians at that time by marrying one of their own sect. In his love-making and throughout his wedded life he was most chivalrous. When his successor, Professor Tyndall, was going over Faraday's book of diplomas and honors, he came across the following entry in Faraday's own handwriting: "Among these records and events, I here insert the date of one which, as a source of honor and happiness, far exceeds all the rest. We were married on June 12, 1821."

His Personal Side

Faraday had no children of his own, but he was so fond of children that he adopted a little niece, and when his day's work was over he would go up to his rooms and play with this little one at bagatelle or charades, or he would read to her. When other children came to visit them, he would play hide-and-seek with them in the large lecture theater, and then take them up to see his tuning-forks or resounding glasses. He would often take his little niece to the Zoological Gardens, and he would join in her merriment, sometimes laughing at the monkeys' tricks till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

His love for children was so great that when he went out to a dinner-party he must see the little ones, who were sometimes brought down in their nightgowns to him. It was this great love of children that suggested to him the public lec-

tures for boys and girls home from school for the Christmas holidays, which custom is carried on, by men of science, to this day at the Royal Institution each Christmas. Faraday himself conducted these lectures for nineteen years. He entered into the spirit of the thing so well that it is said one would have thought that he had never seen the experiments before, and that he was about to clap his hands with boyish glee at the unexpected results.

Faraday was a hard worker, and found it necessary to refuse almost all invitations to dinner-parties and other social gatherings, but he did not cut himself off from the world. He used to take open-air exercise on his velocipede, and he would entertain his friends with his flute.

He was always gentle and a true gentleman, and although he was truly sympathetic he was by no means what is termed "soft." On one occasion, when a young man, he was hurrying along Holborn Pavement on a Sabbath morning to attend the Sandemanian meeting, when some small missile struck his hat. He would have thought it accidental, had it not been quickly repeated, whereupon, glancing upward, he saw a head hastily withdrawn from an open window in the upper storey of a closed linen-draper's shop. Roused by the affront, he marched up to the door and knocked. The servant opening it said that there was no one at home, but Faraday declared he knew better, and pushed his way upstairs. There he found a number of clerks, who professed to know nothing of the matter, but Faraday taxed them very severely for their annoyance of wayfarers on a Sabbath morning, and before he left they apologized for their behavior.

Another occasion when Faraday showed a little temper was when he and another scientist had gone down a Durham coal-mine to make inquiry on behalf of the Government into the cause of a serious explosion, which had taken place in this mine shortly before that time. While sitting in the mine questioning some of the men Faraday asked where they kept their gunpowder, and when they coolly told him that he was sitting on a bag of it, he very naturally "gave them a piece of his mind" upon their carelessness.

Here is an incident which will serve to show how remarkably kind and thoughtful he was. One of his pupils had been appointed director of the chemical department of the war establishment at Woolwich, through the influence of Faraday. This pupil tells us that on the occasion of his first lecture he was feeling very nervous. To his dismay, when he went into the lecture hall there was his professor, who happened to be in Woolwich on that day. But Faraday put him at his ease at once. Coming forward and shaking hands warmly with the young lecturer, Faraday said that he had looked in to see if he could be of any assistance to him, and this prince of experimenters set about acting assistant to his former pupil.

It may seem strange that Faraday himself never lectured till he was thirty-two years of age, and then only because the professor was absent. He did not become a regular lecturer until he was thirty-six years of age. But we must remember that he did not enter the Royal Institution till he was twenty-two years of age, and he had had no university or college education.

Faraday's Discoveries

While Faraday's lectures were a great success, it was as an experimenter, and more especially as a discoverer, that he became famous. It was he who discovered the principle which made the modern dynamo possible, and brought about all the practical applications of electricity on a large scale. Had Faraday been a practical inventor such as Lord Kelvin was, we shou'd probably have had the dynamo a generation earlier, but Faraday confined himself to the science side entirely. The only point of actual contact I can think of between Faraday's personal work and the practical applications of science was his appointment as adviser to Trinity House in connection with lighthouses, and in this capacity he did much useful work. For a few years Faraday did come into indirect touch with the business world in doing some work as an analytical chemist.

Another fundamental principle laid down by Faraday was

what electricians call "self-induction," and this was of great value in connection with the early cables across the Atlantic. Then came Faraday's experimental proof of the intimate connection between light, electricity, and magnetism. It was a great work of Faraday's, the breaking down of the barriers which used to separate one department of science from another.

Strange to say, this prince of experimenters, this great discoverer, was not a mathematician. A continental scientist has said: "It has been stated on good authority that Faraday boasted on a certain occasion of having only once in the course of his life performed a mathematical calculation: that once was when he turned the handle of Babbage's calculating machine." If Faraday did say this, it must, of course, have been in jest. We find him assisting his niece with her lessons, and making her problems in arithmetic easy and interesting by his lucid explanations. Faraday was doubtless an expert arithmetician, but he had no training in higher mathematics.

Faraday's sympathetic nature was evident not only in words, but in deeds. One of his biographers, Dr. Gladstone, wrote: "When I had my wife and my only son taken away, and I myself lay ill of the same fatal disease, he (Faraday) called at my house, and in spite of remonstrances found his way into the infected chamber. He would have taken me by the hand, if I had allowed him; and then he sat awhile by my bedside, consoling me with sympathy and cheering me with the Christian hope."

Anecdotes

Faraday was always very thoughtful for his audience. When he was well up in years he found, before one of his lectures, that his throat was not only troubling him to inconvenience, but that it was painful to exert his speech. However, his lecture had been advertised and there was a large audience gathered in the lecture theater. When he rose to deliver his lecture he apologized to the audience for his voice. He said that he would like to keep his appointment with them if they would excuse his imperfect utterance. Some one then

suggested that the lecture might be postponed, one medical man even saying that it would be very hurtful to Faraday to proceed, but the lecturer said that it would be most inconvenient to many, to ladies who had sent their carriages away, and to gentlemen who had possibly put off other engagements. "On this the whole audience rose as of a single impulse, and a number of persons surrounded Faraday, who now yielded to the general desire to spare him the pain and inconvenience of lecturing."

An interesting anecdote related in connection with Faraday refers to one of his handy men in the Royal Institution. He had taken into his employment an old soldier, Anderson, one who would do just exactly as he was told. On one occasion Faraday was busy making some optical glass, and he told Anderson to stoke the furnaces steadily, and keep the temperature as constant as possible, for the production of the glass was a tedious one. When at last Faraday had succeeded in his experiment, and was no doubt busy thinking of other schemes, he went off to his rooms, forgetting to tell the old soldier that he had finished. In the early morning he was horrified to find the faithful old servant still stoking away at the furnace, which he had kept up to its full heat all through the night.

There is one anecdote concerning Faraday that I think does not appear in any of his biographies. It was told me by an old gentleman who, during Faraday's lifetime, took a great interest in the philosopher's work. Faraday was asked by the inventor of "a very powerful electro-motor" to give his opinion of it. Very probably the request came from friends who had been asked to put money into the venture. In any case, Faraday paid a visit with some friends to see the exhibition machine. The source of power was an electric battery, the energy of which was easily estimated by Faraday, and although the fly-wheel of the motor looked large and heavy, he knew very well that there was little power in it. Looking round he saw a broomstick standing in the room, and picking this up he applied it as a gentle brake upon the fly-wheel, bringing it almost to a standstill, then replacing the

broomstick where he got it, he left the room without making any remark.

When Faraday was nearly seventy years of age, he saw a dynamo producing an electric current, by means of a coil of wire rapidly revolved between the poles of very large permanent magnets, just as we have on a small scale in those magneto-electric machines with which some young people like to deal out electric shocks to their friends. But Faraday did not live to see the great electrical industries established.

There is one incident which I should have liked to pass over, because it reflects upon the disposition of Sir Humphry Davy, and yet I feel it necessary to mention it in order to make the picture of these two great men as complete as possible. It is unfortunate that the great Sir Humphry Davy's friendship with Faraday was marred. I should like to have been able to bring forward some reasonable excuse on behalf of Davy, such as failing health or some misunderstanding, but there are no extenuating circumstances. Davy, as president of the Royal Society, tried to prevent Faraday's election as a fellow of that learned Society; he even ordered Faraday to withdraw his name. Davy seems to have been carried away with his own exalted position, and to have thought—very wrongly—that Faraday's humble origin should debar him from the Royal Society. The whole affair must have been distressing to Faraday, and it detracted from the popularity of Davy. But Michael Faraday bore him no ill-will in after years, and we should hasten to remember how Sir Humphry befriended the bookbinder who desired an entrance into scientific work.

Accepted No Honors

Faraday preferred to remain plain Michael Faraday all his days, although he was offered a knighthood. He even declined the presidentship of the Royal Society and other honors. He preferred to remain a poor man, because to have become rich would have required the time he devoted to pure science. In his younger days he had done some analytical work for business firms and the Government, and had made

an income of five thousand dollars a year. One of his contemporaries assures us that Faraday could very easily have increased this to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But unselfish Faraday willfully dropped all such means of becoming rich, not because he could not have enjoyed life with plenty of money to spend, but because he believed he could be of more service in science. It was a noble spirit, and we are indebted to him to-day.

Faraday always looked back with pleasure upon his early home; he was proud of his humble parents. When in the days of his fame Faraday was sitting to enable a great sculptor to make a bust of him, some of the sculptor's chisels accidentally fell and made a jingling noise. The sculptor apologized, fearing that the disturbance might annoy the aged philosopher, but Faraday assured him that the noise had only brought to his mind many happy recollections of the blacksmith's shop in which his father had worked.

When Faraday's memory and health began to fail, the prince consort suggested to Queen Victoria that she might give Faraday the use of a comfortable house on the green near Hampton Court. This the Queen did, first having the house thoroughly repaired so that it would be no expense to Faraday, and there he spent his remaining days, still having the use of his rooms in the Royal Institution whenever he cared to go there.

By Faraday's own request, his funeral was of the simplest character, the burial being carried out in perfect silence, as was the custom of his church. Just as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a few scientific friends came out from the shrubbery and respectfully joined the family group.

LOUIS PASTEUR, A HERO OF THE LABORATORY

By HAPGOOD MOORE

MANY heroes are to be discovered among the men who live in what has been called "the world of the infinitely little," those who study the minute and the apparently commonplace with the microscope. Of such the most eminent was Louis Pasteur, the father of the germ theory, the man who did more than any other man in the nineteenth century to save the lives of men, the man who gave the world the keys to more doors than perhaps any other man who has ever lived.

This son of a soldier of Napoleon's grand army, a tanner by trade, was tenderly brought up in his isolated peasant home, his daily lessons rehearsed to his father and his energies stimulated by his fine-spirited mother. It is interesting to read the fond and affectionate letters that passed from parents to son and back again during all those years of schooling at Lille, when it seems as if still each day's work was watched with the eagerest desire by those who loved him. The first investigations with living forms that he undertook were in connection with the ferment of vinegar.

From these tasks he was called to study the pest that was annihilating the silkworm industry. In vain he protested that he had never seen a silkworm. He began at the beginning like the humblest student, he turned his microscope upon every era of the silkworm's life, and the discovery that he made, so simple that a child could state it, made every manufacturer and wearer of silk in the world his debtor.

In the midst of these investigations, which had already made him seem the wizard of science, he was stricken with

paralysis in his forty-seventh year, and it seemed that all his labors were over. Yet one of the first bulletins that came from his bedside was to the effect that "he insists upon talking science," and within a few weeks he had made a recovery that is regarded as a wonder in medicine, and was at his work again.

Gradually but surely his life work began to move from the question of animal ferments to those that infect the human body. Even before he had come to actual experiments in human ailments he had made himself sure that it is by the development of germs that enter the blood that most disease is to be explained. Before this, farmers, manufacturers, silkworm specialists, and maltsters had become indebted to him, and now to this man who was not a doctor the physicians of the world, at first incredulous and unwilling, came to owe the greatest debt. This man who was as tender as a child now became the haunter of beds of pain; he who had never even wantonly shot a bird became a vivisectionist.

There is no necessity of showing how sore was the need of a new science in surgery and medicine. The mortality in surgery in the Franco-Prussian War and in our own Civil War was sixty per cent. Nothing could have been more hideous than a battlefield after a battle.

A hospital was scarcely better; it was a noisome place full of awful agony and festering wounds.

Lister himself has hailed Pasteur as the father of antiseptics. The percentage of deaths from infection in surgery he reduced from 60 to 5. Is it any wonder that, of such saving of life and misery, Huxley should exclaim: "The discoveries of Pasteur would already pay the billions of the war indemnity which France has paid to Germany." Shall we say that the scientist is not a patriot, if in his own lifetime he makes up for the financial loss of one of the most piteous of modern wars?

In the meantime let us not forget the personality that was behind these merciful discoveries, for it is this of which I am especially speaking. Half-paralyzed, the industrious investigator gave all his time to his work. He was never seen in

society or at the theater. He went to bed at ten and arose at eight, no matter what his bodily condition might be. He had lost three children during his young manhood, one of them, with his own father, at the very climax of his silkworm experiments. He had been baffled by many a delay and failure and hampered by lack of resources. He was bitterly attacked as soon as he entered the realm of the physicians.

The inspiration that guided and uplifted such a man may be gathered from a sentence which he uttered at the close of the address when he was made one of France's Immortals. It was not customary and it was not necessary that one should at such a time make his religious confession. Yet Pasteur said: "Blessed is he who carries within himself a God, an ideal, and who obeys it. Therein lie the springs of great thoughts and great actions; they all reflect light from the Infinite."

Hydrophobia was once the most mysterious, cruel, and terrible of diseases. Infrequent though it was, it was absolutely fatal. Upon this malady Pasteur in his later days began experiments, daring and personally dangerous. He drew the infected saliva from the muzzled mouth of a raving mastiff once, with his own face practically in contact with the face of the dog.

In the midst of these experiments little Joseph Meister, nine years old, suffering from fourteen savage wounds came to him for treatment. It is a pretty story—the great scientist rewarding the little lad for his fortitude with a handful of sous, sparing the lives of some tiny rabbits at his request, at night tossing in nightmares in which he dreamed that his experiment was a failure and that the boy was in agony, and finally kissing him good-by as he started, cured, for his distant home. The result is this: once rabies was invariably fatal; to-day only one-half of one per cent. of the inoculations are unsuccessful. This turning of poisonous virus into healing vaccine, what a parable it is of the work of the Good Physician! The motley throngs that gathered each morning on the lawn of the Pasteur Institute until the tender-hearted healer should appear to help them, Russians bitten by wild wolves

of the steppes, Turks, Austrians, Australians, Americans—they remind one of the multitudes that awaited the coming of Jesus when he was among men.

Pasteur's seventieth birthday was celebrated by a national recognition, which in its enthusiasm, its participation of every class and its personal incidents, was quite worthy of the affectionate French people. Upon large tables were gathered photographs, apparatus, books, and letters of congratulation, and gifts for the Pasteur Institute, a multiform tribute that covered the life of the scientist from his birth and that represented every country under heaven. Among these were the incompleted researches of the diphtheria antitoxin and the plague vaccine, which have since then in the hands of his disciples become such a blessing to humanity. And in the center of all, beside the president of the republic, sat Pasteur, gray, feeble, and partly speechless, worn out with his heroic and unselfish labors.

Three years later he was stricken with death. Lying for a few weeks in his garden, surrounded by his grandchildren, he talked with those who knew him best of the things of the soul, and then, with his crucifix upon his breast, fell asleep in the Christian's hope.

It would seem that he had had little time in his toilsome, burdened life for what the French call "making one's soul," yet what has been said of a modern man of affairs might have been said of him: "In all the rush, tumult, and haste, he had kept his heart unspotted from the world. He had the brain of a man, the heart of a woman, the soul of a child."

Pasteur did not start in with the knowledge of the scope of his discoveries; he did not know that he was going to be a benefactor of every mother, every wounded person, every child that shall ever live. He simply wished his life to be for God and country. He said once, "There are no unanswered prayers," and, measuring the meaning of the phrase by his life, I think he meant that toil and patience at any task are bound to have their fulfillment in some divine service.

LORD KELVIN

By CHARLES R. GIBSON

LORD KELVIN'S father (James Thomson) was born in Ireland, but his ancestors originally were Scotch; a good many generations of them, however, had been born and bred in the Emerald Isle. He proved himself such a capable mathematician that, as soon as his University training was over, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the Royal Academical Institution in Belfast. It was while James Thomson held this professorship that his sons James and William (Lord Kelvin) were born, James in 1822, and William in 1824.

Their mother died when William was only six years of age, and two years later the family left Ireland, their father having been appointed professor of mathematics in Glasgow University.

Education

It has been stated that James and William Thomson never attended any school, but received the whole of their education from their father until they entered the University. This statement has been contradicted by some writers, but two members of the family have assured me that Lord Kelvin and his brother (their father) both told them that neither of them ever attended any school, and except for some lessons in writing, neither of them had any teaching but from their father until they entered the University.

Like Darwin's father, the Thomsons' father made companions of his family. He was an exceptionally busy man. He would rise at four o'clock in the morning to work at his books, for he wrote many books on mathematics, but he always had time to give to his children. They eagerly watched for his return home, and what a warm welcome he always got!

He would tell them stories till dinnertime, and after dinner the globes were placed on the table and the children all gathered round to hear something about this great round ball on which we live. Little Willie was perched up on the table beside the globes, and sometimes his brother James would get up beside him. Before William was four years of age he was taking an intelligent part in each day's lesson.

A few years later, when they had become motherless, their father was both father and mother to them. He would read to them before they went off to bed; sometimes it would be stories from "The Arabian Nights." He would lie on the sofa as he read, with his little ones clustered around him, little Willie usually in his arms. Our hero was a great pet with his father, but his sister, the late Mrs. King, says, "I do not remember that any of us were ever in the slightest degree jealous of William on account of our father's making him a little more a pet than the rest of us. We were proud of him, and indeed we thought the child petted the father even more than the father petted the child."

When William was eight years of age, his father allowed him and his brother James to attend his mathematical class as listeners. On one occasion a question was asked to which no student in the large class could give an answer, whereupon William, eight years of age, called out, "Do, papa, let me answer it." On another occasion a difficult problem had been given out to the students, and William, though not yet a student, tried to work it out at home. He had not succeeded before going to bed. Later in the evening, when he was supposed to be sound asleep, his voice was heard through the house shouting "Eureka! Eureka!" His father, going up to see what it was about, found the little barefooted figure standing in his night gown on the landing, excited and triumphant. The solution had flashed on the child's mind in bed, and was already, by the help of the stair gas, scribbled on a slate he had placed at his bedside.

The old treat of being read to was kept up by the father.

Mrs. King writes: "While our father read, Anna and I sewed—not fancy work, but flannel petticoats and the like;

and our brothers lay on their backs on the floor with their arms extended, to give them a rest and help them to grow up straight."

The two brothers matriculated as students of the University at the same time, William being only ten years of age and his brother James twelve. The two brothers were greatly attached to each other all through life.

When William habitually took the first place and James the second, although he was older, there never was the faintest taint of boasting on the one side, or jealousy on the other.

When James was only fourteen years of age, and traveling down the Clyde by steamer to their summer quarters, he observed the great loss of force caused by the manner in which the steamer's paddles struck the water and rose, carrying an immense weight of water with them. The ingenious boy set about making a model of a wheel, with paddles so adjusted to dip perpendicularly into the water, strike directly backward, and rise without encumbrance. His father took the model to Glasgow and consulted some practical men, when he found that something to serve the same purpose had been invented and patented only a few weeks previously.

Pastimes

When boys, William and James made a hobby of electricity. They made electrical machines without any assistance, and they worked very happily together, both keen upon their hobby.

Mrs. King gives us an interesting picture of home life, when she and her sister taught the boys to dance quadrilles and lancers, "a branch of education in which they were very deficient." William professed utter scorn for dancing and had indignantly refused lessons from a master; James had refused them too, though with less show of indignation; but neither of them objected to learn from their sisters, and the lessons ended with merry gallops up and down the long drawing-room. In spite of all his scorn, William enjoyed dancing-parties very much; James, who was never so physically strong, did not bother about these parties.

A Trip Abroad

When their father found it necessary to take a younger brother, Robert, to London to have a surgical operation performed, he took the whole family with him. Mrs. King, who was then about twenty-one years of age, writes: "I saw the poor little boy stretched, all bound, on the table before the operation began, and stood on the mat outside the door while it was going on, listening to his moans—it seemed a long time —and I was the first admitted when it was over. There was no chloroform in those days to drown pain. But he was very brave and patient." The little fellow recovered well, and his father took the others to see the sights of London.

When in London William and his sister used to rise very early and take a walk while the others were still in bed. They generally went to St. James's Park, carrying some bread with them to feed the water-fowl, and a few apples with which to refresh themselves while they sat on one of the seats chatting. Then, when the little brother had quite recovered, they set off for a trip on the Continent.

After spending a fortnight in Paris the father took the two girls on a trip through Switzerland, leaving the boys in Paris to learn the language. A journey through Switzerland was very different then from now; they had to hire a traveling carriage by the month. Mrs. King's description of their journey is graphic: "Early on a magnificent July morning we rattled out of Paris, with two postilions cracking their whips madly, and urging the four horses to dash along at top of their speed. This was to make a sensation in the street; for when we got fairly beyond the city our pace was regulated with more moderation. But all through our travels, when approaching or leaving a town or post-house, the same lively demonstration was repeated. Even when simply passing through a little village we drove furiously, at the risk of running over the poor little children who rushed out to see the sport."

During the next two winters James took the degrees of

B.A. and M.A., but William took no degrees, although he passed the necessary examinations. The reason was that it was thought better he should go to Cambridge without having graduated in another University. In writing to his brother at this time he styled himself "B.A.T.A.I.A.P.," signifying "B.A. to all intents and purposes."

It is of interest to note that the great African explorer and missionary, Dr. Livingstone, was one of the Thomsons' fellow-students.

A Friendship is Formed

The father took them all to Germany the following summer. He intended the boys to make a thorough holiday of the tour, so he insisted that all work should be left behind. But just two days before leaving home William had got Kelland's book on "The Theory of Heat," and was shocked to be told in it that the great French mathematician Fourier was mostly wrong. William put Fourier's book into his box, so that he might look into the matter under dispute.

When the family were settled down in Frankfort for two months' holiday, William used to slip quietly down to the cellar every day to read a bit of Fourier, but when his father discovered what he was doing, he was not very hard on the boy. One day, when William was sitting studying the book, he suddenly sprang up and excitedly exclaimed, "Papa! Fourier is right, and Kelland is wrong!" His father was very doubtful, but he found that the boy was quite right. William, then sixteen years of age, wrote a paper on the subject to the *Cambridge Mathematical Journal*. The great English mathematician, Professor Kelland, who was thus taken to task by the young student, felt a little hurt at first, but ultimately he became very friendly with young Thomson, and so long as he lived the friendship continued.

College Life

In the following autumn William entered Cambridge. He was just seventeen years of age, but was well prepared to enter

the great University. It is amusing to read some of the inquiries of the great philosopher in his first letter to his sister after settling down in his rooms at Cambridge. He asks if, when making coffee, he should put the coffee in before or after the water is boiling, and also whether he should keep it boiling after the water is put in. "In your first letter inform me of the necessary particulars."

Thomson did not cut himself off from the world in order to become a student. He very wisely took a real interest in outdoor sports. He became an expert oarsman, and when he won the silver sculls he said it was better than winning an examination. He was keen in everything he took up. Sometimes when rowing in a race he would so exert himself that, when he passed the winning post in front of every one, he was in an almost fainting condition. He dieted himself for racing, and he was so enthusiastic that it was said he would have run to the top of a steeple and called "Boo!" if he could have been assured that such a proceeding would be of use.

His life formed a great contrast to that of his brother James, who was an invalid at home. It is evident that William's health was robust, for he continued bathing in the river before breakfast, right on to the frosty weather of November. In addition to his outdoor recreations he became a musician, and was the means of forming a musical society among the students, choosing the French horn as his own instrument in the orchestra.

Young Thomson's place as a mathematician at this early age is well illustrated by the following remark made by one of the Cambridge examiners to another: "You and I are just about fit to mend Thomson's pens." Before he left Cambridge he had won a fellowship of St. Peter's College, which brought in an income of two hundred pounds per annum.

For some years the aged professor of natural philosophy in Glasgow University had become so infirm that he could not continue his classes. Temporary assistance had been obtained so that the old gentleman could still retain his professorship. Young Thomson's father, Professor James Thomson, was very anxious that, when the Chair should become vacant, his

son should be able to fill it. His correspondence shows how he had fixed his heart upon this object, and William, too, was anxious to do all in his power to equip himself for such an honor.

Elected to the Chair of Natural Philosophy

When the time did arrive, and young Thomson was duly elected to the chair of natural philosophy, it was a very great pleasure to his father. There was an entire absence of conceit in the young professor's character, and this was an additional charm. He was only twenty-two years of age. He was very disappointed with his introductory lecture, but the only real fault was that he read it far too fast, and finished long before the appointed hour.

By the end of the first session he could not feel disheartened. A letter from his sister to her husband describes his first prize-giving: "The prizes were distributed to-day, and William showed to great advantage. He was received with deafening cheers, beyond anything I ever witnessed on the noisy first of May. The young professor was cheered and cheered again, and the students seemed never to tire of shouting 'Three cheers more for the young professor!' And, best of all, the grave old professors on the bench forgot their dignity, and joined in the applause with hands and feet.

"William himself looked so young and so modest that it was really quite touching to see him. He spoke with great self-possession and distinctness . . . when he sat down the applause was renewed till one might have feared that the hall would have been endangered."

In later life it was very pleasant to hear Lord Kelvin refer to "my brother James"; sometimes "my brother James, who invented the word *poundal*." (This is one of the units of force.) His lordship often acknowledged having learned from James, while James had unbounded pride in William. A stranger seeing the two old gentlemen talking eagerly together might have thought that they were quarreling. There is a sentence in a letter from the great German physicist Helmholtz,

written from Glasgow to his wife, which describes the point very well: "It is really comic to see how the two brothers talk at each other, and neither listens, and each holds forth about quite different matters."

James was first appointed professor of engineering in Belfast, and later at Glasgow University, where he occupied the chair for sixteen years, when he retired owing to failing eyesight.

In preparation for his candidature for the chair William had gone to Paris, at the suggestion of his father, and studied in the laboratory of the noted French scientist Regnault. But in Glasgow there was no experimental laboratory. What apparatus there was in the University was merely for lecture demonstration. Some of this apparatus was a hundred years old, while little of it was less than fifty years old.

Thomson appealed to the University authorities for funds to equip an experimental laboratory, but the only room he could get for the purpose was a disused cellar. The late Professor Ayrton, who was one of Thomson's students in the sixties, says, "Thomson's students experimented in his one room and the adjoining coal-cellar, in spite of the atmosphere of coal-dust, which settled on everything, produced by a boy coming periodically to shovel up coal for fires. . . . But oh, the delight of those days! Would we have exchanged them, had the choice been given us, for days passed in the most perfectly designed laboratory of the twentieth century without him? No! for the inspiration of our lives would have been wanting."

This unpretentious undertaking of young Thomson's was the first physical laboratory to be put at the disposal of students in any university.

Lady Thomson

Throughout the home letters of Thomson up to this point, one cannot help noticing how often the name of his cousin Margaret Crum of Thornliebank is introduced. She was really only a second cousin, the full cousinship being between the respective parents. The boy-and-girl friendship culminated

in a betrothal, and the young couple were married a few months later. Their wedded life was a very happy one, but, unfortunately, Mrs. Thomson's health gave rise to anxiety, and for many years she was an invalid. The summer vacation spent abroad failed to establish her strength. She lived through the stirring times of the first attempts to lay the Atlantic cables, and she saw her husband become famous, she herself becoming Lady Thomson when her husband was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1866.

A few years later Lady Thomson became so much worse that she could not go abroad, but she was able to be taken to the coast. For her sake Sir William decided to spend the winter at the coast, and he was willing to resign his professorship of the chair to which he was greatly attached, but fortunately, the University authorities granted him a long leave of absence. He was untiring in his constant attention to his invalid wife. But she passed away at the age of forty, after eighteen years of wedded life. She was a most accomplished woman and loved by all who knew her.

It was during Mrs. Thomson's lifetime that William met with a very serious accident when curling on the ice at Largs. He fell and broke his leg, and the accident turned out very serious, as the hip-joint was injured. After many months of brave suffering he was left lame for life, and always walked thereafter with a decided halt. This accident befell him when he was thirty-six years of age, which was a few years after his first voyage in connection with the laying of the pioneer Atlantic cable.

Professor Silvanus P. Thomson remarks in his "Life of Lord Kelvin," that "often as the story of the Atlantic cable has been told, the precise part which Thomson played in the enterprise has never been fully stated. The work which he undertook for it was enormous; the sacrifices he made for it were great. The pecuniary reward was ridiculously small. The actual position which he held was relatively subordinate, and must have been at times galling. Yet he bore himself throughout with the most unswerving courtesy and delicacy of feeling."

Kelvin was a great lover of animals, as the following story related by his sister, Mrs. King, will show. She tells how once when he was visiting them in Berkshire he expressed a wish to see the fine antlered deer in a neighboring park, and they went out in search of the animals. It was evening, and the deer had settled for the night among the bracken. Some of the party were going to give a shout to rouse the deer, that they might show themselves to advantage as they bounded away; but he pleaded with his friends not to do so, "because they had just warmed the place where they were lying, and it would be a shame to disturb them." So the animals were left in peace, and the party wended their way home again.

In the Lecture Room

Another point, worth illustrating is the fact that Kelvin really believed the average man knew far more than he did. On one occasion he called up a raw student and put a question to him, and although it was quite apparent to the class that the student knew no more of the subject than the desk in front of him, nothing would have persuaded the learned Professor of this obvious fact. Putting the question in one form after another, it resolved itself in the end to a simple "Yes!" or "No!" and when the student answered correctly in the affirmative, Kelvin quite lost his temper with him, and thumping the lecture table he exclaimed, "Man, I knew you knew it! Why do you make me drag it out of you bit by bit?" Of course, such scenes were greatly appreciated by the other students, who could not see their fellow-student in the same charitable light as did their good-hearted Professor.

That he did not keep by any stereotyped plan is evident from the following incident related by one of the assistants. Suddenly entering the lecture-room on the last stroke of the bell, the Professor shouted to his assistant, "What have we to-day? What have we to-day?" And when his assistant replied that it was optics, the professor, evidently influenced by some thoughts that had occurred to him, probably on his way to the lecture-room, shouted, "Take it away, I say! Take it

away! I'll take dynamics!" And so the assistant had to make haste to undo all the careful work expended in fitting up the apparatus for that day's lecture, and, amid the good-natured banter of the students, arrange the apparatus suitable for the new subject.

It was always a field-day when the ballistic-pendulum was brought out, and the assistant had an old Jacob rifle loaded and in readiness for the Professor. There was great excitement and mock alarm when Sir William took the rifle, and placing it in the grooved rests so arranged as to insure a bull's-eye, fired at the large bob of the pendulum. The smoke had not cleared away before the Professor was at the blackboard calculating the velocity of the bullet, the assistant having shouted out the amount of displacement of the weighted pendulum.

Thomson was very original in his lecture experiments, making use of such common articles as eggs, jellies, cobbler's-wax, and all kinds of odd stuff to illustrate his remarks. In one lecture on spinning bodies he showed the difference in behavior between a raw and a boiled egg. This was one of his well-known experiments, and on one occasion a student thought to create some confusion by substituting two eggs which he himself had brought with him in place of the two eggs prepared for the experiment and already on the lecture-table. The students waited to see the huge joke, but the learned Professor set the two eggs spinning, shouting, "Both boiled, gentlemen!" and passed on.

Another lecture appreciated by the students was one on sound, in which Kelvin gave some demonstrations on the French horn, of which he was a master. But on the closing day of the session his lecture was more than ordinary. When the students entered they found the lecture-table covered with apparatus. The lecture began at nine in the morning, and at ten o'clock Kelvin would announce that any students requiring to attend other classes might go, but that he would continue the lecture for those who cared to wait. At eleven o'clock a similar announcement was made, and again at twelve o'clock. Messengers from his house had to return with the information

that he was still lecturing. The small band who remained till one o'clock would then part after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

On one occasion Kelvin quieted a disturbance in his class by shouting, "Gentlemen! are you schoolboys or are you philosophers?"

From the fact that Lord Kelvin sometimes did not see what the students were laughing at, one is not to suppose that he had no sense of humor. Far from it; he would sometimes make sly jokes. For instance, when the great English physicist Joule, who was one of Kelvin's staunch friends, was visiting his lordship's workshop, he came across a large coil of piano wire, and asked for what this was to be used. When Kelvin replied that it was for sounding, Joule asked: "What note?" "The deep C," said Kelvin slyly, as it was for taking soundings in the ocean. Kelvin's name is closely linked to the subject of deep-sea sounding. His name is also connected very intimately with the modern forms of the mariner's compass.

It is often stated that Kelvin made mistakes in simple multiplication upon the blackboard, much to the amusement of his students, but this statement is not quite correct. There is no doubt that he was more at home in the differential calculus than in the multiplication table, the knowledge of the latter being of a very mechanical nature, but he did not put mistakes upon the blackboard. He would turn to one of his assistants and say, "Seven times eight?" and woe to the assistant if he made a slip. Kelvin knew at once when the right answer was given. On one occasion an assistant heard him say, "Eight times nine?—A hundred and what?—No! it can't be a hundred, for ten to the power of two's a hundred."

It is difficult to realize how rapidly a mind such as that of Lord Kelvin worked. On one occasion when the author was sitting immediately behind Lord Kelvin at a special lecture, given in his own room, by Sir Oliver Lodge, we had a demonstration of lightning calculation. Lodge had remarked that the rate of electric oscillation in a particular case would be enormous, and was about to pass on, when Kelvin stated the figures, which were unthinkable. Lodge thanked the great

mathematician, remarking slyly that he had no doubt the figures were correct, but he doubted if any one else could corroborate them.

It is well-known that Kelvin was a devout religious thinker, and never wavered from his simple statement that "all living things depend on one everlasting Creator and Ruler." Kelvin was a regular and sincere worshiper in the church of which he was a member.

Declining Years

Four years after the death of Margaret Crum he married Frances Anne, daughter of Charles R. Blandy, of Madeira. There were no children of either marriage. One cannot imagine a more devoted wife than Lady Kelvin, nor could her husband have exceeded his devotion to her. After Lord Kelvin's retirement they resided on their estate at Largs, on the west coast of Scotland, and it was there that his lordship died at the age of eighty-three, after three weeks' illness.

By general consent the burial was in Westminster Abbey, and the funeral was attended by a multitude of scientists, not only of his fellow-countrymen, but from every continental country. His name will go down to our children's children along with that of Galileo and Newton.

WALTER REED, THE CONQUEROR OF YELLOW FEVER*

By BERTHA A. BUSH

"MOTHER'S—sick! We want—the doctor—to come." The boy's chilled tongue could scarcely utter the words. His stiffened limbs could hardly lift themselves from the back of his gaunt little Indian pony. Such a little fellow he was to ride ten miles alone across the trackless prairie on that bitter cold day! Such a thin little beast, with ribs so visible that they might have reminded the chance onlooker of the bars to an oven grate!

But there was no onlooker to gaze or comment. The doctor was not an onlooker, nor the doctor's wife. Onlookers have idle hands, at least for the moment. The hands of these much-sought servants of the public were never idle.

The wife was unwinding the frost-covered muffler and rubbing the boy's nose and fingers briskly with snow to take out the frost. The doctor was already in his great coat, with his medicine case in his hand, waiting only to be sure that the little messenger of illness did not himself need attention. The boy leaned back with a sigh of deepest relief. He felt that nothing more was needed now that he had spoken to the doctor. He was as sure that he would go to the little far away dugout he had left in such trouble, and battle successfully with the illness there, as that day and night would come to it. Dr. Reed never failed them.

And yet the boy and the other settlers for a hundred miles around, who depended on the doctor with a faith as implicit as they put in God, had no sort of claim upon him. They

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couldn't even pay him for his ministrations; for the tiny cabins seven hundred miles away from the nearest railway were the abode of direst poverty.

Dr. Reed was not a doctor for the countryside. He was simply the army surgeon of a little garrison that the United States had stationed to protect the desolate region from danger of Indian uprising. His only regular duty was to attend the soldiers of the post, and he was poorly enough paid for that. But there was never an emergency of sickness or accident in all the country round but what Dr. Reed was called—and went.

Once he was ill himself with fever and so weak that he had to sit down again and again while he was dressing.

"Don't go," begged his wife, overwhelmed with fears for him. "They can do without you for once. It is risking your own life."

But he staggered away through the deep snow with the thermometer below zero, and, hardly able to stand on his feet, saved a patient's life.

For eighteen years he served in positions like this in Arizona, Nebraska, Dakota, and other western states which were a hundred times as isolated thirty years ago as now. In 1893 he was promoted to the rank of major. In 1900 began his great battle. It was one of the greatest battles that ever was fought and one which required as much heroism as any to which men ever marched to the field with sword and drum. It was a battle of peace, and no battle ever brought greater good to the world.

Losses Caused by Fever

It was a battle with an enemy that had vanquished Americans ever since the discovery of America—the dreaded yellow fever. There was no known remedy for it and the number of fatalities in its cases was appalling. And its spread was something that brought terror to the hearts of the whole country. It had killed more American citizens than any war up to that time. Within the hundred years between 1798 and 1898 it had slain in the United States eighty thousand. Always it lurked in the southern cities. Again and again it had stalked

through the whole land, scattering terror and death broadcast. Even as far north as Philadelphia, ten per cent. of the population of the city had perished with it in a single year. Ninety times in the history of the country it had escaped from the southern lairs where it crouched always and invaded the land.

At first its ravages had been endured despairingly with no hope of escape but in flight. In later years, along with the tremendous advance in medical knowledge, came the trembling hope that it might be possible to fight off this disease and check its terrible inroads. No one thought that it could be conquered altogether; but it was thought that it might be prevented from spreading.

The most careful precautions were taken. Quarantine was rigidly enforced; and so frightened were the citizens so fortunate as to live in uninfected regions, that they turned back with loaded shotguns refugees who sought to escape from yellow fever districts and, if they refused to obey their command to go away, shot them down.

Thousands of dollars' worth of household goods and the like were destroyed lest they should spread infection. Every article a yellow fever patient had touched was burned. Often the very house in which he had lain shared the same fate. Yet the success was only partial. Methods of treatment were discovered which made the disease less fatal than before, but still it spread.

When Cuba was occupied by the United States, the problem was thrust into the hands of our government. Yellow fever was always present in Havana. It was said that every stranger going into the city to remain any length of time must sooner or later take the disease. Many soldiers' lives would certainly be sacrificed. If there was any way to prevent this the United States was determined to do it. A board of medical commissioners was appointed to go to Cuba and investigate the problem of yellow fever and discover by what means it was spread and whether there was any way to prevent it. Of this board the intrepid army surgeon of the plains, Major Walter Reed, was appointed chairman.

It was an unsought position, a position that nobody wanted.

Indeed so dangerous was it, that it was taking his life in his hands for a non-immune to accept it. A person who had once had the disease would not contract it again. Such were immune.

There were skilled physicians who were immune who might have been put at the head of this work. Dr. Reed would have been thoroughly justified in refusing the position and recommending that it be given to one of these. But he no more thought of refusing it than he had thought of refusing to journey for miles through freezing cold or burning heat to relieve the suffering of some poverty-stricken settler when he was an army surgeon. He entered into the fight at once, and he kept it up until he won.

A Brave and Glorious Battle

It was as brave a battle as ever a commanding general, leading a forlorn hope against an enemy so strongly entrenched as to appear absolutely unconquerable, ever fought. And it was as glorious a battle to win. He saved more lives for his country than were lost in all her wars.

It was as treacherous an enemy to fight as ever one that stole up and shot down unprotected and unsuspecting women and children in the dark. No one knew just how it came. It was found where filth existed and so was supposed to be a filth disease.

It was also supposed to be carried in the air and to be communicated by touching anything that a yellow fever patient had touched. The government had determined to clear up Havana till not a germ of yellow fever could find a lurking place. For a year and a half the most rigid sanitary measures were enforced in Cuba. The number of deaths from other causes was greatly diminished, but the quota from yellow fever remained the same. It seemed that it could not be caused by filth. But whether this was so or not must be definitely proved. With the utmost patience and the utmost persistence, Major Reed labored day after day, carrying on the most minute investigations of disease-laden substances with the microscope,

to discover if possible in what way the yellow fever infection was spread.

A Cuban physician, Dr. Carlos Finlay, had offered the suggestion that the fever might be carried by the bite of a mosquito. It was scoffed at by most as a crazy theory, but Dr. Reed determined to experiment until he found out for a certainty that the mosquito had nothing to do with it.

There was only one way to find out—for non-immunes to allow themselves to be bitten by mosquitoes who were known to have bitten patients sick with yellow fever. The members of the medical commission tried the experiment on themselves, and the first experiment was a fatal one. Dr. James Carroll was bitten by an infected mosquito, took the fever and lay at the point of death for days. He finally recovered; but Dr. Jesse Lazear, another member of the commission and a young man of great promise, who had worked with the most faithful and untiring energy at the solution of the problem, allowed himself to be bitten, contracted the fever in its worst form, and died. He laid down his life for his country as much as ever any soldier did on the battlefield and is deserving of the highest honors a grateful land can pay.

Camp Lazear

You might think that the medical commission would be discouraged and perhaps justified in giving up the experiments that had proved so dangerous, but nothing was farther from their thoughts. It was determined to prove whether germs in the air or on articles which yellow fever patients had touched caused the disease, or the mosquitoes, who certainly seemed to have caused it in the last instances. A new experiment camp was built and named in honor of the dead hero "Camp Lazear." Here were built two experiment houses. One was known as the infected-clothing building. Here were placed any number of articles soiled by yellow fever patients, and the rooms were purposely left dirty and dark and hot and damp and ill ventilated. They wanted to have all the causes which were ever supposed to bring the disease. On the beds were spread the

bed-clothing taken from the beds of yellow fever patients. On the walls were hung cloths and garments stained by them in every way, even by the black vomit which always indicates death when it appears in yellow fever.

The other building was known as the mosquito-infected building. Here there were nothing but mosquitoes to convey the disease. It was clean, and airy, and sunny, and well ventilated as a house could be made; but inside its screens were placed mosquitoes who were known to have bitten yellow fever patients.

A call was made for volunteers to live and sleep in these buildings for twenty days. Who would offer himself in this fashion for the good of his country? Remember that Lazear had just died and every man who volunteered ran the same risk.

Heroes, One and All

The first to offer himself was John R. Kissinger, a young soldier of Ohio. Other brave American soldier boys followed him. They were taken before the commission and the matter thoroughly explained to them. They were told just what risk they were taking. The danger and suffering involved were explained and a chance to reconsider their offer given them. But they would not take it back. Then a considerable sum of money was offered in compensation.

The young soldiers looked at the major.

"We will not take money," they said. "We wish to make it a condition of the experiment that we receive no pay."

Major Reed touched his cap to them.

"Gentlemen, I salute you," he said.

In the published report of this experiment he writes, "In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States." Do you think it has ever been surpassed in the annals of the world? Does it not make you think of One who likewise offered His life nineteen hundred years before?

The experiment was a complete vindication of the mosquito theory. For twenty nights in succession the men in the

infected-clothing house slept in the yellow-fever beds, handled the articles used by those who had the disease, and breathed the air that had passed over them. Not one of them took the yellow fever. In the other house, light, and clean, and well ventilated and cared for, ten out of the thirteen came down with it. Fortunately, all of the cases were light and not one died. But they offered their lives just as much as if they had every one died. Lazear had just died as the result of just such an experiment. How do you think they felt, those brave American soldier boys, as they stepped into the camp that bore his name, wrapped themselves in those fever-tainted sheets or stretched out their arms to the bite of the fever-infected insects. Could any heroes of war be braver than these heroes of peace?

The Proof

Major Reed's experiments and the courage of his brave helpers in carrying them out proved conclusively four things. It takes only a paragraph to write them, but their value to the country can only be measured by the value of the thousands of lives they have saved and the agonies of pain and panic they have prevented. Briefly summed up they are as follows:

Yellow fever is not, properly speaking, contagious. It is not carried by clothing. It does not infect the house. Its methods of transmission is by the bite of a female mosquito called *Stegomyia fasciata* which has previously bitten a patient sick with yellow fever. (The male mosquito of this kind does not bite.) The spread of the fever can be completely prevented by the destruction of the mosquito or the protection of the sick against her bite—since she cannot carry it if she is not infected.

We wish that he might have lived to enjoy the regard which his great discovery merited. But he died almost as soon as it was finished.

"One of the saddest aspects of this brilliant discovery," says L. O. Howard in the *Century*, "is the death of the brilliant genius of the investigation who, with his health impaired by his strenuous labors, died suddenly November 23, 1902, before

he had fairly begun to reap the honors which were beginning to follow his monumental work. He will rank as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race."

Don't you think those boys and girls among the settlers on the lonely plains, who used to ride to get the doctor and be helped by him in all their sickness and trouble, are proud of him now? Doesn't it make our hearts thrill, too, to read his name?

He did not work for money. He did not work for fame. He only wanted to help people—and nobody ever helped more.

The work that he did was great beyond price, but the salary he received was barely enough for him and his family to live on. He died a poor man and was greatly troubled lest his wife and children after his death should come to want. You will be glad to know that a memorial fund has been raised by a grateful country which relieves any such danger. But money could never pay for the work he did.

Let us read thoughtfully this paragraph which he wrote in a letter to his wife after his great discovery.

"The prayer that has been mine for twenty years, that I might be permitted in some way and at some time to do something to alleviate human suffering, has been granted."

MASTER MUSICIANS

HANDEL

By THE EDITORS

GEORGE HANDEL'S father was a barber, in those days when a barber was a "leech," that is, a doctor, and also a dentist. He had great ambitions for his little boy. He wanted him to be a gentleman, for a barber-doctor was not a gentleman in Halle. So he planned that his son should be a lawyer.

But music was in George's blood, and nothing would check his ambition to be a composer. In some way his mother or nurse smuggled a rickety spinet—an old-fashioned kind of piano—up to the attic where he slept, and, at night, when all the others were asleep, the strings covered with strips of cloth to deaden the sound, he played and played, until he had mastered the instrument.

One night—so the artist says—somebody below awoke and heard celestial music aloft, and sensibly concluding that it was not the angels, lit a candle, and led the whole household up the stairs. And there they stood, blinking about, looking amazed at the fair-haired little fellow who was playing away like a master.

So the good father procured for him the best of masters, and the little George Frederick became a famous composer.

He went away from home to London, where he had his struggles, and discouragements, and failures. He had to rent a theater of his own to have his operas performed, and the operas never succeeded. So he turned—and it is such turnings from failures that so often have led men to success—to the oratorio. An oratorio is a long sacred composition for voices, the words nearly always taken from the Bible.

"The Messiah"

One day, when the inspiration came upon him, he began his greatest composition, an oratorio of many parts, choruses, solos, accompaniments, which it takes two hours to render, and in twenty-three days he had finished it. It was "The Messiah." Whenever you think of Milton you think of "Paradise Lost;" when you think of Dante you think of his "Divine Comedy," and when you think of Handel you think of his "Messiah." Poor old King George III heard it, and when he listened to "The Pastoral Symphony" he said, "I could see the stars shining through it," and when the great chorus came to a wonderful acclaim of song at the close, the enraptured monarch together with the whole audience sprang to their feet. Ever since then at this "Hallelujah Chorus" it has always been the custom for the audience to stand, a tribute rendered to no other musical composer.

Handel was a crotchety fellow as he grew older. He never married, but he loved children, and he gave an organ to the London Foundling Hospital. They have a new one there now, but some of the old pipes that Handel gave have been wrought into the instrument, so that the children still listen to some of Handel's "music."

He was buried of course in Westminster Abbey, for he had become a naturalized Englishman. And on his monument you may see a carving that represents him writing one of the finest songs of his "Messiah," "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

When Lord Kinnoul once complimented Handel on the noble entertainment he had lately given the town, he replied, "My lord, I should be sorry, if I only entertained them—I wish to make them better."

YOUNG HANDEL

From a Painting by Margaret Isabel Dicksee.

BEETHOVEN

BEETHOVEN and his friend were wandering one evening through the streets of the city. Beside the open window of a modest home they paused at the sound of music. "Listen!" said the great composer.

A moment later he heard the voice of a young woman.

"I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, so utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why wish for the impossible? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; yet I wish that for once in my life I could hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What shall we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes. Near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—Shall I play for you?"

There was something so strange in our intrusion, some-

thing so friendly in the speaker's embarrassment, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our piano is wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the young lady——"

He paused and colored, for as he looked into the girl's face he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you attend no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived two years in another town. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro, outside, to listen to her."

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night; and I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those sweet, magical sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and the player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

BEETHOVEN

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone; "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled. "Listen!" he said; and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but they held him back with entreaties: "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon, which shone brightly through the window, lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. He looked out thoughtfully toward the softly radiant heavens. "I will improvise a sonato to the moonlight," said he. Then his hands touched the keys and drew from them a melody sad but exquisitely lovely, in a movement which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage, in triple time —a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door,—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" they asked, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly. "I will come again and give the young lady some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can remember it." We did so; and he sat working till long past day-dawn.

This is the origin of that Moonlight Sonata.

MOZART

By AMY STEEDMAN

THE good fairies must certainly have been very busy around a certain cradle in the old city of Salzburg on January 27, 1756, for that was the day on which the little Wolfgang Mozart was born. There seemed no end to the gifts bestowed upon this special child, but most wonderful of all was his gift for music, greater than any fairy gift, for it was the divine touch of genius.

Everything beautiful was a delight to Wolfgang as soon as his eyes learned to look at things and his ears learned to listen. The beautiful old city in which he dwelt, the churches with their slender spires and the splendid palaces, and beyond the snow-capped mountains keeping sentinel like guardian angels, all made life beautiful to the boy. How he loved to stand and watch the great church processions, where the priests in their gold-embroidered vestments swept through the dim aisles of the cathedral! The high altar blazing with a hundred candles, veiled only by the faint haze of blue smoke which wreathed up from the swinging censers below, made him wonder if this was indeed the very gate of heaven, but most glorious of all was the sound of the organ as it swelled through the great cathedral and died away like the echo of angel voices. Little Wolfgang, kneeling there with the holy water still wet on his forehead, felt as if heaven had opened and the music was carrying him upward upon angels' wings.

But afterward, when the candles were put out and the music had died away, Wolfgang came quickly back to earth again, and was a very happy ordinary little mortal. Life was so full of sunshine for him, and he had such a happy home, that he did not in the least want to be an angel yet. His father, who was one of the court musicians, in the band of

the reigning archbishop, was one of the kindest and most loving of fathers, and his good-natured, kindly mother still carried about with her much of the calm and peacefulness of her convent training, so that the little household was a very happy one.

Then, too, there was Nannerl, the elder sister, four years older than Wolfgang, who was always ready to play with him, and whom he loved dearly, although she was not quite such a splendid playfellow as Herr Schachtner, the court trumpeter, whom he adored with all his heart.

There was nothing that Herr Schachtner could not do, and he played the most delightful games, and what was best of all, he always understood that every game must be played to music. Even when they carried the toys from one room to the other, a march was sung or played upon the violin, to make it a real procession.

"Dost thou love me, Herr Schachtner?" Wolfgang would stop to ask every now and then, very anxiously, and sometimes the trumpeter, to tease him, would shake his head.

"No, I love thee not," he said.

Then, seeing the great tears beginning to gather in the child's eyes, he quickly told him it was only a joke, and then the play and the music went on cheerfully again.

First Lessons

When Wolfgang was three years old, his father began to teach Nannerl to play the piano, and the little boy always stood near watching his sister, full of wonder and interest. His great delight then was to stand by the piano and pick out "thirds" for himself, until his father, almost in sport, began to give him lessons, too. Then it was that his great gift first began to be noticed. He could learn a minuet in less than half an hour, and once learned, he played it without one fault and in perfect time. It was all the more wonderful because his tiny hands could only stretch a few notes, but it seemed indeed as if some magic dwelt in those small fingers.

Soon it was seen that Wolfgang's head was as full of

magic as his hands, and when he was five years old he began to compose music himself, writing down the notes without looking at the piano. His father and Herr Schachtner, coming home together from mass one day, found the boy very busy with paper, pen, and ink, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am writing a pianoforte concerto," answered Wolfgang, looking up; "it is nearly finished."

His father smiled at the important little face and the very inky fingers.

"Let me see it," he said.

"It is not quite finished," said Wolfgang.

"Show it to me," said his father; "no doubt it is something very fine."

Now Wolfgang always dug his pen into the very bottom of the ink-pot, and so of course a large blot ran off each time the pen touched the paper. Naturally the only thing then to be done was to smear off the blot with the palm of the other hand, and write over the blotty part, so there was a good deal of ink spread over everything.

His father took up the inky, smudged paper, and smiled as he saw the notes scrawled all over it, like ants running after each other. But as he looked more carefully he started with surprise, and his smile of amusement died away. This was no mere childish scrawl; it was a real musical composition.

"Herr Schachtner," he said, tears of pride shining in his eyes, "only look how correct and according to rule all this is written, and yet it cannot be made use of, for it is so difficult that no one could attempt to play it."

Wolfgang was listening, and hastened to explain that of course it would need to be well practiced before it could be played.

"See," he said, "this is how it should go," and he climbed on to the piano-stool and began to show them what his idea had been when he wrote the music.

The boy was certainly a musical genius. There was no doubt about it, and his sister, too, played almost as wonderfully; so their father made up his mind that he would show

them to the world, for he was sure they would win both fame and money.

The Wonderful Child

So first of all the children were taken to Munich, and then on to Vienna, and it was like a royal progress, for everywhere the people flocked to hear the wonderful little performers.

The Empress Maria Theresa, who was a great lover of music, ordered that the children should be brought to play before her, and so to court little Wolfgang and his sister went.

The boy did not know what shyness meant. He was always so sure of being welcomed and loved wherever he went, that he was never afraid of strangers and was never awkward nor ill at ease. He put up his face to be kissed when he was brought to greet the empress, and then offered to sit on her knee and talk to her. He was only six years old and was small for his age, so he looked a very quaint little figure in his court suit, full-skirted coat and knee-breeches, powdered hair, and buckled shoes.

It seemed almost impossible that such a tiny child could be the wonderful musical genius that everyone talked of. But it was a very dignified little boy that sat down to play when he had finished his talk with the empress. Sitting perched up on the music-stool, he looked calmly round and then beckoned to the emperor, who was standing close to the piano. Wolfgang could not bear to play to people who did not understand and love music, and he was not quite sure about the emperor.

"Is not Monsieur Wagenseil here?" he asked, anxiously. "We must send for him. He understands the thing."

The composer was sent for immediately, and on his arrival the emperor gave up his place by the piano. Wolfgang nodded his approval.

"Sir," he said, "I am going to play one of your concertos. You must turn over the pages for me."

The court might smile at the quaint little figure issuing his commands like royalty, but amusement gave place to won-

der as soon as the child began to play. It was almost unbelievable that those tiny hands fluttering about the notes could produce such music. Courtiers watched and listened and almost held their breath.

The little princess, Marie Antoinette, drew nearer and nearer to the piano. This little boy, who was just her age, must have come with his music out of fairyland. Everyone called him a wonder, and she had never seen anyone so like a fairy prince before.

Then the music stopped, and Wolfgang was lifted down that he might go and receive the thanks of the empress.

Perhaps the music was still surging in his head, or perhaps the polished floors were too slippery for the buckled shoes, but at any rate Wolfgang, after a few steps, lost his balance, slipped, and fell. In an instant the little princess ran forward and helped him on to his feet again, and the two children walked the rest of the way together.

"You are good," said Wolfgang, holding her hand tightly and standing on tiptoe to kiss her cheek. "I will marry you."

The empress smiled when she heard this.

"Why do you wish to marry her?" she asked.

"Out of gratitude," replied Wolfgang, with his courtly little bow; "she was kind to me."

Poor little kind princess, if only it had been a real fairy tale, and the fairy music-maker of six years old could have carried her off to fairyland out of the reach of all human cruelty and treachery!

But although Wolfgang did not carry off the princess as he suggested, there was something else he carried home which meant far more to him than all the princesses in the world, and that was his first violin.

The Violin

Scarcely had the family arrived home in Salzburg when a famous violin-player came to visit Herr Mozart to ask his opinion about some music he had been composing. It was arranged to try it over at once, the composer himself playing

first violin and Herr Schachtner second. Wolfgang, greatly interested, hugging his little violin under his arm, begged that he might be allowed to play second violin.

"That is a most foolish request," said his father, sharply; "thou knowest nothing about the violin, and hast never been taught to play upon it."

"There is no need to learn to play *second* violin," persisted Wolfgang.

"Run away at once," said his father, "and do not trouble us further with your silly requests."

Wolfgang turned to go, hugging his little fiddle tight, the tears running down his cheeks. "Let him play with me," said Herr Schachtner, who could not bear to see the child cry.

"Oh well, then, play along with Herr Schachtner," said his father, "but play so softly that no one can hear thee, or else thou must go away."

Wolfgang, all smiles once more, dried his tears and made ready his violin, and then crept close to his friend. He meant to be as quiet as a mouse, and at first he played very softly as he had been bidden, but presently he forgot everything but the music, and then it was that Herr Schachtner began to play more and more softly, until he stopped altogether, and left Wolfgang playing alone. Not a note was missed, the little violin sang its way in perfect time and tune, and the small fiddler ended by being quite sure he could play first violin if they would let him try.

His Education

But although all this came so easily to the child, his father always insisted that he should learn everything from the beginning, and learn it thoroughly. His other lessons, too, were not neglected, for his father was very strict, and was anxious that Wolfgang should not be spoiled by the admiration he received. The simple home life, the regular lessons, and the habit of prompt obedience were better, he knew, for his little son than being a little court butterfly, petted and admired by royalty and allowed to do just what he pleased.

Wolfgang loved his father with all his heart, and was such a sunny-tempered, happy child that even difficult lessons and hard rules were no hardship to him. His father came "next to our gracious God," as he used to say, and so he never dreamed of disobeying him.

Every night the father and son sang a little duet of nonsense rhymes before Wolfgang went to bed, and then he kissed the tip of his father's nose for good night and made a little speech. "When I am older," he said, "I will put thee under a glass case, to keep thee from the cold and to keep thee always at home."

Every year saw the little Mozart grow more and more wonderful, as he ceased to be a child and grew into boyhood. He learned to play the organ, so that the priest at Heidelberg, having heard him there, wrote the boy's name upon the organ and the date of his visit, as a remembrance of this "wonder of God." He reigned like a little king in Paris, and in England King George IV and Queen Charlotte gave him a most royal welcome. He had his first commission to write an opera when he was ten years old, and it proved quite an easy thing for him to do. It seemed indeed as if there was nothing he could not do in connection with music. Every note he heard he could distinguish separately by ear. He could compose music without a piano, play everything at sight, and accompany any song by ear alone.

It was a happy, sunny childhood this, and if the clouds came later, they cast no backward shadow over these happy days when the little maker of magic music used his fairy gift to fill the world with the beauty of the melody which was always singing in his heart.

JENNY LIND

By AMY STEEDMAN

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy tales say, there was born in the northern city of Stockholm a baby girl, who possessed as magic a gift as any princess in the fairy tales of Hans Andersen.

At the time when this baby was born, in the year 1820, Hans Andersen was a boy of fifteen, living not very far off, in Denmark, with all those beautiful fairy tales still in his head, and he did not meet our princess until she was quite grown up, but the moment he saw her he knew at once she was wonderful enough to have lived all along in one of his own fairy tales.

Jenny Lind, of course, was not really a fairy princess, nor indeed a princess at all. She was only a little Swedish girl, born in a poor home in Stockholm, where no one gave her a very warm welcome. Her young father could not earn money enough for himself and his wife, and now here was another mouth to fill! Even the baby's mother did not feel specially glad at the arrival of her little daughter. She, poor woman, had to work hard and kept a day-school for other people's children, and a child of her own was rather in the way. Nobody guessed then that the baby had a magic gift which was to bring her fame and fortune. She was just a little unwelcome baby, christened very grandly "Johanna Maria," but known always by the funny, homely name of "Jenny."

Life was to be full of changes for little Jenny, and she was sent off at once to live in the country under the care of Carl Ferndal, organist and parish clerk of the church of Sollentuna. This man and his wife took good care of the adopted baby, and for four years Jenny lived the life of a country child and

was as happy as the day was long. She was a real child of the woods and meadows, and loved nothing so much as rolling on the grass, picking wild flowers, and listening to the song of the birds. Birds and flowers seemed to have a special message for her, and she loved them with a love that never changed through all her changing life.

Then at the end of four years the country life vanished and town life began for the little maiden, for her mother quarreled with the organist and carried Jenny back to Stockholm.

Pleasant Town Noises

Everything was strange to the child in the big town. She did not like so many people or so much noise. She wished she was back in the woods listening to the birds. Town noises were all so frightening and ugly. Then suddenly she discovered that sounds could be pleasant in a town, too. Every morning as the soldiers marched up the streets, they made music on their bugles, and the tune they played went singing on in her head all day long, just as the music of the birds used to do in the green woods.

At last one morning when Jenny thought she was quite alone and the soldiers' tune was still singing softly in her head, she crept up to the piano, which had been left open that her stepsister Amelia might practice upon it, and began softly to pick out the tune with one finger.

"Amelia, is that you practicing?" cried out the old grandmother, who was passing.

There was no answer, but the music stopped at once. The grandmother looked into the room. There stood the square piano, but no one to be seen near it. This was very strange. The grandmother rubbed her eyes and looked again. She was sure she had heard someone playing. Amelia might be hiding perhaps, so in she came and poked about behind chairs and table, until at last she caught sight of a tiny figure crouching inside the square piano, and stooping down she dragged out a very frightened and very dusty little Jenny.

"Child," said her grandmother, "was that you playing?"

Jenny caught her breath with a great sob and confessed that she had tried to play on the piano without permission.

The grandmother looked down at the tiny child with amazement and almost with awe. She could scarcely believe that Jenny could have made the music she had heard. Already she caught the echo of that magic gift, the very spirit of music which no one had as yet guessed that the child possessed.

"Mark my words," she said afterward to Jenny's mother, "that child will bring you help."

That might perhaps happen some day, thought her mother, but just now the child was rather a hindrance than a help, and help was sorely needed. The day-school kept by Frau Lind was not a success, and after a few years she was obliged to give it up, and then Jenny changed her home once more.

The Widows' Home

The steward or gatekeeper of the House of the Widows, where Jenny's grandmother had found a home, had no children and wanted to adopt a little girl, and this seemed the very thing for Jenny. It was a comfortable, happy home for the child, and she would be able to see her grandmother whom she loved.

All this time the spirit of music had grown with the child's growth, and in the new home she could no more help singing than the birds in the trees.

"As a child I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made," she said many years afterward.

The little singing maiden, hopping about the quiet Widows' Home, must have seemed like a bird shut up in rather a gloomy cage, but Jenny was quite happy. As long as she might sing to herself she was never lonely, and then, too, she had always her dear cat with the blue ribbon round his neck for company, and he was most patient and polite in listening to her song.

There was a window in the steward's house which looked down upon the busy street leading to St. Jacob's church, and here on the broad window-seat Jenny used to curl herself up, with the cat sitting opposite, and sing to her heart's content.

The passers-by, when they heard the child's voice, would pause and look up. They half expected to see a bird-cage hanging there, but instead, all that was to be seen was a round-faced little girl and a solemn cat with a blue ribbon round his neck.

But wherever the song came from it was very sweet and haunting, and seemed to go straight to the heart, so the people always smiled as they looked upward, and were never tired of listening.

Now among the people who passed to and fro under the window of the steward's house was the maid of a Mademoiselle Lungberg, a performer at the Royal Opera House. This maid could not forget the sound of the child's voice, and she thought of it so often that at last she told her mistress about the little girl who sang to her cat in the window of the House of the Widows.

A Kind Friend

It sounded a very pretty tale, and Mademoiselle Lundberg began to think that she, too, would like to hear the child with the bird-like voice, so she bade her maid find out who the little girl was, and ask if she might come and sing to her.

There was nothing very fairy-like about Jenny in those days. She herself tells us that she was "a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, undergrown girl," but when she stood before the lady who had sent for her, and began to sing, the magic of her music cast a spell over all who listened.

"The child is a genius," cried Mademoiselle Lundberg. Then turning to Jenny's mother, who had come with her, she said, "You must have her educated for the stage."

But Frau Lind would not hear of such a thing, and the old grandmother, too, shook her head when she was told. They disliked the stage and thought it would be an evil life for little Jenny.

"Very well, then," said Mademoiselle Lundberg, "you must at any rate have her taught singing."

There could be no objection to that, and after talking it

over Jenny's mother set out, with a letter of introduction in one hand and her little daughter in the other, to seek an interview with Herr Croclius, the singing-master at the Royal Theater.

There was something very grand and worldly and almost frightening about the broad flight of steps which led to the theater, and as the mother and child climbed up, Frau Lind's heart failed her again and all her doubts came rushing back. She stood still and hesitated, half inclined to turn round and go home.

But an eager little hand was dragging her forward, and Jenny begged her to be quick and come on. Jenny was quite sure that there must be no turning back, and so, half unwillingly, her mother allowed herself to be pulled along until she reached the room of Herr Croclius, and they knocked timidly at the door.

The singing-master listened kindly to what they had to say, and then bade Jenny sing one of her songs to him, more out of kindness than because he took any great interest in the small, plain-looking child.

But the moment the song was begun all was changed. Again the magic of her gift wove its wondrous spell, and the tears gathered in the master's eyes as he listened to the pure, fresh notes. Then when she had finished he rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"You must come with me," he said, "to Count Puke, the head of the theater. We must show him what a treasure we have found."

Now the Count was not at all inclined to think that Jenny was a treasure at all, and he frowned when he looked at the shy, plain little girl.

"How old is she?" he asked, to begin with.

"Nine years old," said Croclius.

"Nine!" exclaimed the Count. "But this is not a crèche. It is the King's Theater."

He looked quite crossly at the small figure standing there. A child of that age was only fit to be kept in a nursery. What was the use of troubling a busy man with such foolishness?

"Well," said Croclius, "if the Count will not hear her, then I will teach her for nothing myself, and she will one day astonish you."

Indeed she had already begun to astonish the Count, for he thought after all there must be something wonderful about the commonplace child if Croclius, the great singing-master, was willing to teach her without any payment. At any rate he would allow her to sing to him, and would judge for himself.

So again Jenny sang one of the songs which she had sung to the cat when they sat together in the sunny window, and once again the spell worked. She always forgot her shyness when she once began to sing, and her whole face was transformed and "shone with heavenly light."

In one of Hans Andersen's tales there is the story of a nightingale that charmed the emperor and all his court with its wonderful singing, although it was merely a plain little gray bird that almost shocked the court with its humble appearance.

"Is it possible?" said the lord-in-waiting. "I never imagined it could be such a little plain simple thing like that."

The Gray Bird

But when the emperor heard the song of the little gray bird, the tears came into his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, and the song went straight to his heart. He wished to reward the nightingale, but she would take nothing.

"I have seen tears in an emperor's eyes, and that is my richest reward," she said.

That is what Jenny Lind might have felt when she finished her song, and looked up at the two men who were listening to her. The Count was like the emperor in the fairy tale. He could only see the plain little gray bird through a mist of tears which filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

Here was a treasure indeed. Such a singing bird must not be allowed to escape, and so it was at once arranged that Jenny should become the adopted child of the Royal Theater.

and that she was to be educated and taught to sing, all at the expense of the government.

Frau Lind gave her consent very unwillingly, but it was a great matter that the child should be provided for, and there seemed nothing else to be done.

So the little gray bird began her training, which was to lead to such a world-wide success. She was scarcely ten years old when she began to act at the Royal Theater, and her acting was almost as full of charm as her singing, so that she might have become a great actress as well as a great singer.

She was taught, of course, many other things besides acting and singing, and did her lessons just like any other little girl. Her sewing was perhaps the thing she did best, for she loved to put in neat, dainty stitches, and worked most exquisitely.

"Madame's stitches never come out," said her maid, when Jenny was grown up.

It might be thought a strange life for a child, and there was much evil around her, but she grew up like a daisy in a garden, white and pure, with gold at the heart of her. Like St. Margaret, she kept herself unspotted from the world, and the purity of her heart put to flight the dragon of evil. The great secret of her success was well expressed by her friend Jules Benedict: "Jenny Lind makes a conscience of her art."

Even when the world began to ring with the fame of this wonderful "nightingale," when kings and queens begged that she would come and sing to them in their palaces, when they "crowned her with flowers and filled her lap with gold," Jenny Lind through it all remained, like the princess in the fairy tale, "as good as gold," unspoiled and simple, "with the manners of a princess, the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel."

PADEREWSKI

By THE EDITORS

PADEREWSKI'S personal appearance was of course the beginning of his American popularity. That flying aureole of silky hair is—or at least was in the early days—more to him in ducats and drawing power than a third hand would be. Once after a recital in Berlin, he left the hall and hailed a cab. The driver called out rather noisily: "Where to?" Before Paderewski had time to reply, one of the crowd of bystanders shouted: "To the barber." Mrs. Paderewski told a Yankee interviewer one day that her husband couldn't act like other men, because "everywhere he goes he is stared at so." The pressman asked: "Why doesn't he get his hair cut?" "Oh, it would make no difference. They would know him, and he would be stared at just as much. Besides," she added, "the public would be disappointed if his hair were short."

Israel Zangwill says there are three reasons why men of genius wear their hair long. "One is, they forget it is growing. The second is that they like it. The third is that it comes cheaper; they wear it long for the same reason that they wear their hats long." Paderewski wears his hair long because it is a valuable asset. His eyes are set so far back that it is difficult to say what they are like, and having no music to read, he often keeps them closed. His face is like the Sphinx: white, placid, clear-cut, and absolutely immobile.

During the rendering of his soul-moving passages, he sits almost impassive. He does not rock upon his seat, nor throw his halo-surrounded head to the rhythm of the music. But undoubtedly the most wonderful thing is his bowing. No young girl after a course at a school of deportment bows half so gracefully as does Paderewski.

Paderewski was born in a little village in Russian Poland in 1860. His father had been a Siberian exile. His musical talent came from his mother. He took his first piano lessons

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IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI

Polish Pianist and Patriot.

when he was six. When he was twelve he went to the Warsaw Conservatory to study; he worked there six years, and then he was made a professor in the institution.

This composer, who earns $100,000 a year, whenever he chooses, was once so poor that it is said his inability to furnish proper nourishment and nursing for his first wife and her baby had much to do with her premature death.

Madame Paderewski confided her child to her friend Mme. Hélène de Rosen, and some years afterward he married the lady who had already become like a mother to the little boy. The child had a spinal trouble, and although the father lavished care and money upon him, he died in his sleep while his father was upon a concert tour in Spain.

Paderewski made his début in 1887 before the critics of Vienna, whom he took by storm, and his career has been one of uninterrupted success ever since. The power of his personality was such in his earlier years, that he often worked his admirers into a frenzy; and scenes were witnessed at his recitals which only Liszt had experienced. For example, at St. James's Hall, London, ladies rushed from their seats to the platform in a struggle to get as near the pianist as possible. They plucked the flowers from their dresses, and held them out to him, over the heads of those who were near.

Paderewski has earned his success. No musician has ever performed more faithful prodigies of practice. In later years, says Cuthbert Hadden, one of his biographers, he practices less, but his daily devotion to the keyboard used to be quite phenomenal. Somebody once asked him *when* he practiced. "Why, always," he replied. "One must always be at it to keep the fingers right and the memory active." Sometimes he would play for fifteen or sixteen hours a day; playing between the courses at meals, while dressing—in fact, whenever a minute could be spared.

Once, in New York, he had to work up eight entirely distinct programmes in as many days, and then he found it a case of seventeen hours daily. Of course, this means that he must practice half through the night. And, indeed, Paderewski's fondness for nocturnal wrestlings with the piano has more

than once proved a custom less appreciated by his fellow hotel guests than it would be by his public audience. At New York, however, he varied the place of "disturbance" by one night selecting the showroom of Messrs. Steinway, the piano makers. On the evening before his first recital, he left his hotel for a stroll about 9.30, and after walking about Union Square, started rapidly off to Steinway Hall, where he hammered away till the watchman let him in. He then went into the principal wareroom, opened the biggest piano he could find, had the gas lighted, and from ten o'clock in the evening he sat there until four the next morning, with the watchman as his "audience." Then he went home, slept for ten hours, and was ready for his recital.

Before every concert he gives, something of this kind goes on in the way of practicing. The night preceding a recital he goes over his programme repeatedly and exhaustively, so that when he has planned out his execution and technique, he is ready for his audience. Even when traveling on the railway he practices.

As a man, Paderewski is wholly lovable. He is generous to a fault. He cannot pass a blind man without giving him alms; and the story has been told how, when at Yport, he used to play on the sands with the children, and delighted in giving them money as well as presents.

The great pianist is an intensely patriotic Pole. Once he began a large subscription to a Polish committee at Posen, whose object was to prevent Prussian Poland from being Germanized, and as a consequence, the Prussian Government forbade the performance of his opera, "Manru." When in Australia, the demand for his autograph was overwhelming, so he decided to charge half-a-crown per autograph, and the money went to the Chopin Memorial Hall at Warsaw.

Paderewski has won the admiration of America by his manly and generous appeals in behalf of martyred Poland and his distressed and suffering fellow-countrymen. He organized the Polish Legion, which sent tens of thousands of soldiers into the allied armies and revived the life of the Polish nation.

MASTERS OF ART

NOTE.—The artists whose lives are selected for study here are chosen, partly at least, because interesting reproductions of their works, with the stories of them, are to be found in the twelfth volume of THE YOUNG FOLKS TREASURY.

RAPHAEL

The Child of Urbino

By LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

IT was in the spring of the year, that a little boy stood looking out of a grated casement into the calm, sunshiny day. He had hazel eyes, and fair hair cut straight above his brows; he wore a little blue tunic with some embroidery about the throat of it, and had in his hand a little round flat cap of the same color. He was Raphael, the seven-year-old son of Signor Giovanni Sanzio.

He was a very happy little boy here in this stately, yet homely and kindly Urbino. He had the dearest old grandfather in all the world; he had a loving mother, and he had a father who was very tender to him, and painted him among the angels of heaven, and was always full of such true love of art that the child breathed it with every breath, as he could breathe the sweetness of a cowslipbell when he held one in his hands up to his nostrils.

Can you not picture to yourself good, shrewd, wise Giovanni Sanzio, with his old father by his side, and his little son running before him, in the holy evening time of a feast day, with the deep church bells swaying over head, and the last sun-rays smiting the frescoed walls, the stone bastions, the blazoned standard on the castle roof, the steep city rocks shelving down into the greenery of cherry orchard and of pear tree?

"Let him alone; he will paint all this some day," said his wise father, who loved to think that his brushes and his colors would pass in time to Raphael, whose hands would be stronger to hold them than his own had been.

No doubt the good folks of Urbino laughed at him often for a little moonstruck dreamer, so many hours did he stand

looking, looking—only looking—as eyes have a right to do that see well and not altogether as others see.

At this time Urbino was growing into fame for its pottery work: those big dishes and bowls, those marriage plates and pharmacy jars which it made, were beginning to rival the products of its neighbor Gubbio, and when its duke wished to send a bridal gift, or a present on other festal occasions, he oftenest chose some service or some rare platter of his own Urbino ware.

Maestro Benedetto

There was a master-potter of the Montefeltro at that time, one Maestro Benedetto Ronconi, who in that day enjoyed the honor of all the duchy, and did things very rare and fine in the Urbino ware. He lived within a stone's throw of Giovanni Sanzio, and was a gray-haired, handsome, somewhat stern and pompous man, now more than middle-aged, who had one beauteous daughter, by name Pacifica. He cherished Pacifica well, but not so well as he cherished the things he wrought—the deep round nuptial plates and oval massive dishes that he painted with Scriptural stories and strange devices, and landscapes such as those he saw around, and flowing scrolls with Latin mottoes in black letters, and which, when thus painted, he consigned with an anxiously beating heart to the trial of the ovens, and which sometimes came forth from the trial all cracked and blurred and marred, and sometimes emerged in triumph and came into his trembling hands iridescent and lovely with those lustrous and opaline hues which we admire in them to this day as the especial glory of majolica.

Maestro Benedetto was an ambitious and vain man, and had had a hard, labored manhood, working at his potter's wheel and painter's brush before Urbino ware was prized in Italy or even in the duchy. Now, indeed, he was esteemed at his due worth, and his work was so also, and he was passably rich, and known as a good artist beyond the Marches.

The house of Maestro Benedetto was a long stone building, with a loggia at the back all over-climbed by hardy rose

trees, and looking on a garden that was more than half an orchard, and in which grew abundantly pear trees, plum trees, and wood strawberries.

The little son of neighbor Sanzio ran in and out this bigger, wider house and garden of Maestro Benedetto at his pleasure, for the maiden Pacifica was always glad to see him, and even the somber master-potter would unbend to him, and show him how to lay the color on to the tremulous, fugitive, unbaked biscuit.

Pacifica was a lovely young woman of some seventeen or eighteen summers; and perhaps Raphael was but remembering her when he painted in his after-years the face of his Madonna di San Sisto. He loved her as he loved everything that was beautiful and every one who was kind; and almost better than his own beloved father's studio, almost better than his dear old grandsire's cheerful little shop, did he love this grave, silent, sweet-smelling sun-pierced, shadowy old house of Maestro Benedetto.

Luca Torelli

Maestro Benedetto had four apprentices or pupils in that time learning to become *figuli*, but the one whom Raphael liked the most (and Pacifica too) was one Luca Torelli, of a village above in the mountains,—a youth with a noble, dark, pensive beauty of his own, and a fearless gait, and a supple, tall, slender figure that would have looked well in the light coat of mail and silken doublet of a man-at-arms.

In sooth, the spirit of Messer Luca was more made for war and its risks and glories than for the wheel and the brush of the bottega; but he had loved Pacifica ever since he had come down one careless holy-day into Urbino, and had bound himself to her father's service in a heedless moment of eagerness to breathe the same air and dwell under the same roof as she did.

He had gained little for his pains; to see her at mass and at meal times, now and then to be allowed to bring water from the well for her or to feed her pigeons, to see her gray gown go down between the orchard trees and catch the sun-

light, to hear the hum of her spinning wheel, the thrum of her viol—this was the uttermost he got of joy in two long years: and how he envied Raphael running along the stone floor of the loggia to leap into her arms, to hang upon her skirts, to pick the summer fruit with her, and sort with her the autumn herbs for drying!

"I love Pacifica!" he would say, with a groan, to Raphael; and Raphael would say, with a smile, "Ah, Luca, so do I!"

"It is not the same thing, my dear," sighed Luca; "I want her for my wife."

"I shall have no wife; I shall marry myself to painting," said Raphael, with a little grave, wise face looking out from under the golden roof of his fair hair. For he was never tired of watching his father painting the saints with their branch of palm on their ground of blue or of gold, or Maestro Benedetto making the dull clay glow with angels' wings and prophets' robes and holy legends told in color.

Now, one day, as Raphael was standing and looking thus at his favorite window in the potter's house, his friend, the handsome, black-browed Luca, who was also standing there, did sigh so deeply and so deplorably that the child was startled from his dreams.

Luca's Despair

"Good Luca, what ails you?" he murmured, winding his arms about the young man's knees.

"Oh, 'Faello!" mourned the apprentice wofully. "Here is such a chance to win the hand of Pacifica if only I had talent—such talent as that Giorgio of Gubbio has! If the good Lord had only gifted me with a master's skill, instead of all this bodily strength and sinew, like a wild hog of the woods, which avails me nothing here!"

"What chance is it?" asked Raphael, "and what is there new about Pacifica? She told me nothing, and I was with her an hour."

"Dear simple one, she knows nothing of it," said Luca, heaving another tremendous sigh from his heart's deepest depths. "You must know that a new order has come in this

very forenoon from the duke; he wishes a dish and a jar of the very finest and firmest majolica to be painted with the story of Esther, and made ready in three months from this date, to then go as his gifts to his cousins of Gonzaga. He has ordered that no cost be spared in the work, but that the painting thereof be of the best that can be produced, and the prize he will give is fifty scudi. Now, Maestro Benedetto, having known some time, it seems, of this order, has had made in readiness several large oval dishes and beautiful big-bellied jars; he gives one of each to each of his pupils,—to myself, to Berengario, to Tito, and to Zenone. The master is sorely distraught that his eyesight permits him not himself to execute the duke's commands; but it is no secret that should one of us be so fortunate as to win the duke's approbation, the painter who does so shall become his partner here and shall have the hand of Pacifica. Now you see, 'Faello mine, why I am so bitterly sad of heart, for I am a good craftsman enough at the wheel and the furnace, and I like not ill the handling and the molding of the clay, but at the painting of the clay I am but a tyro, and Berengario or even the little Zenone will beat me; of that I am sure."

Raphael heard all this in silence, leaning his elbows on his friend's knee, and his chin on the palms of his own hands. He knew that the other pupils were better painters by far than his Luca, though not one of them was such a good-hearted or noble-looking youth, and for none of them did the maiden Pacifica care.

"How long a time is given for the jar and the dish to be ready?" he asked, at length.

"Three months, my dear," said Luca, with a sigh sadder than ever. "But if it were three years, what difference would it make? You cannot cudgel the divine grace of art into a man with blows as you cudgel speed into a mule, and I shall be a dolt at the end of the time, as I am now."

Raphael was very pensive for a while; then he raised his head, and said:

"I have thought of something, Luca. But I do not know whether you will let me try it."

"You angel child! What would your old Luca deny to you? But as for helping me, my dear, put that thought out of your little mind forever, for no one can help me, 'Faello, not the saints themselves, since I was born a dolt!"

Raphael kissed him, and said, "Now listen!"

The Prize

A few days later Signor Benedetto informed his pupils of the duke's command and of his own intentions; he did not pronounce his daughter's name to the youths, but he spoke in terms that were clear enough to assure them that whoever had the good fortune and high merit to gain the duke's choice of his pottery should have the honor of becoming associate in his own famous bottega.

Not much attention was given to maidens' wishes in those times, and no one thought the master-potter either unjust or cruel in thus suiting himself before he suited his daughter. And what made the hearts of all the young men quake and sink the lowest was the fact that Signor Benedetto offered the competition, not only to his own apprentices, but to any native of the duchy of Urbino. For who could tell what hero might not step forth from obscurity and gain the great prize of this fair hand of Pacifica's? And with her hand would go many a broad gold ducat, and heritage of the wide old gray stone house, and many an old jewel and old brocade that were kept there in dusky sweet-smelling cabinets, and also more than one good piece of land, smiling with corn and fruit trees, outside the gates in the lower pastures to the westward.

"Had I been you," Giovanni Sanzio ventured once to say respectfully to Signor Benedetto, " I think I should have picked out for my son-in-law the best youth that I knew, not the best painter; for be it said in all reverence, my friend, the greatest artist is not always the truest man, and by the hearthstone humble virtues have sometimes high claim."

Then Signor Benedetto had set his stern face like a flint, knowing very well what youth Messer Giovanni would have liked to name to him.

"I have need of a good artist in my bottega to keep up its fame," he had said stiffly. "My vision is not what it was, and I should be loath to see Urbino ware fall back, while Pesaro and Gubbio and Castel Durante gain ground every day. Pacifica must pay the penalty, if penalty there be, for being the daughter of a great artist."

Mirthful, keen-witted Sanzio smiled to himself, and went his way in silence; for he did not bow down in homage before the old master-potter's estimation of himself, which was in truth somewhat overweening in its vanity.

"Poor Pacifica!" he thought; "if only my 'Faello were but some decade older!"

In the Attic

Meanwhile, where think you was Raphael? Half the day, or all the day, and every day whenever he could? Where think you was he? Well, in the attic of Luca, before a bowl and a dish almost as big as himself. The attic was a breezy, naked place, underneath the arches supporting the roof of Maestro Benedetto's dwelling. Each pupil had one of these garrets to himself—a rare boon, for which Luca came to be very thankful, for without it he could not have sheltered his angel; and the secret that Raphael had whispered to him that day of the conference had been, "Let *me* try and paint it!"

"Let me try!" said the child a hundred times. He would tell no one, only Luca would know; and if he failed—well, there would only be the spoiled pottery to pay for, and had he not two whole ducats that the duke had given him when the court had come to behold his father's designs for the altar frescoes at San Dominico di Cagli?

So utterly in earnest was he, and so intense and blank was Luca's absolute despair, that the young man had in turn given way to his entreaties. "Never can I do aught," he thought, bitterly, looking at his own clumsy designs. "And sometimes by the help of cherubs the saints work miracles."

"It will be no miracle," said Raphael, hearing him murmur this; "it will be myself, and that which the dear God has put into me."

From that hour Luca let him do what he would, and through all these lovely early summer days the child came and shut himself up in the garret, and studied, and thought, and worked, and knitted his fair brows, and smiled in tranquil satisfaction, according to the mood he was in and the progress of his labors.

Pacifica herself did wonder that he deserted her so perpetually for the garret. But one day when she questioned him, the sweet-faced rogue clung to her and murmured, "Oh, Pacifica, I do want Luca to win you, because he loves you so; and I do love you both!" And she grew pale and answered him, "Ah, dear, if he could!" and then said never a word more but went to her distaff; and Raphael saw great tears fall off her lashes down among the flax.

She thought he went to the attic to watch how Luca painted, and loved him more than ever for that, but knew in the hopelessness of her heart—as Luca also knew it in his—that the good and gallant youth would never be able to create anything that would go as the duke's gifts to the Gongaza of Mantua. And she did care for Luca! She had spoken to him but rarely indeed, yet passing in and out of the same doors, and going to the same church offices, and dwelling always beneath the same roof, he had found means of late for a word, a flower, a serenade. And he was so handsome and so brave, and so gentle, too, and so full of deference. Poor Pacifica cared not in the least whether he could paint or not. He could have made her happy.

In the attic Raphael passed the most anxious hours of all his sunny little life. He would not allow Luca even to look at what he did. He barred the door and worked; when he went away he locked his work up in a wardrobe. The swallows came in and out of the unglazed window, and fluttered all around him; the morning sunbeams came in, too, and made a nimbus round his golden head, like that which his father gilded above the heads of saints. Raphael worked on, not looking off, though clang of trumpet, or fanfare of cymbal often told him there was much going on worth looking at down below. He was only seven years old, but he labored as earnestly as if he were a man grown, his little rosy fingers gripping that

pencil which was to make him in life and death famous as kings are not famous, and let his tender body lie in its last sleep in the Pantheon of Rome.

He had covered hundreds of sheets with designs before he had succeeded in getting embodied the ideas that haunted him. When he had pleased himself at last, he set to work to transfer his imaginations to the clay in color.

Ah, how glad he was now that his father had let him draw from the time he was two years old, and that of late Messer Benedetto had shown him something of the mysteries of painting on biscuit and producing the metallic luster which was the especial glory of the pottery of the duchy!

Homage

Midsummer was come; the three months all but a week had passed by. It was known that every one was ready to compete for the duke's choice.

One afternoon Raphael took Luca by the hand and said to him, "Come."

He led the young man up to the table, beneath the unglazed window, where he had passed so many of these ninety days of the spring and summer.

Luca gave a great cry, and stood gazing, gazing, gazing. Then he fell on his knees and embraced the little feet of the child; it was the first homage that he, whose life became one beautiful song of praise, received from man.

"Dear Luca," he said softly, "do not do that. If it be indeed good, let us thank God."

What his friend saw were the great oval dish and the great jar or vase standing with the sunbeams full upon them, and the brushes and the tools and the colors all strewn around. And they shone with lustrous opaline hues and wondrous flame-like glories and gleaming iridescence, like melted jewels, and there were all manner of graceful symbols and classic designs wrought upon them; and their borders were garlanded with cherubs and flowers, and the landscapes were the tender, homely landscapes round about Urbino; and the moun-

tains had the solemn radiance that the Apennines wore at evening-time; and amid the figures there was one supreme, white-robed, golden-crowned Esther, to whom the child painter had given the face of Pacifica. And this wondrous creation, wrought by a baby's hand, had safely and secretly passed the ordeal of the furnace, and had come forth without spot or flaw.

Luca ceased not from kneeling at the feet of Raphael, as ever since has knelt the world.

"Oh, wondrous boy! Oh, angel sent unto men!" sighed the poor apprentice, as he gazed; and his heart was so full that he burst into tears.

"Let us thank God," said little Raphael again; and he joined his small hands that had wrought this miracle, and said his Laus Domini.

When the precious jar and the great platter were removed to the wardrobe and shut up in safety behind the steel wards of the locker, Luca said timidly, feeling twenty years in age behind the wisdom of this divine child: "But, dearest boy, I do not see how your marvelous and most exquisite accomplishment can advantage me. Even if you would allow it to pass as mine, I could not accept such a thing; it would be a fraud, a shame: not even to win Pacifica could I consent."

"Be not so hasty, good friend," said Raphael. "Wait just a little longer yet and see. I have my own idea. Do trust in me."

"Heaven speaks in you, that I believe," said Luca, humbly.

Raphael answered not, but ran downstairs, and, passing Pacifica, threw his arms about her in more than his usual affectionate caresses.

"Pacifica, be of good heart," he murmured, and would not be questioned, but ran homeward to his mother.

"Can it be that Luca has done well," thought Pacifica; but she feared the child's wishes had outrun his wisdom. He could not be any judge, a child of seven years, even though he were the son of that good and honest painter and poet, Giovanni Sanzio.

Suspense

The next morning was midsummer day. Now, the pottery was all to be placed on this forenoon in the bottega of Signor Benedetto; and the Duke Guidobaldo was then to come and make his choice from among them; and the master-potter, a little because he was a courtier, and more because he liked to affect a mighty indifference and to show he had no favoritism, had declared that he would not himself see the competing works of art until the eyes of the Lord of Montefeltro also fell upon them.

As for Pacifica, she had locked herself in her chamber, alone. The young men were swaggering about, and taunting each other, and boasting. Luca alone sat apart, thrumming an old lute. Giovanni Sanzio, who had ridden home at evening from Citta di Castello, came in from his own house and put his hand on the youth's shoulder.

"I hear the Pesaro men have brought fine things. Take courage, my lad. Maybe we can entreat the duke to dissuade Pacifica's father from this tyrannous disposal of her hand."

Luca shook his head wearily. There would be one beautiful thing there, indeed, he knew; but what use would that be to him?

"The child—the child—" he stammered, and then remembered that he must not disclose Raphael's secret.

"My child?" said Signor Giovanni. "Oh, he will be here; he will be sure to be here; wherever there is a painted thing to be seen, there always, be sure, is Raphael."

Then the good man sauntered within from the loggia, to exchange salutations with Ser Benedetto, who, in a suit of fine crimson with doublet of sad-colored velvet, was standing ready to advance bareheaded into the street as soon as the hoofs of the duke's charger should strike on the stones.

"You must be anxious in your thoughts," said Signor Giovanni to him. "They say a youth from Pesaro brings something fine; if you should find yourself bound to take a stranger into your workroom and your home——"

"If he be a man of genius, he will be welcome," answered Messer Ronconi, pompously. "Be he of Pesaro, or of Fano, or of Castel Durante, I go not back from my word; I keep my word, to my own hindrance even, ever."

"Let us hope it will bring you only joy and triumph here," said his neighbor, who knew him to be an honest man and a true, if over-obstinate and too vain of his own place in Urbino.

"Our lord the duke!" shouted the people standing in the street; and Ser Benedetto walked out with stately tread to receive the honor of his master's visit to his bottega.

Raphael slipped noiselessly up to his father's side, and slid his little hand into Sanzio's.

"You are not surely afraid of our good Guidobaldo!" said his father, with a laugh and some little surprise, for Raphael was very pale, and his lower lip trembled a little.

"No," said the child, simply.

The Exhibit

The young duke and his court came riding down the street, and paused before the old stone house of the master-potter,—splendid gentlemen, though only in their morning apparel, with noble Barbary steeds, fretting under them, and little pages and liveried varlets about their steps.

Usually, unless he went hunting or on a visit to some noble, Guidobaldo, like his father, walked about Urbino like any one of his citizens; but he knew the pompous and somewhat vainglorious temper of Messer Benedetto, and good-naturedly was willing to humor its harmless vanities. Bowing to the ground, the master-potter led the way, walking backward into his bottega; the courtiers followed their prince; Giovanni Sanzio with his little son and a few other privileged persons went in also at due distance.

At the farther end of the workshop stood the pupils and the artists from Pesaro and other places in the duchy whose works were there in competition. In all there were some ten competitors; poor Luca, who had set his own work on the table with the rest as he was obliged to do, stood hindmost

of all, shrinking back, to hide his misery, into the deepest shadow of the deep-bayed latticed window.

On the narrow deal benches that served as tables on working days to the pottery painters were ranged the dishes and the jars, with a number attached to each—no name to any, because Signor Benedetto was resolute to prove his own absolute disinterestedness in the matter of choice; he wished for the best artist.

Prince Guidobaldo, doffing his plumed cap courteously, walked down the long room and examined each production in its turn. On the whole, the collection made a brave display of majolica, though he was perhaps a little disappointed at the result in each individual case, for he had wanted something out of the common run and absolutely perfect. Still, with fair words he complimented Signor Benedetto on the brave show, and only before the work of poor Luca was he entirely silent, since indeed silence was the greatest kindness he could show to it; the drawing was bold and regular, but the coloring was hopelessly crude, glaring, and ill-disposed.

At last, before a vase and a dish that stood modestly at the very farthest end of the deal bench the duke gave a sudden exclamation of delight, and Signor Benedetto grew crimson with pleasure and surprise, and Giovanni Sanzio pressed a little nearer and tried to see over the shoulders of the gentlemen of the court, feeling sure that something rare and beautiful must have called forth that cry of wonder from the Lord of Montefeltro, and having seen at a glance that for his poor friend Luca there was no sort of hope.

Number Eleven

"This is beyond all comparison," said Guidobaldo, taking the great oval dish up reverently in his hands. "Maestro Benedetto, I do felicitate you that you should possess such a pupil. He will be a glory to our beloved Urbino."

"It is indeed most excellent work, my lord duke," said the master-potter, who was trembling with surprise, and dared not show all the astonishment and emotion that he felt

at the discovery of so exquisite a creation in his bottega. "It must be," he added, for he was a very honest man, "the work of one of the lads of Pesaro or Castel Durante. I have no such craftsman in my workshop. It is beautiful!"

"It is worth its weight in gold!" said the prince, sharing his emotion. "Look, gentlemen—look! Will not the fame of Urbino be borne beyond the Apennines and Alps?"

Thus summoned, the court and the citizens came to look, and averred that truly never in Urbino had they seen such painting on majolica.

"But whose is it?" said Guidobaldo, impatiently, casting his eyes over the gathered group in the background of apprentices and artists. "Maestro Benedetto, I pray you, the name of the artist; I pray you, quick!"

"It is marked number eleven, my lord," answered the master-potter. "Ho, you who reply to that number, stand out and give your name. My lord duke has chosen your work. Ho, there! do you hear me?"

But not one of the group moved. The young men looked from one to another. Who was this nameless rival? There were but ten of themselves.

"Ho, there!" repeated Signor Benedetto, getting angry. "Cannot you find a tongue, I say? Who has wrought this work? Silence is but insolence to his highness and to me!"

Then the child of Sanzio loosened his little hand from his father's hold, and went forward, and stood before the master-potter.

"I painted it," he said, with a pleased smile; "I, Raphael."

Can you not fancy, without telling, the confusion, the wonder, the rapture, the incredulity, the questions, the wild ecstasy of praise, that followed on the discovery of the child artist?

Only the presence of Guidobaldo kept it in anything like decent quietude, and even he, all duke though he was, felt his eyes wet and felt his heart swell; for he himself was childless and for the joy that Giovanni Sanzio felt that day he would have given his patrimony and duchy.

He took a jewel hung on a gold chain from his own breast and threw it over Raphael's shoulders.

"There is your first guerdon," he said; "you will have many, O wondrous child, who shall live when we are dust!"

Raphael, who himself was all the while quite tranquil and unmoved, kissed the duke's hand with sweetest grace, then turned to his own father.

"Is it true I have won my lord duke's prize?"

"Quite true, my angel!" said Giovanni Sanzio, with tremulous voice.

Raphael looked up at Maestro Benedetto.

"Then I claim the hand of Pacifica!"

The Claim

There was a smile on all the faces round, even on the darker countenances of the vanquished painters.

"Oh, would indeed you were of age to be my son by marriage, as you are the son of my heart!" murmured Signor Benedetto. "Dear and marvelous child, you are but jesting, I know. Tell me what it is indeed that you would have. I could deny you nothing; and truly it is you who are my master."

"I am your pupil," said Raphael, with that pretty serious smile of his, his little fingers playing with the ducal jewel. "I could never have painted that majolica yonder had you not taught me the secrets and management of your colors. Now, dear maestro mine, and you, O my lord duke, do hear me! I by the terms of the contest have won the hand of Pacifica and the right of association with Messer Ronconi. I take these rights and I give them over to my dear friend Luca of Fano, because he is the honestest man in all the world, and does honor Signor Benedetto and loves Pacifica as no other can do so well, and Pacifica loves him; and my lord duke will say that thus all will be well."

So with the grave, innocent audacity of a child he spoke —this seven-year-old painter who was greater than any there.

Signor Benedetto stood mute, somber, agitated. Luca had

sprung forward and dropped on one knee; he was as pale as ashes. Raphael looked at him with a smile.

"My lord duke," he said, with his little gentle smile, "you have chosen my work; defend me in my rights."

"Listen to the voice of an angel, my good Benedetto; heaven speaks by him," said Guidobaldo, gravely, laying his hand on the arm of his master-potter.

Harsh Signor Benedetto burst into tears.

"I can refuse him nothing," he said, with a sob. "He will give such glory unto Urbino as never the world hath seen!"

"And call down this fair Pacifica whom Raphael has won," said the sovereign of the duchy, "and I will give her myself as her dower as many gold pieces as we can cram into this famous vase. An honest youth who loves her and whom she loves—what better can you do, Benedetto? Young man, rise up and be happy. An angel has descended on earth this day for you."

But Luca heard not; he was still kneeling at the feet of Raphael, where the world has knelt ever since.

MICHAEL ANGELO

By AMY STEEDMAN

ON the 6th of March, in the year 1474, a special star was shining up in heaven, and down on earth a new-born baby was wailing. Lodovico Buonarroti, the proud father of the wailing atom of humanity, noted the star and most carefully, for he had been watching the sky to see if there was any sign there to foretell the fortune of his son.

"A fated and happy star," said he to himself joyfully, and afterward the wise men, who could tell fortunes by the stars, told him he was right. Not that Lodovico needed that anyone should assure him of the brilliant future that awaited the child. Had he not been born on Sunday, the luckiest of days, and was there not something about the tiny face that almost filled him with wondering awe and reverence? The secrets of heaven seemed still to linger about the baby who had so lately come to earth.

"We will call him Michael Angelo," said his father. It was the most splendid name he could think of, the name of the great warrior archangel, the messenger of God. Surely that name would fit the most glorious destiny that awaited the little one.

Lodovico, who was at that time podesta, or mayor, of Caprese, came of a very ancient and noble family which had won much distinction in the service of Florence. The little new archangel, then, must carry on the family record and help to make their name famous.

So it was with happy stars above and brightest hopes around him that Michael Angelo was born at Caprese, in the Casentino, not far from the holy ground of La Vernia, where the blessed Saint Francis suffered and was so highly blessed.

Michael's Childhood

Very soon after the birth of his son, Lodovico's term of office came to an end and he returned to Florence to take up his abode at the villa of Settignano, three miles from the city. Most of the people living round about the villa were stone-cutters, for there were many stone quarries there, and it was to the wife of one of these stone-cutters that the baby was sent to be nursed.

In the pure fresh mountain air little Michael grew strong both in mind and body, and the first sounds he learned to know were the ringing of the hammer and the working of the chisel in the stone quarries. In after years the great master used to say that if he had any good in him he owed it to the pure fresh mountain air, and that his love of carving came also from the stone-cutter's hut. Those sights and sounds of the quarries sunk deep into the child's heart, like a seed planted in a garden which was to spring up and blossom into a marvelous flower.

As the years went on other children were born to Lodovico, and Michael Angelo did not always seem such a wonderful boy in his father's eyes after all. Indeed he was rather a disappointment when he was old enough to be sent to the school kept by Messere Francesco of Urbino. He was not at all a brilliant scholar, and his progress was slow and quite commonplace. It was even hinted that he was rather a dunce, and he certainly neglected his lessons whenever he possibly could so that he might have more time for drawing. Give him a paper and pencil, and he forgot about everything else.

It was extremely vexing, for his father had set his heart on the boy being a credit to the family. What was the use of this drawing which seemed to be all that Michael cared about? He had no wish that a son of his should be an artist, and meanwhile it was most annoying to find the white-washed walls of the house and terrace scribbled over with all sorts of designs and figures. There was nothing to be done but to whip the boy soundly and see if that would put any sense into his head.

But the whippings did little good after all. Michael only

PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RAPHAEL, 1483–1520.
HOLBEIN, 1498(?)–1543.
DÜRER, 1471–1528.
MICHAEL ANGELO, 1474–1564.
DA VINCI, 1452–1519.
CORREGGIO, 1494–1534.
VERONESE, 1530–1588.

crept back again, sore in body and mind, to his beloved drawings, and seemed to think it was quite worth while to suffer pain for the sake of his work.

No one at home understood why he should be so obstinate and determined, but he had a friend who knew all about it and who was a great help and comfort. How Michael envied his friend Francesco! He was quite a little boy, but he was not obliged to go to school and learn dull lessons, and instead of being whipped when he tried to draw pictures, he spent his whole day at the studio of Messere Ghirlandajo, with nothing to do but to learn all about drawing and painting the livelong day. Every morning Francesco brought to Michael designs borrowed from the master's studio, and these Michael studied and faithfully copied, and every day the desire of his heart to become an artist grew stronger and ever stronger.

At last Lodovico saw that it was no use to scold and whip the boy. His heart was evidently set on becoming a painter, and nothing else would content him. The golden dreams which the father had dreamed over the baby's birth slowly faded into gray disappointment. He decided that there was no chance now of Michael making a splendid fortune in the wool or silk trade, such as he had planned, but that the boy must be allowed to have his way and continue that useless drawing.

Apprenticed

But although Lodovico was disappointed, having so many other children to educate and but little money coming in, still he was determined to do his very best for his son. In all Italy there was no painter to equal Domenico Ghirlandajo, and with him the boy should be placed.

It was rather a surprise to find that after all Michael was not an idler, and that the hours spent over his drawing had not been wasted. It was seldom that a boy was paid any wages during the first year of his apprenticeship, but Messere Ghirlandajo found that Michael's work was so good that it was worth paying for, and it was arranged that he should receive a salary of nearly fifty dollars a year.

Now at last Michael Angelo was free to work with all his might at the thing he loved best, and like a young giant he put his whole mind and strength to his tasks. So well did he work and so wonderful was his talent that Ghirlandajo soon found there was not much left to teach him, and that he could actually make corrections on the master's own sketches.

They were working together one day in the great Chapel of Santa Maria Novella when the master went up silently behind the boy and watched him at work.

"This boy knows more than I do," said the master, amazed at the drawing he saw. It was time Michael should leave the studio.

So the year of his apprenticeship came to an end, and Michael Angelo commenced at once to study sculpture in the new art school opened by Lorenzo the Magnificent in the Garden of the Medici. Francesco was still his friend, and the boys now worked together in great content.

It was all a veritable wonderland for Michael Angelo; he had never dreamed of such treasures of beauty as were gathered together in the school of the Magnificent. Pictures, sculpture, engravings, gems, and enamels had all been collected by Duke Lorenzo, whose great desire was to encourage the love of art. The studio of Messere Ghirlandajo had seemed a haven of joy; here was indeed a paradise.

It was not long before Lorenzo noticed the keen-faced boy working away so silently and diligently. He watched him as he modeled some figures in terra-cotta and was astonished at his masterly touch.

"Terra-cotta is but poor stuff to work on," said Lorenzo; "try instead what thou canst make of this block of marble."

The Faun

There was a marble face of an old faun lying close at hand, and Michael set to work at once to copy it. He had never handled a chisel before and knew nothing about marble, but he never dreamed of saying so. He meant to carve that marble to the best of his ability. Difficulties were only there to be conquered.

So he worked away, forgetting all else but just the faun's face that was hidden in the block of marble. He chipped and he cut away, and as he worked the life seemed to spring out of the stone and an exact copy of the old faun grinned out of its marble prison.

Lorenzo was amazed next day when he returned to see what the boy had made of his piece of marble. It was the most wonderful copy he had ever seen, and it was even better than the original, for Michael had introduced ideas of his own, and had made the laughing mouth a little open to show the teeth and tongue of the faun. Lorenzo noticed this and turned with a smile to the young artist.

"Thou shouldst have remembered that old folks never keep all their teeth, but that some of them are always wanting," he said.

Lorenzo only meant this as a joke, but Michael was too much in earnest to understand jesting. He seized his hammer and struck out several of the teeth at once, never stopping to think if it would spoil his work.

This also pleased Lorenzo greatly, and he saw at once that here was no ordinary boy. There was nothing the Magnificent loved so much as genius, and he at once arranged that Michael Angelo was to be received into the palace and become the companion of Lorenzo's sons.

From that moment fortune began to smile upon the boy of the Medici Garden. Step by step he began to climb the ladder of fame, just as the stars had foretold. As he had seen within his first piece of marble the face of the faun, so he set out now to free with a giant's strength all the wondrous shapes that lay imprisoned in the marble blocks; and thus to-day the world owes some of its most beautiful statuary to the hammer and chisel of the boy who has been so well named Michael Angelo, after the warrior archangel, the Messenger of God.

VELASQUEZ *

By SOPHIE M. COLLMAN

DIEGO sat at his desk, busily at work over his copy-book. But his pen was not following the neat text which the writing master had set at the head of the page, for, sad to say, Diego had forgotten all about his task. He was thinking of the sights he had seen on his way to school this morning, and his faithful pen was trying to record them.

"Diego, Diego Velasquez! What are you about, child!" cried a voice in his ear and a hand reached over and seized the book.

Diego stole a glance at the irate teacher, then he hung his head and murmured: "I forgot."

"You forgot, indeed!" exclaimed the teacher. "Your parents send you to school that you may grow up an accomplished cavalier, and there you sit scratching heads and jugs and other trumpery instead of learning to write. A more trying boy is not to be found in all Seville. And to think of the time I spent getting that copy ready."

Diego's contrition was of no avail, his teacher was too angry even to punish him and at the close of school the master conducted young Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez, as his pupil was called in full, into the presence of his parents and laid the telltale copy-book before them.

Doña Velasquez was deeply grieved to hear that her son had given his teacher cause for complaint, but she could not bear to see his lovely black eyes filled with tears. Don Silva scolded, because discipline must be upheld, although in his heart he thought the sketches charming, but both parents,

* From "Art Talks With Young Folks," by Sophie M. Collman. Published by S. Bacharach, Cincinnati. Used by permission of the publisher.

when they heard that Diego wished to become a painter, immediately gave their consent upon condition that his Latin and writing should not suffer thereby. Diego promised, and as he later became a most accomplished gentleman, he certainly never forgot his part of the bargain.

Life Under Francisco Herrera

Then Diego's father took him to the studio of Francisco Herrera. This painter was a splendid artist and his studio was a lively place.

"Don't be so timid," he would cry to his pupils. "Look, this is the way to go about it," and he would seize a great thick brush and lay on the color in masses, and the picture would appear as if by magic.

Herrera, however, had a violent temper and Diego soon found that he was a very different person from the grammar school teacher.

"Ho, there, you stupid, is that the way to draw a man standing?" he would cry in a fury and fling an oil can or paint bladder at the pupil's head.

"Who ever saw such a color combination? You've been here long enough to know better," he would roar, and beat the offender over the shoulders with anything that came handy.

The pupils, of course, did not like this treatment, and one by one, they left him. Diego Velasquez, too, after a time, felt that he could hardly stand it. Then, one day, he brought home a bruised eye. When his mother saw it and found out about his black and blue shoulders she was indignant and cried:

"Why, I should never allow our little slave lad Juan to be treated thus, let alone my dear Diego," and she would not hear of his going back.

Although young Velasquez no longer liked his master, he still loved art, and another teacher was found for him.

The New Teacher

As a painter Don Pacheco could not compare with Don Herrera, but he was a better teacher. It is true that his pictures generally showed his pupils how not to do it, but his advice was excellent.

"Learn to draw," he would urge them, "learn to draw. Drawing is the life and soul of painting."

At that time bodegones, or scenes from lowly life, were very popular with the artists. Pacheco rather despised these pictures, although he allowed his pupils to paint them for practice.

"Ah, another bodegoncillo!" he would exclaim. "Now that is art that my Juana can understand. Come here, child, and tell us what you see."

Then Juana, the master's little daughter, would run up and take a look. If she could not make out what the people in the picture were doing, or did not feel sure whether the object were a melon or a loaf of bread, or hesitated about naming a utensil, Pacheco would chuckle and cry:

"Aha! there's something wrong with your drawing. My lad, if you *will* paint bodegones, you must be more accurate."

But if Juana would cry out:

"Oh! why there's old Anita, and she is making an omelet and Pedro is watching her"; or, "I know who that is; it's José, the water carrier. His jar looks so cool and misty. Oh, dear, but that nice goblet of water makes me feel thirsty," then her father would smile, for the pictures, "The Omelet" and "The Water Carrier" were by Velasquez, and he knew them to be good, even if they were only bodegones.

Velasquez studied a long time under Pacheco. He grew very fond of his master and still fonder of pretty little Juana; so fond, indeed, that many years later she became his wife. In the meantime the young painter was making a name for himself. His first master had taught him to be bold, his second to be accurate, and a close study of nature taught him the rest. But now he felt that he must visit Madrid. Pacheco

and his friends were always talking about the wonderful pictures in the Royal Galleries and Velasquez was curious to see what they were like. The pictures were indeed wonderful and Madrid a most interesting place, but after a few months Velasquez returned to Seville and was soon as hard at work as ever.

Now it came about one day that King Philip IV was looking at his picture collection in company with the prime minister, Olivares. As they went about among the beautiful paintings, the king grew more and more displeased.

"It seems too bad," he said, at last, "that Spain should have no great artists."

"Yes, your majesty, it certainly is a pity," assented the minister, for it is not polite to contradict a king. "Still, there are some good painters in Spain."

"Good painters, oh, yes," replied the king, "but I said great painters. Look at those Venetians, Titian and Veronese, and that Fleming, Rubens; have we any like them?"

"To be sure not," Olivares made haste to reply. "To be sure not; nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that there is even now in Spain a painter who will one day be as great as any of them."

"Ha!" cried the king, very much interested. "Who is he, and why have I not heard of him?"

"He is called Velasquez and lives in Seville, but he painted a couple of pictures while he was here on a visit."

"Let me see them immediately!" commanded King Philip.

The pictures were sent for and pleased the king so mightily that he declared:

"Diego Velasquez is appointed court painter, and nobody but he shall hereafter paint my portrait."

At Court

Then a messenger bearing the king's commands and a bag of gold was dispatched to Seville, and before long the whole town was acquainted with Diego's good fortune.

When Velasquez came to Madrid he found that he was to

live in the king's palace. The palace was a little world in itself; it had hundreds of rooms and great, long halls, and everyone that belonged to the court was lodged there. King Philip was proud of his painter and came to the studio daily to watch him at his work. Of course the very first task that Velasquez found awaiting him was the king's portrait. His majesty was a good sitter and was willing to pose for three hours at a time, and the oftener Velasquez wanted to paint him, the better he liked it. He kept his promise pretty well, too, for only once did he sit to another painter; that was when the great Rubens came to Spain on a visit. All the rest of King Philip's portraits, and they are many, were painted by Velasquez.

The queen was not so fond of being painted, but she sat for her picture every once in awhile. As to the courtiers and grandees of Spain, they came to the studio in such numbers that Velasquez never could have painted them all if he had not let his pupils help him.

Now it happened one day that King Philip was anxious to examine some sketches which he had seen in the studio, but being at the time surrounded by courtiers, etiquette would not allow him to show his curiosity. The Spanish court was very somber and formal, and the king and queen were considered too majestic to be surprised at anything. Still King Philip was most curious to see those sketches. So he waited until a time when he knew that Velasquez and the pupils had left the studio, then making his escape from his attendants, he tiptoed down the hall until he reached a secret passage which led to the studio.

"How good it feels to be all alone," he thought, as he opened the door. But ha! he was not alone after all, for there stood—what! did his eyes deceive him? Why, it was Admiral Pareja whom he had that very day ordered off to sea!

"What do you mean, sir, by disobeying my orders?" thundered the king. But the admiral answered him never a word and kept on smiling right into his eyes. The king gasped at such audacity, then suddenly burst into laughter as he per-

ceived that he was looking at the admiral's portrait, which was such a masterpiece that he had thought it alive.

The picture of the admiral was indeed fine, but the king thought the portraits of his little son Balthasar Carlos still greater masterpieces. The little prince was just beginning to walk when he first posed for his picture.

"Do look at the dear child," exclaimed the queen, one day. "Isn't he the most perfect little courtier in the world?"

The king looked; there stood the golden-haired baby, arrayed against some court function, in his stiff, embroidered robe and little dress sword. Before him marched his dwarf, tinkling a silver bell as he went along and, with backward glance, watching whether his young master bid fair to follow. The little highness, however, lent no ear to these blandishments, but like a true scion of his royal line, stood, hand on sword and leaning on his staff of command for all the world as though he were giving audience to his subjects.

Balthasar Carlos's Portrait

"Call Velasquez, and let him bring his paints and some canvas," cried the king, after he had gazed upon the scene for a while. Velasquez, used to sudden summons of this kind, came in haste, and hurriedly sketched in the picture even to the plumed hat on the cushion and the deep red curtain behind the prince. Afterward, when he had more time, he made a finished picture from the sketch.

From this time on every interesting happening in the prince's short life was made into a picture. When he learned to ride his new pony all the court came to the riding school to look on and Velasquez portrayed the scene; when, a miniature cavalier, his plumes and sashes waving in the breeze, he galloped along the highway on his fiery little mount, the sight that so delighted his father was caught for us in a picture. Prince Balthasar's uncle sent him a couple of fine hunting dogs and the king, his father, gave him a new gun, for now he must learn to hunt. Then the court tailor made him a dear little costume, just like a grown hunter's, and, thanks

to Velasquez, we know just how the young prince looked, when he went up into the mountains to shoot his first game.

Balthasar Carlos grew older and was to have a wife, so his portrait was painted for the faraway princess, that she might see what he was like. He is in court dress this time and looks every inch a prince, but he does not appear as happy and animated as when he rode his fat pony and carried his first gun. Then Prince Balthasar fell ill of a fever; the doctors tried their best to save him, but their skill was of no avail and in a few days the tomb closed over the bright young prince, who for sixteen years had been the hope of Spain and the sunshine of the gloomy palace.

Long years passed before a childish form again flitted through the long, dim halls, but by and by we find Velasquez once more painting a royal child. Princess Margarita came somewhat late to gladden the hearts of her parents, but the dainty, golden-haired little fairy soon had the whole court at her feet and never was princess petted more than she. To be sure the life of a Spanish princess in those days was very formal. Margarita never played with street children or went about the country as her brother had done; no indeed! She wore a great farthingale that forbade any romping and was always attended by ladies and pages and dwarfs. If she wanted a drink of water a page would run and fetch it in a cup of fragrant, red pottery; placing it on a little golden tray he would present it on his knees to a court lady, who in turn also knelt as she offered it to the princess; she, poor little grandeur, waiting patiently all the while for this ceremony to be gone through with before she might quench her thirst.

"Las Meninas"

Velasquez painted many pictures of this august little lady. One of these is held to be one of his greatest paintings. It is called "Las Meninas," or, "The Maids of Honor," after the two pretty ladies in attendance upon the princess. A peep at this picture is like opening a door into the past, and we see the scene that King Philip and his queen looked upon that

LAS MENINAS

From a Painting by Velasquez.

day about two hundred and fifty years ago. We know that the king and queen are looking on because their faces are reflected in the mirror at the back of the room, and because everybody in the picture, excepting the kneeling maid of honor, is looking in their direction. Velasquez had been painting the royal pair when this interruption occurred, and the king, who wished to keep the impression, ordered the scene to be painted. So the master of ceremonies has been sent to let in more light from the end of the corridor; he is holding the curtain and looking back at the king to hear what he thinks about it. Velasquez, half hidden by the kneeling court lady, is studying the effect in a mirror behind the king and sketching the whole scene—from the maid who is presenting the little red cup on the golden tray, the princess putting out her hand to take it and smiling at her mother all the while, the second maid, saluting the queen, the two attendants further back, the distant master of ceremonies, the ugly dwarfs in the foreground, one of whom is kicking the dog because he ventures to sleep in the presence of royalty, to the master himself, painting at his easel. The king was delighted with this picture and said it lacked but one thing; then taking a brush he painted the red cross of Santiago, the highest honor he could give, across the breast of the master.

REYNOLDS, PAINTER OF CHILDREN

By EFFIE SEACHREST

ACROSS the sea, in Charles Lamb's beloved city, lived a great artist who spent many years of his life painting pictures of beautiful children. This artist, who was called Sir Joshua Reynolds, loved children, although he had none of his own. He loved to paint their bright eyes, pretty golden curls, cunning attitudes and innocent faces.

Sir Joshua lived in a beautiful house in Leicester Square, London. In the square were many lovely houses, for the king's son lived here, in a house that had such a funny name. It was called "Pouting House."

To Sir Joshua Reynolds's home came the great, the wise, and the beautiful to be painted. They even brought their children for this purpose.

One day a princess, a real princess, came to visit Sir Joshua. She brought her little puppy with her and spent many hours playing with him on the lawn. One morning Sir Joshua, who was walking up and down on his veranda, saw, away out under the trees, a slip of a girl playing in the grass. He went nearer, for he loved to watch children in their play, and there, under the trees, was Princess Sophia Mathilda curled up on the grass, with both chubby arms thrown around her puppy. The pretty round face encased in a dear little Dutch cap, her pretty baby foot peeping out from under her dress, and the charming effect of pink and white against the green background was a delight to Sir Joshua, so he hastily made a sketch of the little girl and stored up in his mind the pretty picture. A few days afterward he made a painting of the sketch and called it by the little girl's name.

Another time Sir Joshua painted the likeness of the little Miss Gordon five times in one picture. He painted her look-

ing downward, because her eyelashes were so pretty; looking up, because she had such a pretty throat; sideways, because her features made such a pretty cameo; and looking ahead, because she had an angel face. The five little faces in one picture were all so beautiful that Sir Joshua called his picture "The Heads of Angels."

The little children who visit the National Gallery in London where many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures are hung, stop when they suddenly come upon the angels' heads, clap their little hands, and exclaim, "Aren't they lovely, mamma!" Sometimes when they see Princess Sophia Mathilda they cry for her doggie.

WILLIAM BLAKE

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

WILLIAM BLAKE was born in 1757 in London, of humble parentage, his father being a hosier. Nothing in his ancestry so far known accounts for his peculiar genius, but his father wisely recognized his tastes, and he was taught drawing and engraving, beginning when he was a mere child.

His preparation for his great calling went on all the more smoothly in that he was never sent to school. He began early to prove his aphorism, "The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction," and to govern his life by thought and impulse alone. His father noticing how ill he brooked any kind of authority, and to what great anger he was moved by a blow, resolved to spare him the contest that must needs have arisen between his passionate mood and the narrow pedagogy of the time. He left him to steer his course unaided, and the boy made excellent use of his freedom, reading all that came to hand. Paracelsus, a hero of Blake's later days, has written that "he who would know the book of nature must walk with his feet upon its leaves." Blake began early to fulfill the saying, and to bridge over the gaps in his reading with meditations in the country lanes, and to store his memory with the country sights and sounds that shine and murmur through all his verse.

His father, seeing the imaginative bent of his mind, resolved to make a painter of him; but the boy, hearing how great a premium must be paid for his apprenticeship, said it would be unfair to his brothers and sister, and asked to be set to engraving instead. Accordingly, after three or four years' study at the drawing school of a certain Parr, whose house stood where now King William Street joins the Strand, we find him working with an engraver called Basire.

The Tormentors

He was packed off to Westminster Abbey to draw the monuments, pillars, and the like, and was kept there five years. At first he was greatly annoyed by the Westminster students, who had then the right to stray about the Abbey as they would. The man or boy or genius is very generally hated or scorned by the average man or boy until the day comes for him to charm them into unwilling homage. Until that day he has often to cry with Blake, "Why was I not born with a different face?" for his abstracted ways and his strange interests aroused that hatred of the uncommon which lies deep in the common heart. It is said that if you tie a piece of red cloth to a gull's leg its fellow-gulls will peck it to death. Shelley, tormented by the gull-like animosity of his school-fellows, plunged a pen through the hand of a tormentor. Blake leaned out from a scaffolding where he sat at work and flung a Westminster student from a cornice, whither he had climbed the better to tease him. The boy fell heavily upon the stone floor, and Blake went off and laid a formal complaint before the dean. "The tigers of wrath" vindicated their wisdom, for the students were ever after shut out of the Abbey.

The Love of His Life

In his twentieth year his apprenticeship came to an end, and he began engraving and drawing upon his own account. Now, too, he made the acquaintance of Flaxman and Fuseli, who became his life-long friends, despite one short interruption in the case of the first, brought about by a sudden descent of "the tigers of wrath." At this time also he began courting one Polly, or Clara, Woods, "a lovely little girl," who took walks with him here and there, and then whistled him down the wind.

The impression made upon him by this girl was quite strong enough to have lasted on; for Tatham has recorded how his love for her made him ill, and how he had to be sent

for change of air to the house of the market gardener Boucher, at Richmond, where he met the girl he was to marry.

The market gardener had a pretty, "bright-eyed" daughter, named Catherine, who, whenever her mother asked her whom she would marry, was wont to answer, "I have not yet seen the man." One night she came into the room where her family was sitting, and saw for the first time a newcomer, with young, handsome face and flamelike hair—her own pencil sketch is the authority—and grew upon the moment faint, as the tale has it, from the intuition that she saw her destined husband. She left the room to recover, and upon her return sat by Blake, and heard from his lips the story of his great love for the false beauty, and of her fickleness and his wretchedness. "I pity you from my heart," she cried. "Do you pity me?" he answered; "then I love you for that." Humiliated for his ill-starred love, he was grateful for a little womanly kindness; and from such gratitude, not for the first time upon the earth, sprang a love that lasted until life had passed away.

When Blake had told Catherine Boucher that he loved her, he returned to his work for a year, resolved not to see her until he had put by enough to set up house upon. At the year's end, on August 13, 1782, they were married, and began housekeeping at 23 Green Street, Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square. Mrs. Blake, knowing neither how to read nor write, had to put her mark in the register. In the course of a few years she had profited so well by her husband's teaching that she probably learned to copy out his manuscripts; for there is little doubt that a certain neat and formal handwriting which crops up here and there is hers, and she certainly helped to color his illuminated books. She learned even to see visions beholding upon one occasion a long procession of English kings and queens pass by with silent tread. She had no children, but repaid her husband for the lack of childish voices by a love that knew no limit and a friendship that knew no flaw. In the day she would often take long walks with him, thirty miles at a stretch being no unusual distance, and having dined at a wayside inn, would return under the light of the stars; and often at night, when the presences bade him get up

from his bed and write, she would sit beside him, holding his hand.

The Village of Felpham

In 1800 he left London for the first time. Flaxman had introduced him to a certain Hayley, a popular poet of the day, who poured out long streams of verse, always lucid, always rational, always uninspired. Blake was invited to engrave the illustrations, and to set up house in the neighborhood. At first all went well. The village of Felpham seemed an entirely beautiful place, beloved of God and of the spirits. Blake met all manner of kings and poets and prophets walking in shadowy multitudes on the edge of the sea, "majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of man." Other and more gentle beings appeared likewise. "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral?" said Blake to a lady who sat next him at some gathering at Hayley's or elsewhere. "Never, sir," was the answer. "I have," he replied; "but not before last night. I was writing alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and disappeared."

Richmond, finding his imagination flagging, once sought counsel of Blake, who, turning to his wife, said, "Kate, what do we do when the visions forsake us?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake." The imaginative and reverent mind finds nothing grotesque, but a great significance, in a saying of Blake's reported by Richmond: "I can look at a knot in a piece of wood till I am frightened at it." "Do you work with fear and trembling?" he asked Samuel Palmer. "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Then," said Blake, "you'll do."

His Triumphant End

"On the day of his death," writes a friend who had his account from Mrs. Blake, "he composed songs to his Maker, so sweet to the ear of his Catherine, that, when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, 'My beloved! they are *not mine. No!* They are *not* mine!' He told her they would not be parted; he should always be about her to take care of her." Another account says, "He said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see, and expressed himself happy, hoping for salvation through Jesus Christ. Just before he died his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven." "He made the rafters ring," said Tatham. "The death of a saint," said a poor woman who had come in to help Mrs. Blake.

The wife continued to believe him always with her in the spirit, even calling out to him at times as if he were but a few yards away; but, none the less, fretted herself into the grave, surviving him only two years. No spiritual companionship could make up for the lack of daily communion in the common things of life, for are we not one-half "phantoms of the earth and water"?

Note.—Our readers have no doubt been charmed by many of Blake's "Songs of Innocence," the most famous of which, "The Tiger," is printed in the eleventh volume of *The Treasury*. His wonderful, imaginative drawings should be searched for and studied with pleasure, for they have a majesty and meaning that have not been equaled since Michael Angelo.

HOLMAN HUNT

By MARY E. COLERIDGE

UPON a wintry afternoon in London, in the year 1834, a little boy of six years old was standing on the stairs of a poor artist's house, watching, through a window in the wall, the marvelous deeds of the man within. The man within was painting the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament." Scarlet and gold! Scarlet and gold! He used them up so quickly that he had to grind and prepare more and more. Every time he ground with the muller on the slab a fresh supply of vermilion and chrome yellow, there was a fresh flare up of the conflagration, another outburst of applause from the little boy. Meantime, the artist's wife put the kettle on the fire, and cut bread and butter as if nothing out of the way were going on; and by and by she and the father and their children sat down to tea. It seemed very strange to the little watchman that they could behave in this calm, every-day manner when such wonders were all about them in the room. Presently a porter came from a warehouse in Dyer's Court, Aldermanbury, where dwelt a merchant, Mr. William Hunt; and he took the little boy home to his father.

This little boy had been born on April 2, 1827, in Wood Street, Cheapside, and was christened William Holman at St. Giles's, Cripplegate. From the time that he could hold anything he held a pencil. When he was about four years old he begged for a brush and some paints, and his joy is thus described:

THE PAINT BRUSH

"How I idolized the implements when they were in my possession! The camel-hair pencil, with its translucent quill, rosy-colored silk binding up its delicate hair at the base, all

embedded together as in amber, was an equal joy with the gem-like cakes of paint. I carried them about with me in untiring love. A day or two of this joy had not exhausted it, when, alas, alas, the brush was lost! Search proved to be all in vain. I remember going around and over every track about the house and garden. Waking up from sorrowing sleep, in which my continuing pain had been finally relieved by a dream of the lost treasure lying ensconced in some quiet corner, I hurried to the spot, only to find it vacant.

"The loss was the greater trouble because it was my first terrible secret. That my father should ever forgive me for losing so beautiful an object was to my distracted mind impossible. What could be done? My hair was straight, fine, and of camel brush hue. I cut off pieces to test its fitness for the office of paint-brush, and as I held a little lock I found that it would spread the tints fairly well; but what to do for a handle? Quill pens were too big, and I could not see how they could be neatly shortened. A piece of firewood carefully cut promised to make a more manageable stick. With my utmost skill I shaped this, and with a little length of colored cotton I bound a stubborn sprout of hair upon the splint. I was disconcerted to find that it formed a hollow tube. It seemed perverse of fate to ordain that just in the handle where it was needed to be hollow it should be solid, and that the hair which should be solid would form an empty pipe. Attempts to drill the stick into a tube failed, but there was an expedient for making the tuft fuller. Cutting a cross cleft in the bottom of the wood, I inserted a straight length of hair, which I then rebound with its crimson thread. With gum I managed patiently to bind down loose ends and to give an improving gloss to the whole.

"My fears grew apace, since every hour there was a danger of inquiry for the lost pencil. I summoned up, therefore, an assumption of assurance, trusting that my father would see no difference between my brush and his. I went forward to him, holding the trophy very tenderly lest it should fall to pieces. He turned his eyes, they became bewildered, his usual loving look made a frown from him the more to be dreaded.

I fortified my spirit, saying, 'Thank you very much, father, for your brush.' He took it with 'What's this?' and turned it over. Breathless I sobbed; he burst out laughing, and so brought a torrent of tears to my eyes. He exclaimed, 'Oh, I see, it's my brush, is it?' caught me up and tossed me aloft several times, ending with a scrubbing on my cheek from his close-shaven chin. This was the reception of my first work of art."

The warehouse was a mysterious place full of laughter and talk by day; empty, silent, and vast at night when the master went over it with a bull's-eye lantern. A funny man called Henry Pinchers busied himself with velvet binding on the third floor. The jests of Henry Pinchers were of infinite charm. He had had to take two steps back for every step forward, he declared, one cold morning. "Then how did you get to the warehouse at all?" asked his delighted auditor. "Don't you see, you silly boy, I turned round and walked backward!" said Henry Pinchers.

Other people were not much more clear than he in their answers to questions. Temple Bar was so called "because there was no other name"; and the martyrs were burned at Smithfield "because they were martyrs." Whether the child found more satisfaction at the school to which, soon after, he was sent, does not appear. The lessons from the New Testament read to him there made a deep impression upon his mind, and were remembered in years to come.

Choice of Profession.

The choice of a profession was not left to the last moment in those days. He was but twelve when his father asked him what he would like to be. "A painter!" he said at once; and the sorrowful silence that followed told him what he knew already—that his choice was not looked on with approval.

His father had taken him away from school, and was about to find for him a situation in which he would have to go about with invoices for goods from nine in the morning till eight at night. No time for drawing; no time for painting

in scarlet and gold! The idea did not harmonize with his presentiment of that which had to be. He set about to look for a place for himself, and explained the various qualifications that he possessed in the way of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to the master of a boy-friend who was leaving that gentleman's office. After some friendly chaff as to why he had not thought of enlisting as a grenadier, to which he replied in all good faith, "I really should like your place better," his services were accepted, and his father—amused, and gratified, no doubt, by the master's ready interest in the boy—consented that he should stay.

Spare Moments

The master, Mr. James, drew and painted himself. Far from discouraging his apprentice, he gave him his own box of oil colors with directions how to prepare them; draughtsmanship was studied at a night school for mechanics, and the little salary expended on weekly lessons from a portrait painter who had learned from a pupil of a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

His father, who had permitted this, was displeased, however, to find that on Mr. James's retirement he had time to visit the National Gallery; and once again, to avoid more unendurable subjection, he secured a place at the London Agency of Richard Cobden's Manchester business. Here he sat by himself in a little room that looked out on three blank walls, made entries in a ledger, pondered over the Bible stories heard at school, and the far-away land where they happened, drew pen-and-ink flies on the window with such accurate realism that his employer took out a handkerchief to brush them away, designed patterns for calicoes—taught by an occasional clerk. Here, too, he painted the portrait of an old orange-woman called Hannah, a Jewess, who came into the office and asked him to buy of her; "if only for a handsel to break her ill-luck of the morning."

The portrait was such a good likeness that the employer laughed aloud when he saw it; the fame of the thing spread fast. One night his father told him of this remarkable picture,

adding that he certainly ought to see it; but no sooner had he discovered the artist than he threatened to take him away altogether if stricter discipline were not observed. Hunt was now sixteen; he had borne with the city for four years; if he waited until he came of age it would be too late to think of art as a profession. He took his life into his own hands, and declared that he meant to become a student at the Royal Academy, that he must be allowed to draw at the British Museum that he might qualify himself to pass the entrance examination.

Real Study at Last

He just contrived to make both ends meet by copy and portrait work three days out of the six. He learned more from fellow-students than from masters. The first real instruction came from a pupil of Wilkie's, who told him, as he sat copying "The Blind Fiddler," that Wilkie painted without dead color underneath, and finished each bit in turn like a fresco-painter. He was by nature hasty and impatient, and the city portrait painter had encouraged rather than checked a tendency to handle his tools with loose bravura. He set himself to unlearn these lessons, to work with accurate and humble patience.

The hardest part of the endeavor had yet to come. Twice over he failed to find his name upon the list of those accepted as probationers for the Academy. Another precious year gone! His father appealed to him to give it up. "You are wasting time and energy. You can paint well enough to make friends admire you; but you cannot compete with others, who have genius to begin with, who have received an excellent education. Are you not yourself convinced?" The sense of discouragement was bitter. Six months more he asked for one other trial; if, for the third time, he failed, he would go back to business.

The Visit of Millais

One day, as he stood at work in the Museum, a boy dressed in a velvet tunic and belt, his bright brown hair curling over

a turned-down white collar, darted aside as he went by, gazed attentively at the drawing for a minute or two, and was off again. He knew the boy, for he had seen him take the Gold Medal at the Academy over the head of all the older students. He returned the visit on his way through the Elgin room, where young Millais was at work on the Ulysses. Quickly the younger artist turned round. Hunt himself thus describes the interview:

"'I say, are not you the fellow doing that good drawing in No. XIII room? You ought to be at the Academy.'

"'That is exactly my opinion. But, unfortunately, the Council have twice decided the other way.'

"'You just send the drawing you are doing now, and you'll be in like a shot. You take my word for it; I ought to know; I've been there as a student, you know, five years. I got the first medal last year in the antique, and it's not the first given me, I can tell you. . . . I say, tell me whether you have begun to paint? What? I'm never to tell; it is your deadly secret. Ah! ah! ah! that's a good joke! You'll be drawn and quartered without even being respectably hung by the council of "Forty" if you are known to have painted before completing your full course in the antique. Why, I'm as bad as you, for I've painted a long while. I say, do you ever sell what you do? So do I. I've often got ten pounds, and even double. Do you paint portraits?'

"'Yes,' I said; 'but I'm terribly behind you.'

"'How old are you?' he asked.

"'Well, I'm seventeen,' I replied.

"'I'm only fifteen just struck; but don't you be afraid. Why, there are students of the Academy just fifty and more. There's old Pickering; he once got a picture into the Exhibition, and he quite counts upon making a sensation when he has finished his course; but he is very reluctant to force on his genius. Will you be here to-morrow?'

"'No,' I whispered; 'it's my portrait day, but don't betray me. Good-by.'

"'Don't you be down in the mouth,' he laughed out, as I walked away, more light-hearted than I had been for months."

The Lasting Friendship

At the next examination Hunt passed. "I told you so. I knew you'd soon be in," said Millais, when next they met at the Academy. It was the beginning of one of those rare friendships that make high things possible.

In the room at 83 Gower Street, where Millais painted while his mother sat at her work-table, Holman Hunt was now often to be found.

"They both help me, I can tell you," said Millais, as he stood with one hand on his father's shoulder, and the other on Mrs. Millais's chair. "He's really capital, and does a lot of useful things. Look what a good head he has. I have painted several of the old doctors from him. By making a little alteration in each, and putting on different kinds of beards, he does splendidly. Couldn't be better, could he? And he sits for hands and draperies, too. And as for mamma, she reads to me and finds me subjects. She gets me all I want in the way of dresses and makes them up for me, and searches out difficult questions for me at the British Museum—in the library, you know. She's very clever, I can tell you." He stooped down and rubbed his curly head against her forehead, and then patted the "old daddy," as he called him, on the back. The father was then only about forty-seven.

Co-Workers

The two boys worked hard. They sat up all night long in Millais' studio; they kept themselves awake with coffee; they encouraged one another with talk; when Millais was tired to death of his own picture he worked on Hunt's, and Hunt on his. "Cymon and Iphigenia" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" were sent in to the Academy at eleven o'clock on the last night possible for sending in at all, and next day, in the exuberance of their joyful relief, they accompanied the Chartist procession to Kennington Common—Millais keen to see more of the fray than his companion thought prudent.

One great disappointment, bravely borne by Millais, marked the Academy of that year: "Cymon and Iphigenia" was not hung. Hunt, however, gained an outspoken admirer in the person of an Italian student, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The best picture there!" said he, as he stood before "The Eve of St. Agnes," and he said it loudly too. He did not admire it the less because the subject was taken from Keats, whom he adored.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

"Then you are Pre-Raphaelite!" the other students cried, laughing, when self-willed Hunt quoted Sir Charles Ball to prove that the action of the demoniac boy in Raphael's "Transfiguration" was all wrong. The word was caught up, turned into a challenge, *P* and *R*, two of the mystic initials that were so soon to charm and to enrage London, were formed. The *B* was added at the suggestion of Rossetti, whose love of the mediæval at once required a "Brotherhood." Need it be said that there had to be seven Brothers, and that the Brotherhood was to be kept a secret?

Poverty

That year Hunt's "Rienzi" honorably hung in the large room, pendant to Millais's "Lorenzo and Isabella," made a favorable impression, but was not sold until after the closing of the Academy; and meantime, the landlord seized Hunt's books, furniture, and sketches, and he was obliged to return to his family. As soon as he could he paid the man, who thought he had been "shamming poverty." At one time he was not able to post a letter because he had not even a penny wherewith to buy the stamp; as he threw himself back on a chair, he thrust his hand between the back and the seat, and lo, it came in contact with half-a-crown! When he went to Lambeth to paint the background of "Claudio and Isabella," the man who carried his traps was so much better dressed that the porter was taken for the artist. Still, he was in good heart, and he and Millais, eager to improve the reputation already

gained, were hard at work upon two large works: "Christians Escaping from Persecuting Druids" and "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," when all at once a derisive paragraph appeared in one of the papers, betraying the significance of the three letters, P.R.B., and holding up the new school to ridicule. Munro the sculptor had wormed the secret out of Rossetti, and, after promising not to tell, he had passed it on to a journalist.

The storm of anger which followed was curiously out of proportion to the cause. The Academy sprang to arms; the older artists, and their pupils, waxed furious. They enlisted literature on their side. Dickens joined in the hue and cry. With the honorable exception of *The Spectator,* every single paper attacked the men who had dared to break with tradition.

Ruskin came, flashing, to the rescue a year later, with a letter to *The Times,* in which he declared that since the days of Albert Dürer, there had been nothing in art so earnest or so complete as the pictures of Millais and Holman Hunt.

"Valentine and Sylvia" (the subject taken from Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona") had suffered, in part, from Hunt's distress of mind and the want of means occasioned by the bad conduct of a man whom he trusted; even after Ruskin's letter no one ventured to buy. Nobody came to him for a portrait now. A publisher, who had asked for illustrations of Longfellow, declined to publish them. Debt was staring him in the face, and failure seemed absolute.

"Valentine and Sylvia"

At this crisis of fortune, when he had resolved that he must give up Art and adopt some other line of life—preferably that of a settler in the backwoods—Millais came forward. He had freed himself from personal straits only a week or two earlier; now, with the warm concurrence of his father and mother, he offered to share every penny he had with his friend. His generous will to help overcame all resistance: the money—repaid the following year—was advanced; and the two Brothers went off to Surbiton together, to paint "Ophelia"

and "The Hireling Shepherd." "Valentine and Sylvia" had been retouched and sent to Liverpool, where a prize of $250 was offered for the finest painting.

Never did the two gentlemen, even in their native Verona, provoke more comment than followed their footsteps wherever they appeared in England. Immediately, anonymous insults in letters and papers began again. Week after week went by; there was not a word from the authorities. At last it grew intolerable. The painter turned on his tormentors. He had never seriously expected such distinction for a moment; but he determined to write to the committee, and ask, by way of bitter satire, why the prize had not been awarded to him. Happily, his designs, and a book in which he was interested, kept him up too late to begin that night. Next morning, as he sat at work not far from the house, he heard Millais's voice, "Another letter from Liverpool!" "Valentine and Sylvia" had won the prize; and they gave three cheers for the Council in chorus.

Nocturnal Studies

The happy days of comradeship at the old, ghost-haunted house called Worcester Park Farm glided by all too fast. Millais became intent upon "The Huguenot"; Hunt continued "The Hireling Shepherd" while the sun shone; after dark he threw his strength into "The Light of the World." Whenever the moon was full, although it was so cold that people skated in the daytime, he would work out-of-doors from nine at night until five the next morning. For the most part he enjoyed undisturbed solitude, but now and then a friendly guardian of the public peace came to see what he was about.

"Have you seen other artists painting landscapes about here?" he inquired.

"I can't exactly say as I have at this time o' night," said the policeman.

His nocturnal studies continued to arouse interest even after the return to London. As he was coming back to Chelsea on a 'bus one night the driver entertained him with descriptions of the eccentric persons who lived there, Carlyle among them,

"and I've been told as how he gets his living by teaching people to write." Then he went on confidentially, "But I'll show you another queer cove if you're coming round the corner. You see him well from the 'bus. He's a cove, in the first place, as has a something standing all night at one winder, while he sits down at the other, or stands, and seemingly is a-drawing of it. He doesn't go to bed like other Christians, but stays long after the last 'bus has come in; and, as the perlice tells us, when the clock strikes four, out goes the gas, down comes the genman, opens the street door, runs down Cheyne Walk as hard as he can pelt, and when he gets to the end he turns and runs back again, opens his door, goes in, and nobody sees no more of him."

Pre-Raphaelitism went steadily forward. "The Light of the World" was not yet ready, but the wonderful Academy of 1852 contained "The Hireling Shepherd," Millais's "Ophelia" and "The Huguenot."

The Cry of the East

And now a plan that had been in the artist's mind ever since, as a child, he listened to the words of the New Testament at school, found sudden fulfillment. The cry of the East was in his ears; he would go to the East, and paint a sacred picture there. As on so many other occasions throughout his life, he met with violent opposition. He would lose all that he had gained at such cost and have to begin over again on his return; he would find nothing but overgrown weeds, no beauty that was not tenfold more beautiful in England; he would get Syrian fever and be an invalid for the rest of his days. Ruskin said that he was giving up the real purpose of his life, which was to train a new school of art. What Millais said does not appear. What Millais did was to help in the packing, which had been left to the last minute, so that there was no time for dinner, and to rush to the buffet for any "likely food" that he could find and toss it into the railway carriage after the train had begun to move.

Years Pass By

The years passed by, Rossetti was dead. Millais was dead. Holman Hunt was a blind old man. In London one autumn two little rooms in Leicester Square were crowded with eager thousands, thronging to gaze upon the pictures that, when they first appeared, no one would buy. Outside, the fog often held sway. Within, light shone from every wall, the light of dawn from "May Morning"; the glowing light of noonday from "The Strayed Sheep"; moonlight from "The Ship"; soft starlight from "The Triumph"; the light upon the sea, the downs, the mountains, the faces of men and women in the open field; the light of strange fire; the light of human eyes inspired with hope and purpose; the radiant light of spiritual force.

WILLIAM MORRIS *

WILLIAM MORRIS was a man of many parts. He was poet and organizer, composer and weaver, artist and blacksmith, linguist and woodcarver, orator and printer. And, strange to say, he fused these varied talents into a sane working whole, benefited humanity, and made a fortune for himself and for those associated with him. A business which does not prosper all associated with it grows top-heavy or one-sided.

Morris was born in England in 1834, and there he did his work. But his ideas are to be found in half the homes, shops, schools, churches, and public buildings of America. He was ahead of us, but gradually we are reaching up to him. He preached the gospel of beauty and simplicity—simplicity in houses, in furniture, in decoration, in everything we use—and then he made simple, beautiful, useful things and sold them.

It took us a long time to learn that health and happiness are the result of harmony; that harmony is the result of harmonious surroundings; that there can be no harmonious surroundings where a red carpet, a blue chair, and a yellow wall paper are fighting for first place. So much for William Morris, the teacher. He pointed his finger, and we are ridding our houses of curly-cues and gewgaws—lodging places for dirt and disease. He rescued us from the chromo with its purple cows and the parlor full of plush-covered furniture.

We have had but one William Morris. We may never have another. But we can keep his ideals in mind—aye! and practice them. By so doing we shall benefit ourselves, benefit business, and benefit those whom we serve.

* From "Creeds of Great Men." Used by permission of the International Harvester Company.

His Motto

"Not how cheap, but how good," was the motto of Morris and his three thousand associates. He did not call them workmen, for every associate kept the Morris idea before him. It was his very own, just as our ideals and beliefs belong to us, no matter who started them our way. Thoughts, like measles, are catching.

William Morris held that cheap products make cheap men. After all, the things we value most are the things which give the largest service. His claim was that the duty of the seller is to please the buyer. This claim may be taken two ways; therefore, it should be explained. He argued that a business man's first duty is to educate his customers—educate them up to what is best. Then, instead of dangling before a customer a cheap price, display that which will please by giving satisfaction all the years of its life. To clinch his argument he produced the Morris chair, which has been badly imitated, and the round dining table, which promotes peace by bringing the family closer together. William Morris knew that to keep war out of the home is to keep it out of life.

Morris called himself a socialist. His idea of socialism was to make better men by having them make better articles which command better prices. This is a brand of socialism which also benefits the consumer.

Scratch a really great business man and you will find a humanitarian. It can't be otherwise. The business of business men is to benefit humanity. One can't put in time benefiting his fellow men without having his heart beat close to those fellows. Business men are human, like the rest of us. One of the most human of them all was William Morris—Morris, the versatile—who loved the world which he was leading toward better things.

LORD LEIGHTON

By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON

THE life of Frederic Leighton offers a striking contrast to that of many artists, inasmuch as it was not surrounded by those difficulties which serve but to encourage, and often to inspire, young artists, and bear so important a part in the education of genius.

Leighton's home was one of comfort, and from his earliest days he had from his parents and in his surroundings all the assistance which his artistic power demanded. His career is one of those very rare ones which are favored with early success, and go on from strength to strength until the end.

He was born in 1830, at Scarborough, and his father was a successful physician—a cultured man, well read in the classics, and ready to instruct his son in the learning which had such attractions for him, and which was in later years the mainspring from which Leighton drew his ideals and subjects.

Little of his early life was spent in England, for before he was ten years of age he went abroad with his mother, who was in poor health, and, after staying awhile in Paris, settled down for a time in Italy. Thus early was laid the foundation of that passionate love for Italy which ever characterized Leighton, and found its vent in his constant visits to the country, his eager attention to Italian art, and his enthusiastic regard for the stories, legends, color, and life of that wonderful country.

Early Training

Leighton was from his earliest days a lad of striking appearance, and of more than usually good looks. He was also a ready speaker, and, while not clever with his books in the ordinary sense, and with a very slight knowledge of mathe-

matics, he was a reading, studious lad, being especially fond of the stories of classic literature. He was also a clever sketcher, constantly illustrating in his sketch-book the stories that took his attention, and doing them with a minuteness of detail and a fineness of stroke which were extraordinary in one so young.

His first master in drawing was Signor Meli, in Rome, and he was afterward sent to school in Frankfort. A few years later, when taking lessons in Florence, his ability was so marked and his enthusiasm for the life of an artist so great that the oft-quoted remark was made by Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, to the effect that his father had no choice in the decision as to whether the boy should be made an artist or not, for, said Powers, "he is one already, and may become as eminent as he pleases." This of a lad of but fourteen was a very remarkable utterance, and one which was fully justified by after-events.

The arrangement was a happy one, as his master at the Staedel, Steinle, was just the sort of teacher whom the well-favored and clever boy needed. Under his stern rule the eccentricities of genius and the extravagancies incident to continual praise were curbed and restrained.

After a year at the Staedel, Leighton went to Brussels, studying Wiertz and Gallait, and then on to Paris, into the studios of Ingres and Ary Scheffer, working mainly by himself, without the attention of any regular master, and seeing all the great pictures in those cities and learning from them.

The First Pictures

It was in Paris that he painted his first picture, the very subject of which, "Cimabue Finding Giotto in the Fields of Florence," shows the attention he had given to the subject of Italian art. He had already, in company with his parents, visited Dresden and Berlin, taking lessons in drawing at each place; but his choice was given for Frankfort in these early years, as he had the wisdom to see that it was the harder rule of Steinle that he needed, and so in 1850 back he came to his

old master, and stayed with him for two years, with a short interval which was occupied by a visit to London. In 1852, he went to Rome, where he commenced painting his first great picture, in which again he took an episode from the career of the early painter who had so fascinated him—"Cimabue's Madonna Carried in Procession Through the Streets of Florence."

In Rome he placed himself very much under the guidance of Cornelius, to whom he had been recommended by Steinle. Here he met with Thackeray and showed him the studies for his picture, and then it was that, according to Mr. Rhys, Thackeray turned prophet, and on "returning to London and meeting Millais he prophesied gaily to that ardent Pre-Raphaelite, then marching on from success to success: 'Millais, my boy, I have met in Rome a versatile young dog called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the presidentship.'"

Leighton from the very earliest stage in his career attracted such remarks as this. His genius was so evident, and it was so coupled with a knowledge of his own power and a determination to make his mark, that he impressed those who met him with a very real idea of his ability and the possibilities of his future.

It was not until 1855 that he made his name really known. This he did in triumphant manner by the "Cimabue's Procession" which was commenced in 1852, exhibited at the Academy in 1855, and purchased immediately by Queen Victoria.

He had been working at this picture steadily for some years, and it had attracted considerable attention in Rome while it was in progress, amid the circle of cultivated persons with whom Leighton had speedily become friendly; these comprised such well-known people as the Brownings, Mrs. Kemble, Gibson, and Lord Lyons, who were well qualified to judge of the ability of their young countryman.

When the picture was exhibited it created somewhat of a sensation. It was the work of an artist whose personality was unknown in London; it was his first work seen on the walls of the Academy, and it was very different from the paintings

which were at the time receiving attention. Its great size also challenged attention, and from the fact of its purchaser being the sovereign it could not fail to be considered by the press and the critics.

A Lesson Learned

Fortunately, Ruskin saw it, and not only did he give it considerable attention and space in his notes on the exhibition, but he also pointed out its grave faults in handling, and so taught a much-needed lesson to the young artist, who never repeated the too broad and somewhat rough treatment of the faces, their carelessness and want of finish, and the poverty of their coloring.

Apart from the error in the painting of the faces, the picture was one of vast importance, and for a young and almost unknown artist of twenty-five was a marvelous accomplishment.

Its color scheme was delightful, and the accuracy of its details, and the evident careful study which had been given to the whole conception, delighted not only the great critic, but all who studied the painting. It was a starting-point, and from that moment Leighton never looked back.

The artist's handsome appearance and his ability to hold his own easily in conversation, together with his fondness at that time and ever afterward for the gatherings of society and the company of the great ladies who were its leaders, bid fair to injure him, and he was in danger of becoming a spoiled favorite of fortune; but the announcement of an exhibition to be held in Paris, and to be composed mainly of English pictures, sent him back to his work to complete a scene from Shakespeare, "The Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets," which he sent to the exhibition.

Travels

The next four years were passed mainly on the Continent, the first two very much in Paris, and the remaining two in Italy, varied with occasional visits to London; but it was not until 1860, that Leighton really settled down in London, resid-

ing at 2 Orme Square until he built the famous house to be mentioned later on.

He was friendly with the leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, which at this time was making a great stir in the world of art; but its productions never attracted him to any extent, and plastic form and perfection of grace had much more charm for him than accuracy of treatment for allegorical symbolism.

A capable linguist from his very youth, and one who was accustomed to continental life, to refinement, and to comfort, he was able to take a more extensive view of foreign art than his contemporaries, and this ability, together with an ever-increasing passion for the forms, colors and graces of his beloved Italy, decided the character of his life's work.

His connection with the Royal Academy commenced in 1864, when he was made an Associate, and soon after he commenced that series of travels which had so great an effect upon his later work.

In 1866 he was in Spain, greatly delighted with the wonderful Moorish architecture of Granada, and painting with rare skill the gardens which surrounded that city with all their depth of green foliage.

In the following year he went for the first time to the East, and, once having seen the grand coloring and the exquisite beauty that Egypt was able to afford, visited the Nile over and over again.

The trip in 1868 was a memorable one, as it was made in company with M. de Lesseps and under the protection of the reigning khedive. It was in these visits that he commenced to form his collection of Damascus porcelain tiles, of which in time, attracted by their sumptuous color, he acquired so many that the idea of the Arab Hall which he carried out in his new house began to have shape in his mind.

Arab architecture and Eastern grace always attracted him, and, fortunately, he was able to gratify his tastes to the full and to travel as often as he pleased in the country which so charmed him, returning laden with precious spoil and filled with ideas which he was able to transfer to canvas.

Years of Painting

He became an Academician in 1868 and two years later was one of the first to suggest, and one of the most earnest to support, the establishment of annual Winter Exhibitions of pictures by old masters at Burlington House, and so to initiate the series of exhibitions which have revealed the great wealth of England in the way of fine pictures, and have helped all who love painting to cultivate their taste and to find keen enjoyment every recurring winter in the hitherto deserted galleries of Burlington House.

Then for eight years we have a steady succession of paintings from his hand, many of extreme beauty, and all refined to the utmost extent and growing nearer and nearer to the ideal of work which Leighton had always set before him.

Greek and Latin stories were responsible for most of the subjects; in many cases the source was but little known to the general reader, and had been so little illustrated that it afforded special opportunity for Leighton to exercise the powers of his imagination upon it, and the result was generally poetical and delightful.

As a sculptor, he was first known to the public in 1877, when he exhibited his "Athlete Struggling with a Python." It was then realized that Leighton had been born as a sculptor, and that it was the knowledge which he had of plastic form, the power of rendering in the round the strength of limb or the pose of grace, which enabled him to present in his subject-pictures that solidity of appearance which the figures possess in so marked a degree.

President of the Royal Academy

In 1878 the death took place of Sir Francis Grant, who was President of the Royal Academy, and it was felt that the most fitting man to step into his place was Leighton. He was elected to the chief position in British art on November 13, 1878, and immediately received the honor of knighthood.

From that moment, and for some eighteen years, Sir Fred-

eric Leighton devoted himself, with much self-denying energy, to the affairs of the important body over which he was called to rule. No president ever gave more time and energy to the affairs of the Academy, and no one was more popular with its members and with the public.

At that time, of very striking appearance, and gifted with a melodious voice, easy command of words, and a special grace in phrasing, he was an ideal speaker at its gatherings. His extreme courtesy, great kindness of heart, and unusual urbanity, made him an excellent person to represent the august body on public occasions, and his freedom from domestic cares —for he never married—and his love of society and its gatherings, served but to increase his popularity. How, in the midst of all his public and Academy duties, he found time to carry out so many commissions and to execute so many pictures was always a mystery; but, as his secretary informed the public some time after his death, it was only by the strictest regulation of his time, unfailing punctuality, and unwearied industry, that he did it.

His discourses were prepared with the utmost care and deliberation, based very largely upon his own personal researches, and upon the experience which he was continually gaining in Italy, and they were delivered with a dignified, courteous utterance and pleasing manner which won for their statements the most ready acceptance.

With the students in the schools Leighton was a great favorite, and he took infinite pains, not only to assist them in every way, but to find out and encourage the more promising of their number; while to artist or student alike, upon whom worry or difficulty was pressing, the purse of the president was always open, and only those who were helped in the quiet, unostentatious manner which Sir Frederic adopted can tell of his goodness in that respect.

His speeches at public gatherings were always well prepared and worth attention, and although they were at times just a little too mellifluous and couched in too involved a style, yet they always bore the impress of a cultivated, thoughtful mind, and were marked by refinement, accuracy, and grace.

Honorary Degrees

Honors were showered upon the man who never painted a base or sensual picture, nor even condescended to paint a foolish one. Honorary degrees were given to him by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Durham. He was connected as a member with all the leading academies of the Continent, was a member of at least four foreign orders of chivalry—those of Leopold, of Prussia, of Coburg, and of the Legion of Honor; and of other distinctions of merit he had plenty. His ability was splendidly recognized by his own sovereign, who not only made him a baronet in 1886, but gave him the unique distinction, as an artist, of a peerage of the United Kingdom in 1896. This honor only reached him a few days before his death, and he carried it but for a short month, when the disease which had made such terrible inroads upon his health during the preceding years took him away from the scene of his triumph, and left England the poorer for his loss and the Academy without its noblest painter.

He died on January 25, 1896, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

By AMY STEEDMAN

IN the stories of the childhoods of famous men and women, we seldom find the things we look for and would expect to find there. If we might invent the stories ourselves, they would, in most cases, be very different from the real accounts. But now and again we come across the record of a childhood which fits exactly with our ideas of what it should have been, and the story of the childhood of John Everett Millais is one of these. The famous painter began steadily from his earliest years to tread the road from which his feet never wandered. The golden thread which ran through all his life he grasped while still but a child, and it led him on without break or tangle to the goal of his ambition.

It was at Southampton in England, that John Millais was born on June 9, 1829, but it was at St. Heliers in Jersey that he spent the first happy years of his childhood. St. Heliers was an ideal home for children. Here John and his elder brother William, and their sister Emily, played among the rocks to their hearts' content, catching sand-eels and crabs, poking about in the clear pools, and carrying home all sorts of treasures to fill baths and basins. It was rather a trial to their mother's patience, for she would much rather that the treasures had been left on the shore, and John, who was only four years old, was not a strong child, and she was anxious when he escaped from her care, and went to search for his beloved sea-beasts and sea-weeds. However she soon found that the best way to keep him safe and happy, and out of mischief, was to let him have a pencil and paper on which to draw pictures.

John loved fishing off the pier and hunting in the pools, but he loved drawing pictures best of all. With a pencil and some scraps of paper he was perfectly happy, and he was never

tired of drawing birds and butterflies, and anything else that caught his fancy. Lying flat on the ground, he covered his paper with all sorts of figures and animals, and very soon other people besides his mother began to notice his drawings and to think them extremely clever.

"Mark my words, that boy will be a very great man some day, if he lives," said one of his uncles, after looking at his nephew's work.

John was not a difficult child to manage at home. He was frank and truthful and very affectionate, but he always found it difficult to keep to rules, and it was impossible to drive him by force to do anything he had made up his mind not to do. It was his mother who taught him his lessons and gave him all the help he needed, and only once was the attempt made to send him to school.

That school was certainly not a success, and he had been there only two days when he was sent home in dire disgrace. Some rule had been broken, and the master declared that John should have a thrashing to teach him to keep the rules another time. But John did not see the justice of this, and before the thrashing began he turned round quickly and bit the master's hand. Of course he was sent home at once, and told he need not come back any more after such disgraceful behavior.

Now John ought to have been very unhappy, and perhaps he was a good deal ashamed of that bite, but as far as school was concerned he was overjoyed to hear that he need not go back. To do lessons with his mother was quite a different thing altogether. With her to teach him he loved his lessons, instead of hating them with all his heart. "I owe everything to my mother," he used to say, when his childhood's days were past and he remembered all her love and patience with her little boy.

When John was about six years old there came a delightful and interesting change in his life, for the family went to live at Dinan in Brittany, and the children were charmed with all the new sights and sounds. There were many kinds of new things for John to draw, and greatest of all delights was the sight of the regiments of French soldiers as they marched

through the town on their way to or from Brest. John loved the grand buildings and all the beautiful things his mother pointed out to him, but he was fascinated by those gorgeous French uniforms.

In the Place du Gruxlin there was a bench from which the two boys could watch the roll-call and see the soldiers above the heads of the crowd, and they never failed to be there when they heard the drums beating and the sound of marching feet. John, of course, always had his sketch-books with him, ready to draw all he could see.

The Drum-Major

He was working away one day, anxious to finish the portrait of a very smart drum-major in all the glory of his gold trappings, bearskin, and gold-headed cane, when two of the officers crept up silently behind the bench and stood watching what he was doing. They said nothing until the portrait was finished, and then suddenly clapped him on the back and cried "Bravo!" They were so much astonished at the child's clever drawing that they insisted on tipping him, and then returned with the boy to his home, as they wished to be introduced to his father and mother.

"The child should be sent at once to study in Paris," they declared, feeling sure they had discovered a genius.

The sketch of the drum-major was carried off by them to the barracks and there shown with great pride to the other officers. No one, however, would believe that it could be the work of a child of six, and bets began to be freely taken about it, while one of the two officers started off post-haste to fetch little John to prove their words.

It was very frightening to be carried off by the strange soldier-man and taken to the barracks all alone, and John went in fear and trembling, but as soon as he got there and was given a pencil and a sheet of paper he forgot to be afraid or shy, and began at once to draw a portrait of the colonel smoking a big cigar. It turned out to be a most excellent likeness, and the other officers were so delighted as well as

astonished that they willingly paid their bet, which was the cost of a good dinner.

After two years at Dinan the family returned once more to St. Heliers, and there John began his first lessons in drawing, but his master, Mr. Bessel, soon told the boy's parents that there was nothing more he could teach John, and he advised them to take their little son up to London. It would be wiser to go at once to the president of the Royal Academy, and ask his advice as to what should be done with the young genius.

At the Academy

Now the president of the Royal Academy had often been asked to look at the drawings of promising children, and he was not at all encouraging when John and his parents were shown in, and he heard what they had to say.

"Better make him a chimney-sweep than an artist," he said. He had seen so many young men try to paint pictures who would have been much better employed sweeping chimneys.

However, the great man said he would look at the child's sketches, and he evidently expected to see the usual kind of work, which so often only seems wonderful in the parents' eyes.

But when the sketches were produced and laid before him, he suddenly sat straight up and his eyes grew quite round with astonishment. He looked from the sketches to the little fellow standing there, and seemed to find it impossible to believe that such small childish hands could have produced such masterly work. Would John draw something here and now, he asked, that he might look on and judge?

There was no difficulty about that. John set himself promptly to work and began a drawing of the fight between Hector and Achilles. The president could scarcely believe his own eyes. He was sorry he had talked about chimney-sweeping, and he handsomely apologized. Here was one of the few exceptions to his rule, and he strongly advised the boy's parents to have him trained to be an artist.

So it was settled that John should begin to work at once

PERFECT BLISS

From a Painting by Sir John E. Millais.

to draw from the cast in the British Museum, and after a short time, when he was nine years old, a place was found for him in the Academy of Art, the best school known at that time, kept by Henry Sars, a portrait-painter.

The small boy, with his delicate face, long fair curling hair, holland blouse and turned-down frilled collar, was rather unlike the rest of the art students, and he was an easy victim for the bullying of the bigger boys. His fondness for work, his extreme diligence and wonderful talent were added aggravations to the other pupils, and one big hulking lazy fellow took a special delight in torturing the child.

Little Millais's life was made a burden to him by this big bully, and it only grew worse and worse as time went on. They both had entered the competition for the silver medal of the Society of Arts, and when it was known that John had carried off the prize, although he was only nine years old, his big rival was furious.

The very next day the bully sat in the studio watching like a great spider in a web for the arrival of the small boy, and biding his time until all the other pupils were gone, he seized on the defenseless little boy and began to take his cruel revenge.

In spite of his struggles, Millais was hung head downward out of the window and his legs were fastened securely with scarves and pieces of string to the iron bar of the window-guard. The child very soon became unconscious, and would most likely have died had not some passers-by in the street below noticed the hanging figure, and given the alarm by ringing the street door-bell.

After that the bully was seen no more at the Academy, and Millais was left in peace.

Prize Day

The prize day at the Society of Arts was a red-letter day in the life of John Millais, for he was to receive his silver medal from the hands of his royal highness the Duke of Sussex. Dressed in a "white plaid tunic, with black belt and

buckle; short white frilled trousers showing bare legs, with white socks and patent-leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls," he walked up when the secretary called out his name, "Mr. John Everett Millais."

There was a pause. The duke, who stood behind a high raised desk, saw no one to whom he was to hand the medal, and waited for the prize-winner to appear.

"The gentleman is a long time coming up," he said at last to the secretary.

"He is here, your royal highness," replied the secretary, and looking down over the desk, sure enough the duke saw that the gentleman was standing there, but such a very little gentleman he was, that his golden head did not reach to the level of the top of the desk.

A stool was then brought, and standing upon it the winner of the silver medal could be seen more clearly, and the duke patted his head and wished him every success.

"Remember, if at any time I can be of service to you, you must not hesitate to write and say so," he added, kindly.

That was a lucky promise for John, and it was not very long before he claimed the promised favor. Both he and William were very keen on fishing, and they had fished every year together in the Serpentine and Round Pond, until permission was withdrawn. Then John remembered the duke's promise, and wrote to ask if they might not be allowed to fish there as usual, and the request was granted at once. After that the pleasure was all the greater, for they were the envy of all the other little boys, who were only allowed to look on.

William was only two years older than John, and they always were together as much as possible, although William went to school and John still did his lessons with his mother. Both boys were "mad about art," and "knew every picture in the National Gallery by heart." One of their plays was to make a National Gallery of their own, out of a large deal box, the pictures hung therein being about the size of a visiting-card or a good-sized envelope.

All the old masters were hung there. There were Rembrandts, Titians, Rubens, Turners, etc., all with most gorgeous frames made out of the shining paper of crackers, and all carefully varnished to look like oil paintings.

It was a good thing that little Millais was child enough to play at such games, for in other ways he was so much older than his years, and he was getting on so quickly with his work, that it seemed as if he had already left his childhood behind him. He was only ten when he was admitted to be a student of the Royal Academy, "the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and during his six years there he carried off in turn every honor the Academy had to bestow."

So the golden thread led onward, and the boy never loosed his hold upon it nor strayed into other paths. Little John Millais, "the child" of the Royal Academy, went steadily forward until he became Sir John Millais, its famous president.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

By AMY STEEDMAN

ALL of us know Jean-François Millet from his wonderful pictures. Almost every child has seen at least a copy of his "Gleaners" or "The Angelus," but the story of his childhood is not so well known, though it is the key to much of the beauty which lies hidden in the great painter's work.

On the coast of Normandy, high up on one of those frowning granite cliffs which overhang the sea, the little town of Gruchy is perched like a sea-bird's nest among the gray rocks. It has one long straggling street leading downwards to the shore, for here the cliffs have parted to fold in their cleft a little green valley, where the sheep can be led out to find pasture, and a possible path be found to the beach, where the harvest of seaweed is gathered and drawn up to enrich the fields above.

Looking outward to the sea, through a vista of frowning rocks, there is a gloomy grandeur about the view in front of the town which seems to hold only sad memories of storm and shipwreck, danger and death; but on the other side are pleasant green fields and sunny orchards, which give a homelike, happy air of peaceful content to the place where the hard-working people of Gruchy earn their daily bread.

In one of the strongly built, well-thatched houses of the little town there lived, about a hundred years ago, a peasant farmer called Jean-Louis Millet. Like his father and grandfather before him, he worked in the fields all day and returned at night to the same comfortable old house which was large enough to shelter the three generations which now gathered under its roof. There was the grandmother, who looked after the household and took care of the children, there was Jean-Louis himself, his wife and eight children,

The mothers of Gruchy had little time to look after their children, for, like the men, they were busy at work in the fields all day, and so it was in the house of Jean-Louis Millet that the old grandmother was left in charge of the children and had most to do with their bringing up. She loved them all and cared tenderly for each one of them, but it was the eldest boy she loved best of all. It was in her arms the boy had first been laid, and she it was who carried him to the little gray church and gave him the name of Jean-François; Jean after his father, and François after the saint of Assisi, who is the special protector of those who know poverty and who, working under the open sky, learn to know and love God's creatures and all the wonderful works of His hands.

The stories of saints were all well known to the old grandmother, and indeed she followed not afar off in their footsteps, living her honest, simple, upright life, and teaching little François to see God's hand in all the wonderful things around him, the golden glory of the gorse, the purple of the heather among the gray rocks, the mighty cliffs, the thundering waves that broke on the shore, as well as the piping notes of his "little sisters the birds." And she taught him, too, to dread a wrong action more than death.

"Wake up, my little François," she would say in the early mornings, bending over his bed and waking him gently. "Thou knowest not how long the birds have been singing the glory of God."

There was another inmate of the old house who had a special love for the boy, and that was his great-uncle, the Abbé Charles Millet, a priest who suffered much persecution at the time of the French Revolution, but who was now the parish priest of Gruchy. It was a thrilling tale which François was never tired of hearing, how when the soldiers were hunting him down, this great-uncle had contrived a hiding-place close to his bed, and when the soldiers came unexpectedly one day, he had only just time to disappear before they burst in. The bed he had been sleeping in was still warm, and this the soldiers noticed at once.

But search as they might they could find no other trace

of him, although he heard every word they were saying, and knew in his hiding-place that they were turning the house upside down in their search.

This old man was no idler, and he worked as hard as any other laborer in the fields, stowing away his breviary in his pocket and tucking up his cassock before he set to work. Wherever he went little François trotted by his side, for the old man could not bear the child out of his sight and was never tired of teaching and training him.

There was one day which François never forgot. He had wandered away from his uncle and had climbed down to the seashore, and was enjoying all the delights of fishing for tadpoles when he heard his name called and saw his great-uncle furiously waving to him from the cliff. He obeyed the call at once and climbed up, but the old man had been badly frightened, and as soon as he had the child safe and sound by his side again, his anxiety suddenly turned to anger. He took off his large three-cornered hat and beat François with it soundly and then drove him up to the house, still beating him with the hat as he went.

"Ah! I'll help thee to get home," he cried, with each flapping whack, and as François's legs were short and fat they did not carry him very swiftly, and he spent some painful moments before he reached home.

After that François always regarded the three-cornered hat with distrust, for, as he said years afterward, "I was not of an age to understand a tenderness which showed itself by blows from a hat."

This great-uncle died when François was only seven, but by that time the boy was learning his lessons at school, which he had entered with flying colors some months before. He was a big boy for his age and strongly built, and had been already taught his lessons at home, so that the elder children were rather proud of him when they took him for the first time to school. They boasted themselves of his strength and cleverness, and declared that he would be able to beat any boy of his own age or even older. So of course the first thing they did was to arrange a fight.

There was no boy quite so young as François in the school, but they picked out one a little older, the strongest and most promising they could find, and proceeded to arrange the quarrel. A chip of wood was laid on one boy's shoulder and the other was told, "I bet you don't dare knock that chip off."

Of course no one but a coward could refuse, and equally of course the other boy could not endure such an insult, so as soon as the chip was knocked off the battle began. In this fight François covered himself with glory, to the pride and delight of his supporters, who declared joyfully, "Millet is only six and a half, and he has beaten a boy more than seven years old."

But when it came to lessons François was not quite such a success. He never could learn things by heart, and he was hopelessly dull at sums. Then, too, he had a bad habit of drawing capital letters in his copy-book when he ought to have been learning his lessons, and yet when asked any question he always answered well and sensibly. He was twelve years old when he went to church at Gréville to be confirmed, and the priest there was so much impressed by his intelligent answers that he asked him if he would like to be taught Latin.

"With Latin, my boy," said the priest, "you can become a priest or a doctor."

"No," said François, "I don't wish to be either; I wish to stay with my parents."

"Come all the same," said the priest; "you will learn."

So François learned to read the Bible and Virgil in Latin, and read them over and over again until he knew each word. But there was little time now to give to books, for he was old enough to help his father in the fields, and it was time he learned to mow the grass, make hay, bind the sheaves, thresh and winnow, plow and sow.

Father and Son in the Field

So the father and son worked together at the daily common tasks of the ordinary laborer, but they saw in their work things which few ordinary laborers see. They both loved

everything that was beautiful either in form or color, and nothing to them was commonplace. Years before, when François was a little boy, trotting along by his father's side, his father would stoop and pick a blade of grass and bid his little son look at it.

"See," he said, "how fine that is."

Or he would point to some tree they were passing and say, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful it is, as beautiful as a flower."

One day they had stood together on the cliffs to watch the sunset, and the wonderful pageant of the crimson sky, and the golden glory of the shining sea made François exclaim with delight. But his father stood still and reverently bared his head. "My son, it is God," he said, and François never forgot those words.

It was not until some years afterward that the boy began to try and draw pictures of the things he loved to look at, and it was the old engravings in the Bible that suggested the idea. He had little time for anything but the farm work, and he was quite content to do that thoroughly, to drive his furrow straight and clean, to work with a will in the fields he loved. But at the noonday rest, when the other workers lay sleeping, he took his pencil and made careful drawings of all that he saw from the window, the garden, the trees, and the rocks, and later on the figures he had seen at work or walking down the village street. The wonder and terror of the sea, the tall poplars round the gray church tower, the bent forms of old men, the women at their work, all these things filled his head, and the longing to draw them began to fill his heart.

So it was that Jean-François, the peasant, brought all the wealth of his heart, his love of God and of nature, to the making of Millet the painter, and it was from the golden mine in the heart of the peasant that the painter drew all that was best and most beautiful in his art.

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

J. McNEILL WHISTLER

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

IT was Whistler's desire that the public should look upon the picture of his mother as "An Arrangement in Gray and Black." But for many years the public hardly looked at the picture at all, save to wonder stupidly and to laugh, for it is no easy thing to change the taste of a generation, especially if that change involve a deeper vision of a familiar thing. Strange is it, however, that the mother-picture did not make an immediate appeal, for before all its subtleties of line and color, before all those audacities of technique and composition, which Whistler, the craft-proud painter, delighted in springing upon the world of pictures, it reveals transcendent that simple, sacred thing: the beauty and mystery of motherhood. Perhaps the picture was not shown to the right sort of people. It was shown only to artists and the weary habitués of art galleries.

If that be so, it would not be fair to lay the entire blame of its early neglect at the door of the public. The experts rejected it, after the manner of experts face to face with something strange and strong. Artists and critics all, save a very few, saw no virtue in it. The authorities at the Royal Academy at first refused it wall space at their exhibition in 1872. Only one member of the Academy, Sir William Boxall, pleaded for its admission, and it was eventually hung to prevent the scandal of his resignation. The connoisseurs, as usual, did not know their own stupid business: a Strand art dealer priced it at one hundred pounds; it was exhibited in America and catalogued at twelve hundred dollars in 1884; it was hung at the Salon and received its first honor—a third-class medal. But France made amends by acquiring the masterpiece for the national collection in 1891, and by making Whistler an

officer of the Legion of Honor, and the picture found a home on the walls of the Musée de Luxembourg. Fourteen years afterward, by special decree of President Loubet, Whistler's portrait of his mother returned to England for a brief space to take its rightful place among the master's other great portraits at the Memorial Exhibition of his works arranged by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, of which he was the first president, at the New Gallery.

Painters will always value the portrait as an arrangement in gray and black, and it was because Whistler was a painte that he wished the public to appreciate it in the same way But he painted better than he understood the average man. Indeed, the average man was nothing to him. Whistler did not realize that in making this epic portrait of a mother, even though that mother was the mother who bore him, in limning with infinite art and love this particular arrangement in gray and black, he was trespassing upon common property. I say trespassed deliberately, for he wished to make private that mother-love which is common to all. Certainly it is true that those who look at the portrait have no invitation to pry into the artist's family affairs; but there is small need—for in painting his own love for his own mother, Whistler has interpreted whatever of reverence an old and beloved mother has inspired in any man.

Obviously, then, the portrait being what it is, he could not help telling us something of his own filial affection; but knowing his singularly self-centered character as a painter, and his love of paint as such, one does not wonder that he failed to realize that his portrait admitted the public into the sanctuary. Still less is one surprised that such a man as Whistler might fail to see that by a masterly expression of his own maternal veneration he was symbolizing the mother-worship of all. He has, in short, admitted the world, at one and the same time, into his secret and into its own. We know now that Whistler did not see his mother only as an arrangement in gray and black, fitting though gray and black be for the closing years of a mother's reign; we know now that the arresting intensity of this picture, with its quiet nobleness, was Whistler's psalm

to his mother. Elizabeth and Joseph Pennell, in their "Life of James McNeill Whistler," have given us reverent glimpses of the relationship between mother and son. We can now picture the trim but kindly Puritan lady brooding over the young lives of her sons in America, in Russia, and in England; encouraging Jemmie in his drawing, caring for his unstable health, half-willingly reproving his whims. Jemmie was excitable and delicate, therefore he came under her more intimate care. "I prefer this gentlest of my boys to go with me," she wrote in her diary.

Little glimpses have we also in this diary of the Whistler yet to be, of Whistler the critic and Whistler the scoffer. Once the boys were taken through the czar's palace at Peterhof, and they were shown some pictures by Peter the Great. "There are some fine pictures," writes the mother in her diary, "but Peter's own paintings of the feathered race ought to be most highly prized, though our Jemmie was so saucy as to laugh at them." Did she realize then that "our Jemmie," gentlest of her boys, would live to compile "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies"? But, best of all, we now know that Whistler the *poseur,* that Whistler of the white lock, the dandy—yes, if you will, the coxcomb—was not the whole Whistler, not, indeed, the real Whistler. The portrait tells us that plainly enough; Whistler's portrait of his mother is also a portrait of Whistler. It is a revelation of the boy become man, the boy who, on his tenth birthday, slipped a poem under his mother's plate for a surprise at breakfast. "I shall copy it," she wrote, "that he may be reminded of his happy childhood when perhaps his grateful mother is not with him."

Throughout the whole of his life Whistler showed deep reverence for his mother. He corresponded with her regularly when they were apart, and, when she left Chelsea, where the portrait was painted, for Hastings, where she lived until her death, she was in constant touch with her famous son. He visited her as often as he could, and she followed his sparkling career with deep, if perhaps bewildered, interest. For it must not be forgotten that she was a Puritan, and that she had all the reservations of the quietist temperament. The

life of an artist was not the sort of life she would have chosen for her son, even though she encouraged and admired his gift for drawing when he was a boy, and it may easily be imagined how she marveled at the pranks of Whistler the butterfly with a sting in its tail. But none knew so well as she did that that Whistler was created specially for the outside world. The real Whistler never appeared before the public; the rich inner life of the man who could create the "Arrangement in Gray and Black," the "Carlyle," and the nocturnes, etchings and lithographs, was reserved for the few intimate friends, chief of whom was his mother. Whistler's portrait of his mother is a high comment upon that great friendship.

It is difficult to imagine how any man could fail to see the beauty and the significance of Whistler's portrait of his mother. Indeed there must be very few nowadays who cannot appreciate this masterpiece at its full worth. The thousands of tourists who troop past the original in the Luxembourg Gallery testify to its popularity among a vast and varied number of people who for two decades have ranked it with the Venus de Milo, Notre Dame, and La Sainte Chapelle, and the other popular art treasures of Paris. Yet for a picture to become a "sight" is no sign of the deeper appreciation of art. With the mother, however, it is different; its popularity is due to a finer feeling than idle curiosity. Those who stand before this picture become part of a symphony of feeling which embraces the whole world. They feel instinctively that they are in the presence of a sacred thing, not only motherhood, holy and sacred as that is—for every true mother is a Madonna—but of aged motherhood, of the last phase—the twilight of motherhood, with all its tragic sense of lonely accomplishment. Life itself is tragic and ironic, but the tragedy of life finds its supreme expression in the twilight of motherhood, at that hour when the mother-mind recalls the past and the present—her children, their arrival, their need for her through long, long years, and then, needing her no longer, their departure. In this last lies the irony of motherhood, for a mother never realizes that her children are no longer children.

MASTERS OF LITERATURE

CHARLES LAMB

By THE EDITORS

TWO lonely boys first found each other in the Christ's Hospital School in London over one hundred years ago. Coleridge was two years the elder, and went first to the school; but before very long Charles Lamb, aged seven, came to join him. Lamb was a delicate, timid, nervous boy, with curly black hair and a bad trick of stammering. Coleridge was shy, too, but he could talk very wisely in class, and Lamb listened with open admiration. The school had great cloisters and a stately dining-hall hung with famous portraits. All the boys were dressed alike in blue coats, yellow stockings, and girdles with silver buckles. They were proud of their school, but they did not always enjoy it. On Monday they ate milk and porridge, blue and tasteless, boiled beef on Thursdays, and on Saturday pea soup, coarse and choking.

One sees the two lads strolling along the Thames and lounging about the bridges, or sauntering on Cheapside and Paternoster Row with their noses pressed against the show-windows, especially those of book-stores. They peer into the pastry shops, and after a careful study of the riches in the window, the more fortunate one spends a penny or halfpenny in a judicious bun or a dyspeptic muffin for dinner. They throng the Tower, passing the guards fearlessly on their oft-repeated visits to the crown jewels, or shuddering over the fatal Traitor's Gate, or the stairway where the young princes were buried, or admiring the fine old armor and the splendid arrangement of weapons with flower and vine designs. Many happy days are passed amid these splendors. One often wonders what those homeless wanderers would do on the many rainy half-holidays, without the Tower or the British Museum.

Upon these holidays Charles shared with Coleridge the

home spoils of cold mutton or veal-pie which old Aunt Hetty had smuggled into the school for her boy.

Poor Aunt Hetty used to come hobbling into the play-yard at noon, peering among the noisy horde for her little curly-pate.

"Hello, auntie!" shouted several large boys, "let's see what's in that basket," and they would flock around her, and lift the cover of the bowl containing the coveted morsels, while she would mumble and snarl and strike out with her cane, giving many a sharp rap upon inquiring knuckles.

The ungrateful Charles would sneak shamefacedly up, and hustling the old dame into some quiet corner, hastily gobble all he could cram into his mouth, stuff the rest into his coat-pocket, or tuck it under his gown for future use, striking out at inquisitive groups of boys who tried to follow and tease.

"Why don't you come just before recess, auntie? I would meet you behind that gate; the boys jeer so at thy cane and call me 'mollycoddle'."

Coleridge was graduated at Christ's Hospital, winning for his last term prizes and distinction in both Greek and Latin.

The Friends

Lamb at the close of the term had gained the position of deputy Grecian, and some honors, but he was now a clerk in the South Sea House, where his elder brother had long been employed.

Scarcely had Coleridge returned to the gloomy cloisters before Charles Lamb appeared, to engage his friend to dine with him on the next half-holiday.

"We have moved from the Inner Temple to more c-commodious quarters at 72 Queen Street. Come and d-dedicate our household gods; Mary is p-pining to see you," he stammered, with the same old, comical hitch in his speaking.

"Odds bobs! parson Charley, is this you in clerical black and a hat, with no more coat-tails fluttering round your attenuated shanks?" laughed Coleridge.

"My boy, I have l-left your bookworms behind, and am p-p-promoted to the second floor of yon p-pillared palace, at

fifty pounds per annum. I s-slip in l-like the noonday shadow of the venerable John and reflect s-some of his refulgent glory," he said, looking at the black gaiters buttoned to the knees. "I have not yet achieved those neck-ties that were our boyhood's envy."

On holidays, when Coleridge was not carrying bouquets to his sweetheart, he would walk up the Strand to Cheapside, and on to the South Sea House and wait for Charles, and the two would stroll back, chattering like magpies, and enjoying the bustle of the passing vehicles. My Lady Holland's carriage would dash by, spattering mud upon the young cockneys; and they would have glimpses of Edmund Burke on his way to or from Parliament, and Pitt, the popular premier, whose speeches were known even to Blue-coat lads, would roll by in his coach. But they strolled merrily on, caring more for the hot dinner awaiting them, and for Mary's joyful greeting, than for these statesmen and grandees. Mary was thin and pale in these days, sewing day and night to increase the scanty income. The father was no longer clerk with a snug little salary; but was tottering to feeble old age, and Charles's small salary and Mary's earnings seemed scarcely enough for the family needs. The exquisite neatness of the small house made it very cosy and homelike to the homeless stranger, and he greatly prized these evenings over Shakespeare or Massinger, which were Charles's delight.

A Rare Devotion

Then—suddenly—the mind of this faithful, overtaxed sister gave way one day, and, unconscious of her purpose, she executed an awful deed of madness, which made it necessary to confine her.

Charles visited Mary as often as allowed, and gradually saw the wild light softening in the dark eyes, and the sweet, natural tenderness returning. The recovery was slow, but with it came for a time merciful oblivion of the past.

The combined earnings of Charles and his father were less than two hundred pounds a year, but Charles so arranged

matters that sixty pounds a year was devoted to her support. Others of the family, especially her brother John, opposed Mary's discharge from the asylum; but Charles obtained her release by solemnly promising that he would take care of her.

Although he was engaged to be married to a woman whom he tenderly loved—("for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever . . . ")—he gave up all for Mary's sake, and literally filled her life with his love. He took upon himself, in a moment of agony, a life's duty. First he placed her in a lodging at Hackney, and spent all his Sundays and holidays with her. Then they lived together; he watching the moods that foreshadowed a mad fit, and taking her when needful, a willing patient, to the Hoxton asylum till the fit was over. It was a sad sight to see the brother and sister walking across the fields to the hospital together, when she felt that the trouble was coming on; but through the long period of forty years his love never once failed, and his devotion increased to the very end.

His whole life developed into one of singular kindness and self-sacrifice. He is known to have worn a coat six months longer than he otherwise would have done, in order that he might spare a little money to help some one less fortunate than himself.

Lamb loved old London. He adored the old law libraries and Gothic dining-halls, with their polished oaken tables and benches, shining as mirrors and black almost as ebony. He reveled in the stately solemnity of the old Temple Church, with its dome and circled pillars, where lie the remains of barristers, Crusaders and Knights Templars, with records on their brass effigies reaching back to the Middle Ages. He loved the quiet, secluded gardens whose trees and flowers and velvet turf are such a contrast to the grim, dark surroundings; and like many others, in this dear old spot, he liked to stop at Goldsmith's tomb, just outside the church, and ponder upon he gentle poet who now had the honors and the rewards denied his busy yet pleasure-loving life of poverty and anxiety. The doves and pigeons flocking around the gardens of the Inner and Middle Temple knew Charles Lamb, and hovered

round him for the crumbs he often gave them from his pockets, as he strolled down the walks to the Thames. He loved those flower-bordered walks, and the sight of the spires rising over the river, where the sails, passing and repassing, and the turrets and towers of the great Tower of London in the blue distance, made beautiful pictures for his eye and fancy.

A Gentle Friend

Here, in the Lambs' rooms in the Temple, many friends gathered of evenings to chat and smoke and play whist, for Charles was becoming a great favorite with a certain set of writers and thinkers. He who gave such reverence to genius and such kindly admiration to all that was worthy, gained the esteem and friendship of men who were earnestly working and becoming known in the literature and politics of the day.

They consulted him about their writings, their dramas and poems; all realized his exquisite taste, and no friend published essay, play, or poem without begging his criticism. Sometimes these gratuitous tasks wearied the clerk who had pored over books and figures all day, and needed his evenings for rest. But he was always ready to lend his aid; to criticize, to encourage—to ridicule, perhaps; but with so tender a thrust, that his severe censure never gave a pang. He used the surgeon's knife with the anæsthetic of humor and gentle satire. The lonely clerk was slowly drawing about him a circle of admirers and life-long friends, which greatly compensated for the sordid poverty and meager comforts of his life.

They all loved the quiet, gentle sister whose whole soul was wrapped up in her brother. Mary welcomed them all with unfeigned pleasure. She had always loved Samuel Coleridge as a younger brother, and she watched the vicissitudes of his life with tender interest. She reverenced the serious Wordsworth, and there was a warm bond between her and Dorothy. Their brothers were their idols, and they never wearied discussing them as other women compare lovers or husbands.

The friends would gather round the whist-table, and cards

and talk would alternate in most free and easy fashion; and Mary would bring in a dish of smoking baked potatoes and a cold joint; or sometimes it was but bread and cheese.

Twofold Darkness

Coleridge had in his weakness fallen under the power of the dangerous drug, opium. Charles and Mary Lamb often watched and entertained him by day and often far into the night, fearing he might open the door to his tempter. They gave him their tenderest care, and felt fully repaid. But the strain reacted upon poor Mary Lamb. She fell into a stupor from which Charles could only rouse her by sudden and almost violent maneuvers. The brother and sister knew what would follow the preliminary attack—that in a few hours she would be unconscious of her friends and surroundings and live in some wild dream of court life or historic scenes. So Mary put on the strait-jacket, which was always kept in readiness, and with sorrowful tears they walked along the New River, and past the pretty town of Islington, to the asylum, where she remained for six weeks.

Charles returned to his home, where Coleridge had already yielded to his tempter, and was lying in the wild-eyed stupor of his opium dreams. For weeks Charles watched his friend, who was paying for the long strain of the previous weeks in misery and sleepless wretchedness.

Faithfully Lamb went to his daily tasks at India House, from wakeful, trying nights with Coleridge, until his own nerves could no longer bear the strain. Reluctantly he let Coleridge return to the miserable garret over the printing-presses of the *Courier* office, and ran off to Cambridge for a short rest in the companionship of his dear friend, Thomas Manning.

Tales from Shakespeare

Strange to say, Mary now became leader in a literary enterprise that was to hold her as well as her brother forever in the memory of children. Partly to keep their minds from

their sorrows and partly to have a task to do together evenings, Mary suggested that they re-write the plays of Shakespeare as prose stories. And so these two lonely, childless people wrote those marvelous, simple "Tales from Shakespeare" that the world's children have been reading ever since.

Brighter Days

Lamb's friend Hazlitt was one day telling fortunes. Being asked of the future of a brilliant young poet of the day, "His recklessness in all things, and his passionate love of boasting needed no seer to foretell his doom," replied Hazlitt.

"Perchance you would t-t-tell my h-h-horoscope, since you are so s-s-sure of your powers?" said Lamb.

Hazlitt's eagle eye rested searchingly upon Lamb's "Titian head" and diminutive figure, and with a smile unusual to his severe face, he said, laying his hand on Lamb's shoulder:

"I would I could prophesy for you all the blessings you deserve, dear Charles Lamb. I do see brighter years in store for you than those of the past."

"Ah, Hazlitt! you are l-like the Delphian Oracles, w-w-wise about the past, and r-r-rather general about the f-f-future. But, for your good wishes, m-m-many thanks!"

And the years did flow more smoothly than of old, to the loving brother and sister. They lived on quietly for six years, in a house over a brazier's shop. Lamb wrote, during these years, many of those exquisite bits of humor and satire which have raised him to a level with the best of England's essayists. His sketches, those "Essays of Elia," were sought by the first magazines of the day, and were noticed favorably by the critics and greatly enjoyed by the public.

He was well paid for his writings; and he stole many an hour from the tiresome desk-work at India House, to pen the quaint fancies that appeal so strongly to one's humor and sympathies. He loved to fill up quiet evenings at home with his writing; but his many friends left him little leisure. He and Mary could never settle down for a cosy home-evening with books and writing, but some friend or friends would drop

in and stay until bed-time, and headache from smoking would prevent further work for that night.

The Resignation

The ceaseless desk-work in the gloomy den, by candle-light, so wore upon Lamb that he determined to send in his resignation to the India House directors, hoping that after his thirty-three years of faithful service he might receive a small pension. He heard nothing from them, as the weeks went by, and feared a mere acceptance of his resignation, without the accompanying enrollment upon their pension list. He dared not tell Mary what he had done, fearing to excite her; but his overwrought nerves were almost as bad for Mary's peace of mind as a share of his uncertainty would have been.

After nearly two months, he came hurrying in one mid-day, with a face so beaming with joy that his appearance at that unusual hour failed to startle her.

"Guess, Polly, what g-g-good news I have b-brought thee," he shouted. "P-p-put on thy thinking-cap and w-w-wish for the best!"

"Is anybody married?" asked Mary.

"N-n-no, Polly, but somebody's divorced, with alimony, from the most tiresome mistress on earth. I've quit India House, with a pension of four hundred and forty-one pounds a year for life, and the half of it for you if I d-d-die first!"

"Charles!" said Mary, with a flush of pleasure lighting her pale cheek, "I cannot believe it!"

"Nor I, Polly. I've hoped for it these two months, and now that it has c-come, I don't know how to b-b-bear it. All holiday you know—time to r-r-read, t-time to write, t-t-time to th-th-think! and money enough to l-l-live on! What nabobs we'll be!"

But with the contrariness of human nature, no sooner had this hoped-for release come than he was like a child with too much cake.

When morning came, there was no duty awaiting him.

The habit of years was suddenly snapped, and the relief caused a revulsion of feeling. He commenced to look back tenderly upon the old busy days that had the coveted evening at their close, and upon the eagerly counted and expected holidays. He wrote to Wordsworth: "Now, when all is holyday, there are no holydays."

The Nut-Brown Maiden

The Lambs had invited a little daughter of Mr. Isola, a teacher of French and Italian at Cambridge, to visit them, and the visitor had stayed with them until such an attachment grew that they decided they could not part with her. So the "pretty, nut-brown maid" became one of the family—the adopted daughter of this bachelor and spinster, who were too full of the milk of human kindness to be forever childless. She accompanied them upon their long walks, and her young life added a zest to their quiet home.

Charles found an interesting occupation in teaching her Latin, and Mary helped her keep up her French, and both gave her of their best stores of knowledge, to fit her for the position of governess, as she grew older. She was a charming girl, and their kindness to her was well repaid by her tender affection for her foster-parents. Emma Isola took a daughter's place in the household duties, and lightened the home cares by her youthful spirits and interests.

In these days of leisure, Lamb's friends were often with him, yet less often than they wished, because of Mary's many illnesses and long interruptions, which, for the time being, shriveled Charles's heart into a suffering void—paralyzed with misery, and dead to friendship. His letters of this period were either invitations to old friends to dine or sup with them, or warnings of a dismantled household, and its suffering need of absolute repose.

During these years, and for the rest of his life, Lamb haunted the British Museum, studying his favorite old dramatists and the musty treasures of the library and records. Almost any day, in the least gloomy corner of the great library,

could be seen the attenuated figure with the fine silvered head and sparkling brown eyes, bent over piles of folios, browsing here and there among them. He always loved to dip and skim through his favorite authors, like a bird in an orchard. His own writings give one pleasure in the same way—a delicious bit here, a fine thought there, a quaint picture or humorous touch, to whet the fancy for new discoveries.

The New Homes

The new house they took at Enfield was a pretty, low cottage with ivy growing over the front, and in the back garden were yew trees and old apple trees and pretty garden flowers —the pinks and larkspurs and sweet-williams that Mary loved. Of course the packing and moving excited poor Mary, and brought on another spell, but after she recovered and they got their old books and furniture into place, it was very homelike.

"I think, Polly, we must just spend the rest of our d-d-days here. This m-m-moving around is such a t-t-tearing up of roots. Mine are b-b-bleeding yet from the wrench. If our dear old New River had not f-f-followed us down, I f-f-fear I could not strike root again."

"Yes, brother, God willing, we will stay here until He calls us away," she answered, laying her hand lovingly upon his shoulder.

"You must go first, you know, Mary," he said, smiling up into her face with that exquisite, tender smile, that so bound his friends to him.

"Yes! I must go first, Charles. What should I do in this world without the kind care that has watched me these thirty years?"

And Dash, the great rollicking dog of Hood's, that summered with the Lambs, looked beseechingly into their faces, as they talked thus earnestly.

Charles and Mary made one more change of residence. They removed to a pleasant cottage at Edmonton, near the pretty church with the square tower with battlemented top. Here, in the low, cosy cottage of Mr. Walden, where they had

choice rooms, the sister and brother played piquet, read, and even studied together, during the intervals between's Mary's spells of insanity. Charles wrote to Wordsworth: "Her illnesses encroach yearly. The last was three months, followed by two of depression most dreadful. I look back upon her earlier attacks with longing—nice little durations of six weeks or so, followed by complete restoration—shocking as they were to me then. In short, half her life she is dead to me, and the other half is made anxious with fears and lookings forward to the next shock. I am three or four miles nearer the great city. I have few friends left there—one or two, though, most beloved. But London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly."

Thus, through all the long weary years of his anxious life, he remained the same London-loving, gentle-hearted cockney. Starting a true, though unorthodox, Christian, Charles Lamb never wavered, never wandered into mazes of unbelief, but held steadily to his God and his Bible, seeing with his wise philosopher's eyes through all the petty shams, right into the heart of men and life. And seeing the shams and masks, he never grew bitter, but humored the delusions, and found the disguised princes beneath their masquerades, smiling always at the paint and powder and the make-believes, honoring them, sometimes, as the mere cloak of self-respect, worn to hide the tatters of poverty.

Coleridge's Death

Because of their frequent illnesses, Charles and Mary had not seen much of Coleridge during the past year. They had corresponded and sent books to one another, but had seldom met. Lamb, suffering with colds, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and the many ills of increasing age, did not know how rapidly Coleridge was failing. And Coleridge, during the restless days and wakeful nights, longed for those dear friends of his heart. Hunting among his books for a rare old copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, with his marginal notes like his own personal chats all through, he wrote on the fly-leaf:

"Midnight. God bless you, dear Charles Lamb. I am dying. I feel I have not many weeks left, in Gillman's, Highgate.—Yours, S. T. C."

Another hand had added: "Died July 25, 1834."

Under his pillow was found, written with feeble hand:

"Stop, Christian passer-by—stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find *life in death,*
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same.
"S. T. C."

To one loving heart the news of Coleridge's death came as a knell that kept repeating its monotone in his ears: "Coleridge is dead! Coleridge is dead! His great and dear spirit haunts me. He was my fifty-year old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably can the world see it again."

In the same year, 1834, just a few months later, Charles Lamb also passed onward. Mary lived until 1847.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

By WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

WHO of the millions whom he has amused doesn't love him? A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been spent in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy.

Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him and dies with it in his breast. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns?

Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the tent fires, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Home Life

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose whom we all of us know. The little Oliver was born at Pallas or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, that "sweet Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him.

He had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table, round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest Rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm.

Those who have seen an Irish home in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honor charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlor table—profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty.

The good Charles Goldsmith left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The smallpox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce. Paddy Byrne, the hedge schoolmaster, took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin.

When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-So's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched, and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative—kind Uncle Contarine—took the main charge of little Noll, who went through his school-days righteously doing as little work as he could, robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him.

Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night" when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the "best house" was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith?

That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop; and little Noll made his repartee of

> "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying;
> See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

Loafing

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure. He learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem; and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to Amer-

ica; but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college, he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house. Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the Woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given to him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home.

Then he determined to be a doctor, and Uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If Uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair, and it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on Old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

His Kindly Spirit

Goldsmith's sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather. The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend someone; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court.

He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read

of to his poor neighbor; he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers; he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from jail. When he was a school-usher, he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if *your* picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour."

His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others."

Hard patrons they were and hard work he did; but he did not complain much; if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account, of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore within his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak and full of

love should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault and deprecate the anger of ruffians. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart—"Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more."

Friendships

Dr. Johnson dined one day with Goldsmith at Jack's Coffee House in Dean Street: "Sir," said Johnson, "these steaks are pretty little things, but a man must eat a great many of them before he is satisfied." "Ay, but how many of these would reach to the moon?" said Goldsmith. "To the moon!" echoed Johnson. "That, sir, I fear exceeds your calculation." "Not at all," said Goldsmith. "I think I could tell." "Pray then let us hear." "Why," said Goldsmith slowly, edging as far as possible from Johnson, "one, if it were long enough." "Sir, I have deserved it," gasped Johnson.

For the last half-dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity, and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers, his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn.

The figure of the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck—forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, traveled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton; he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks, and made him happy.

He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton. But there were to be

no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her.

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weakness beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

SWIFT—AND STELLA

By H. E. MARSHALL

JONATHAN SWIFT'S father and mother were very poor, so poor indeed that their friends said it was folly for them to marry. And when after about two years of married life the husband died, he left his young wife burdened with debts and with a little baby girl to keep. It was not until a few months after his father's death that Jonathan was born.

His mother was a brave-hearted, cheerful woman, and although her little son came to her in the midst of such sorrow she no doubt loved him, and his nurse loved him too. Little Jonathan's father and mother were English, but because he was born in Dublin, and because he spent a great deal of his life there, he has sometimes been looked upon as an Irishman.

Jonathan's nurse was also an Englishwoman, and when he was about a year old she was called home to England to a dying friend. She saw that she must go to her friend, but she loved her baby-charge so much that she could not bear to part from him. He had been a sickly child, often ill, but that seemed only to make him dearer to her. She held him in her arms thinking how empty they would feel without their dear burden. She kissed him, jealous at the thought that he might learn to know and love another nurse, and she felt that she could not part with him. Making up her mind that she would not, she wrapped him up warmly and slipped quietly from the house carrying the baby in her arms. She then ran quickly to the boat, crept on board, and was well out on the Irish Sea before it was discovered that she had stolen little Jonathan from his mother. Mrs. Swift was poor, Jonathan was not strong, so the fond and daring nurse was allowed by the mother to keep her little charge until he was nearly four. Thus for three years little Jonathan lived with his nurse at White-

haven, growing strong and brown in the sea air. She looked after him lovingly, and besides feeding and clothing him, taught him so well that Swift tells us himself, though it seems a little hard to believe, that he could spell and could read any chapter in the Bible before he was three.

After Jonathan's return to Ireland his uncle, Godwin Swift, seems to have taken charge of him, and when he was six to have sent him to a good school. His mother, meanwhile, went home to her own people in England, and although mother and son loved each other, they were little together all through life. At fourteen Godwin Swift sent his nephew from school to Trinity College, Dublin. But Swift was by this time old enough to know that he was living on the charity of his uncle and the knowledge was bitter to his proud spirit. Instead of spurring him on, the knowledge weighed him down. He became gloomy, idle, and wild. He afterward said he was a dunce at college and "was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency." But although at first the examiners refused to pass him, he was later, for some reason, given a special degree, granted by favor rather than gained by desert, "in a manner little to his credit," says bitter Swift. Jonathan gave his uncle neither love nor thanks for his schooling. "He gave me the education of a dog," was how he spoke of it years after. Yet he had been sent to the best school in Ireland, and to college later. But perhaps it was not so much the gift as the manner of giving which Swift scorned. We cannot tell.

Secretary to Sir William Temple

Soon after Jonathan left college he went to live in the house of Sir William Temple. Temple was a great man in his day. He had been an ambassador, the friend of kings and princes, and he considered himself something of a scholar. To him Swift acted as a kind of secretary. To a proud man the post of secretary or chaplain in a great house was, in those days, no happy one. It was a position something between that of a servant and a friend, and in it Swift's haughty soul suffered torments. Sir William, no doubt, meant to be kind, but

he was cold and condescending, and not a little pompous and conceited. Swift's fierce pride was ready to fancy insults where none were meant, he resented being "treated like a schoolboy," and during the years he passed in Sir William's house he gathered a store of bitterness against the world in his heart.

But in spite of all his miseries, real or imaginary, Swift had at least one pleasure. Among the many people making up the great household there was a little girl of seven named Esther Johnston. She was a delicate little girl with large eyes and black hair. She and Swift soon grew to be friends. It is pleasant to think of the gloomy, untrained genius throwing off his gloom and bending all his talents to the task of teaching and amusing this little delicate child of seven.

What must have been the sadness and terror of the housekeeper's little daughter, with the curling black ringlets and the sweet, smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Esther Johnston?

With intervals between, Swift remained in Sir William's household for about five years. Here he began to write poetry, but when he showed his poems to Dryden, who was a distant kinsman, he got little encouragement. "Cousin Swift," said the great man, "you will never be a poet." Here was another blow from a hostile world which Swift could never either forget or forgive.

As the years went on Swift found his position grow more and more irksome. At last he began to think of entering the Church as a means of earning an independent livelihood and becoming his own master. And one day, having a quarrel with Sir William, he left his house in a passion and went back to Ireland. Here, after some trouble, he was made a priest and received a little seaside parish worth about a hundred pounds a year.

Swift was now his own master, but he found it dull. He had so few parishioners that it is said he used to go down

SWIFT AND STELLA

From a Painting by Margaret Isabel Dicksee.

to the seashore and skiff stones in order to gather a congregation. For he thought if the people would not come to hear sermons they would come at least to stare at the mad clergyman, and for years he was remembered as the "mad clergyman." And now because he found his freedom dull, and for various other reasons, when Sir William asked him to come back he gladly came. This time he was much happier as a member of Sir William's household than he had been before.

It was now that Swift wrote the two little books which first made him famous. These were "The Battle of the Books" and "A Tale of a Tub."

When Sir William Temple died Swift went back to Ireland and after a little time he once more received a church living there. But here, as before, his parish was very small, so that sometimes he had only his clerk as congregation. Then he would begin the service with "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me," instead of "Dearly beloved brethren," as the Prayer Book has it.

Stella

Sir William had left Swift some money; he had also left some to Esther Johnston, the little girl Swift used to teach. She had grown into a beautiful and witty woman, and now she, too, with a friend, went to Ireland, and for the rest of her life lived there near Swift.

The strange friendship between these two, between Esther Johnston and Swift, is one of the puzzles in Swift's life. That they loved each other, that they were life-long friends, everyone knows. But were they ever married? Were they man and wife? That question remains unanswered.

Esther is the Persian word for star; Stella the Latin. Swift called his girl-friend Stella, and as Stella she has become famous in our literature; for when Swift was away from home he wrote letters to her which we now have under the name of the "Journal to Stella." Here we see the great man in another light. Here he is no longer armed with lightning; his pen is no longer dipped in poison, but in friendly, simple

fashion he tells all that happens to him day by day. He tells what he thinks and what he feels, where and when he dines, when he gets up, and when he goes to bed, all the gossiping details interesting to one who loves us and whom we love. And with it all we get a picture of the times in which he lived, of the politics of the day, of the great men he moved among. Swift always addresses both Stella and her companion, Mistress Dingley, and the letters are everywhere full of tender, childish nonsense. He invented what he called a "little language," using all sorts of quaint and babyish words and strange strings of capital letters: M.D., for instance, meaning my dears; M.E., Madam Elderly, or D.D., Dear Dingley, and so on. Throughout, too, we come on little bits of doggerel rhymes, bad puns, simple jokes, mixed up with scraps of politics, with threatenings of war, with party quarrels, with all kinds of stray fragments of news which bring the life of the times vividly before us. The letters were never meant for anyone but Stella and Mistress Dingley to see, and sometimes when we are reading the affectionate nonsense we feel as if no one ought to have seen it but these two. And yet it gives us one whole side of Swift that we should never have known but for it.

He writes to her morning and night often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, with fond epithets and pretty caresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. "Stay," he writes one morning, "stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed. Let me see. Come and appear, little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning, fresh and fasting?"

Political Life

During the years in which Swift found time to write these playful letters to Stella he was growing into a man of power.

He longed for power, and owned that he was never so happy as when treated like a lord. He longed for wealth, for "wealth," he said, "is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher." And if Swift was displeased at being made only a dean, the Irish people were equally displeased with him as their dean. As he rode through the streets of Dublin to take possession of his deanery, the people threw stones and mud at him and hooted him as he passed. The clergy, too, made his work as dean as hard as possible. But Swift set himself to conquer them, and soon he had his own way even in trifles.

We cannot follow Swift through all his political adventures and writings. In those days the misgovernment of Ireland was terrible, and Swift, although he loved neither Ireland nor the Irish, fought for their rights until, from being hated by them, he became the idol of the people, and those who had thrown mud and stones now cheered him as he passed. Wherever he went he was received with honor; his birthday was kept as a day of rejoicing, and to this day Swift is held in remembrance by Irishmen with gratitude. But even in his hour of triumph Swift was a lonely and discontented man.

Gulliver's Travels

It was now that he published the book upon which his fame most surely rests—"Gulliver's Travels." It is a book which has given pleasure to numberless people ever since. When it was published "Gulliver's Travels" was at once a great success. Ten days after it appeared, two poets wrote to Swift that "the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it."

For nearly twenty years longer Swift lived, then, sad to say, the life of the man who wrote for us these fascinating tales closed in gloom without relief. Stella, his life-long friend, died. That left him forlorn and desolate. Then, as the years passed, darker and darker gloom settled upon his spirit. Disease crept over both mind and body, he was tortured by pain, and when at length the pain left him he sank into torpor.

And so this genius, whom we think of even in his days of power as always alone, passed into a solitude that was deeper still. "Thinking of him," Thackeray said, pityingly, "is like thinking of an empire falling."

He was buried at night in his own cathedral and laid by Stella's side, and over his grave were carved words written by himself which tell the passer-by that Jonathan Swift has gone, "where savage indignation can no longer tear at his heart. Go, wayfarer, and imitate if thou canst, a man who did all a man may do as a valiant champion of liberty."

And yet, and yet the world has forgotten that, and turns back to remember the dark-faced young secretary bending over the fair-haired child, and leading her feet, through books, into the Kingdom of Gold.

AFTERNOON TEA IN WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE

By HAPGOOD MOORE

ON the edge of the little village of Grasmere, in Cumberland, England, there is a small cottage almost hidden behind its trees and hedge. The four-horse coaches that come dashing up and down the dusty road from Keswick to Windermere generally stop at its humble gate and disgorge their passengers for a hurried survey of the tiny house and grounds. It has been my privilege to spend an afternoon there, and I should like to tell you something about this earliest and best-loved home of one of our greatest poets and his charming sister.

The little old lady who unlocks the cottage door was herself a child when Wordsworth was a man in Grasmere, and she seems to take as much pride in the cottage as if it were her own. First, she shows you through a little vestibule into the low living-room, which was also the dining-room of the establishment. Just off this is the bedroom of Dorothy Wordsworth, and behind that is the kitchen. Here the poet's sister kept house for him and entertained his guests, until he brought home his young wife, Mary. Dorothy Wordsworth was as truly a poet as was her brother, although she did not write verses. Two lines which her affectionate brother wrote about her may give a word picture of her delightful character:

> "Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang.
> The thought of her was like a flash of light."

It was interesting to peep into the little pantry off the kitchen, and note that its shelves were filled with appetizing jars of preserves, which the old caretaker had put up herself in order to provide the neighboring hotels. It would be

delightful to carry home one of these jars, and entertain one's guests by making believe that these preserves from Dorothy's pantry were also from her own skilful hands.

Upstairs is the library, a narrow, cosy room with a small fireplace. It was here that the poet loved

> "To sit without emotion, hope or aim,
> In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
> And listen to the flapping of the flame
> Or kettle whispering its faint under-song."

Here he entertained Coleridge on long winter evenings, which lasted sometimes almost until dawn. Here came Sir Humphry Davy, the scientist, and his two other brother poets, De Quincey and Southey. Here also sat Sir Walter Scott and his beautiful wife on the evening after Wordsworth, Scott, and Davy climbed Helvellyn. Adjoining is the poet's own chamber, and two tiny guest-rooms, which were partly fashioned by the poet's own hands, and were first papered by his sister.

But the visitor is in haste to leave these tiny rooms, interesting as they are with their pictures and manuscript, but, after all, mute of real inspiration, in order to step out into the garden which rises up the lower slope of Great Rigg. "Here," said a servant to a visitor who asked to see her master's study, "is his library, but his study is out of doors." This, when Wordsworth bought it, was what he addressed as—

> "Thou little nook of mountain ground,
> Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
> Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
> One side of our old vale with grandeur rare,
> Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
> The loveliest spot that man hath ever found."

As one turns back after climbing a few steps from the cottage, he finds that the ivy has climbed clear to the top of the chimneys, and going a little farther he realizes that when there were no houses between the cottage and the lake, the green fields and the winding path that led to Grasmere made a quiet and pleasant foreground to the poet's home.

The green lawn in some places scarcely covers the natural rock, which still here and there breaks through the short, sweet verdure. The rough stone steps which wander up the hill, were placed here by Wordsworth himself, and John Fisher, his neighbor. Just where the pathway turns is a piece of rock, which the poet Coleridge discovered and worked into a seat. At the top of the hill, under the apple boughs, is a little wooden arbor which has been rebuilt from that which the poet erected. In the midst of the sloping lawn a bright spring rises out of the heart of the rock and wanders softly down the slope. Around this grow the very flowers which the poet's wife and sister planted, and the kindly care-taker gave me a sprig of white heather to bring home, which I love to think had been placed there by Wordsworth or brought to him by Sir Walter Scott from his northern home. These were the very flowers the poet sung. Here he sat and composed his loveliest and his greatest poems. It was here he watched the butterfly and bade her rest her wings upon an orchard branch, and lodge here "as in a sanctuary." It was here that he saw the green linnet, about which he composed one of his sweetest lyrics:

"Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There, where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over."

We must populate this little plat of ground with the famous faces of the past—Dorothy flashing in and out, the three children playing around Wordsworth as he wrote, and among them moving quietly, "her eyes like stars of twilight fair," Mary, "the phantom of delight." Here Coleridge often walked in the moonlight with the poet's sister; and inside, after Wordsworth had moved away to his larger home, weird little De Quincey consumed his nightly potions of laudanum, and wrote "The Confessions of an Opium Eater."

When we returned to the cottage we found the old lady

was about to sit down to afternoon tea, and so she invited us to join her. As she bustled about, the little house began to seem less like a museum and more like a home; and as we sat at the very table at which the poet might have eaten, it was almost easy to think of ourselves as his guests.

The reminiscences of the care-taker were very slight. The poet was a silent body, and few of his neighbors, not even the children, understood him. It is all the more interesting to realize how he has been able to transfigure, not only his modest home, but the whole Cumberland mountain region with his genius, so that he who in life was a most diffident and silent host, now that he is gone, entertains thousands each year in this rocky retreat, and interprets to them beauties which, except for him, the world would never have discovered.

> "Love has he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers have been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Photograph by Mrs. W. B. Forbush.

WORDSWORTH'S GARDEN

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

By HIMSELF

I

POETRY was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of "Imaginary Conversations"; cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

II

On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks and I am ready to depart.

III

On His Eightieth Birthday

To my ninth decade I have totter'd on,
And no soft arms bend now my steps to steady;
She who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

IV

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

THOMAS CARLYLE

By AMY STEEDMAN

THE village of Ecclefechan lies in the low pleasant district of Annandale, about sixteen miles north of Carlisle. It is a quiet, gray little village, clean and orderly, but with a cold "dour" look, not unlike the village folk themselves. There are no gardens or flowers to be seen, only rows of whitewashed cottages, with doorsteps leading on to the cobblestones, and a burn running down the middle of the street.

All those whitewashed cottages with their clean red doorsteps look very much alike, but there is one which rather stands out from the rest, for it is a double house with an archway joining the two parts together. Here it was that on December 4, 1795, Thomas Carlyle was born.

The Carlyles were an old border family, who took their name, it is thought, from the town of Carlisle. In olden days they had been bold border raiders, knights, and soldiers, but time and misfortune had brought them low, and the family which now bore the name had a hard struggle to win their way along.

The old house with the archway had been built by James Carlyle and his brother with their own hands, they having both learned the trade of masons, although in their earlier days they had lived a wild free life, hunting like Indians, tracking down game and making a living out of the hares they caught. For a hare's skin could be sold for sixpence, and its flesh provided them with a good meal, and a good meal counted for a great deal with the hungry lads.

Those days were now left behind, and it was a respectable, fairly well-to-do family that lived at Ecclefechan, and although little Thomas ran about barefooted with the other bairns, and seldom had anything but porridge, milk, and potatoes for his

food, it was a healthy, wholesome life, and there was little to complain of.

His Parents

It was, however, not a cheerful or joyous kind of childhood for Thomas, the eldest boy, or for the six brothers and sisters who followed him. The father, James Carlyle, was a stern, silent man, of whom the children stood greatly in awe. There was no merry chatter, no fun nor telling of idle tales in their father's presence, and there was a silence about the house which made it exceedingly gloomy as well as quiet. No one was expected to talk unless they had something worth saying, and if Thomas chanced to make some childish inaccurate remark, he was frozen by his father's look and his cold "I don't believe thee."

But if his father was a terror to the little silent boy, his mother was all that was loving and tender, and his tongue would go fast enough when he found her alone, always ready to listen, always understanding, and always patient. Perhaps she, too, stood in awe of her stern husband and grew quiet and silent; but although she was as deeply religious as he was, she had a gayer, happier nature, and was full of quiet humor.

"To her care for my body and soul," said Thomas Carlyle in after years, "I owe endless gratitude."

It was she who taught him to read when he was still such a tiny boy that he could not remember when he began, and then when he was five he learned arithmetic with his father and was sent with the other village children to the village school.

Like most of the Carlyles, Thomas had a violent temper, and almost the first thing he remembered distinctly was throwing his little brown stool at his step-brother's head, when he was two years old, and breaking off one of its legs. Sorrow for his badness and grief for his broken stool mingled equally together then.

Sundays

Sundays were very strictly observed in the little Scottish village, and all children of reasonable years were expected to

walk soberly along to the meeting-house, and there to sit as quiet as mice and as wide awake as possible during the long hours of the service and sermon, helped sometimes by the slow sucking of a peppermint. The meeting-house was only a little heather-thatched cottage, not large enough to hold a big congregation, but people walked many miles to hear the minister preach, and on stormy days there was a fine array of dripping plaids hung up to dry inside the door.

Little Thomas never forgot those Sunday sermons in the thatched cottage. Sitting by his mother's side, he watched silently and with deep interest the faces of all the people gathered there, noting especially an eager handsome boy who walked all the way from Annan, and the rugged faces of the older men, full of character, intent and earnest, while the minister, "like an evangelist in modern vesture, thundered out his soul-stirring message."

"That poor temple of my childhood," Carlyle afterward said, "is more sacred to me than the biggest cathedral."

It was one of those old earnest-faced men, "tall, straight, very clean always, brown as mahogany, and with a beard as white as snow," of whom a story is told which shows us what kind of men they were among whom Thomas Carlyle spent his childhood.

This old David Hope had a small farm by the Solway shore, a part of the country where farming was difficult and harvests late. It was always a hard matter to get the harvests in, for often when the rain stopped there followed a furious storm of wind which swept everything before it. Then came a few gleams of sunshine, when the farmer worked with all his might to save as much of the corn as possible.

One day when David's corn was ready and the household was having a hasty breakfast of porridge before beginning to "lead in," a messenger came running to the farm. "Such a ragin' wind has risen as will drive the stacks into the sea if let alone," he panted.

But David was putting on his spectacles to begin family worship, and showed no signs of hurry.

"Wind," he repeated; "wind canna' get ae straw that has been appointed mine. Sit down and let us worship God."

These kind of people set a great value on education for their children, and in most families their greatest ambition was that one at least of the sons should be a "scholar."

The stern silent father of the Carlyle household had secretly watched his boy Thomas, and had come to the conclusion that he was worth educating. The schoolmaster gave a good report of his "figures," and the minister said he was doing well with his Latin, so to the Annan Grammar School Thomas was sent.

At Grammar School

Thomas at ten years old was a shy, thoughtful boy with little liking for rough companions, but with a temper as fierce and hot as when he hurled his stool at his brother's head. Many an anxious hour did his mother spend thinking of that passionate temper of his, and before he left for school she made him promise her that he would never hit back when he received a blow.

It was an unlucky thing for Thomas Carlyle that his mother should have bound him by that promise, for it left him at the mercy of the rough school bullies, and for a long time he was as wretched and unhappy as a boy could be.

He had started for school with such high hopes and splendid ambitions. The whole world seemed flooded with sunshine that Whitsuntide morning when he trotted along by his father's side and entered the main street of Annan as the clock struck eight, eager to begin his school life. As they walked up the road of the little town a small dog rushed past them, mad with terror, having a tin kettle tied to its tail. Thomas was sorry for the dog, but there was no time to set it free. Little did he guess that much the same kind of misery was now awaiting him at the hands of those "human imps," his school-fellows.

He kept his promise to his mother most faithfully, and though he longed with all his heart to give back blow for blow, he steadily refused to fight. This went on for some

time, and any boy who knows what it feels like to be called a coward can well understand what that boy, with his passionate temper, must have suffered.

At last, however, he could stand it no longer. Suddenly one day he turned upon the biggest bully of the school, and all his pent-up rage burst forth, lending his arm such strength that the astonished bully had all the breath knocked out of his body and bore the marks of his thrashing for many a long day. After that life was a little more endurable for Thomas Carlyle, but at best he always talked of his school-days as a wretched and unhappy time.

As far as lessons were concerned Thomas made good use of his opportunities, and he devoured every book he could find. Latin and French he soon learned to read with ease, and he did equally well at arithmetic and algebra. His father was satisfied, and when, at thirteen, Thomas left the grammar school, there was a talk of sending him to the University of Edinburgh.

It was a grave question, not to be settled in a hurry, for it meant many sacrifices for the rest of the family if the university fees were to be paid for Thomas. The neighbors thought the idea a foolish one.

"Educate a boy," said one, "and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents."

Others talked of the risk and the waste of money, and said it was scarcely fair to spend so much on one child when there were all the others to be provided for.

But James Carlyle was not one to be influenced by his neighbors' opinions, and after thinking it well over, he came to the conclusion that little Tom was worth the risk and the sacrifice, and so at the next term the boy set out to begin his university life.

To College on Foot

He was a mere boy not yet fourteen, but in those days young boys entered the university, and Thomas was quite able to take care of himself. He knew very well how much depended upon him and how carefully he must live, and to

begin with, as there was no money for coach hire, he must walk all the way to Edinburgh, nearly a hundred miles, while his clothes, and the two sacks of oatmeal and potatoes, were sent by the carrier.

A boy a few years older than himself was returning on foot to the university, so Thomas was put under his charge.

There were few words spoken at parting, for Thomas was as silent as ever. His father and mother walked with him through the village to set him on his way, but there would be little show of feeling when they bade him good-by. His father's stern eye did not encourage unnecessary farewells, but his mother must have watched him go with an ache in her heart, and no doubt Thomas saw in her loving, tender eyes what she could not put into words.

All the world seemed now to lie before the boy as he walked across the moors, "given up to his bits of reflections, in the silence of the hills," and his mother, as she watched him disappear and turned herself homeward, was "wae" to think of her boy going off alone into the great world of temptation and trial. But she need not have been afraid. The boy's strong character, his hatred for all shams, his love for all that was true and noble and beautiful, protected him in the battle of life as if he had possessed some knightly armor.

Perhaps like most mothers she looked forward to her first-born winning fame and honor, but even she could not have dreamed that the roughly clad village boy, whom she watched disappearing into the morning mist, had already his feet set firmly on the path which was to lead him to such honors and renown as would win him a place among the great men of the earth.

THOMAS CARLYLE

By W. J. DAWSON

TAKING Carlyle for all in all, he is the most representative, and by far the greatest, man of genius of the nineteenth century. He is so far original in style and method that there is no one with whom we can justly compare him. He followed no master, and acknowledged none; his angle of vision on all questions was his own, and what he saw he expressed in a fashion which decorous literary persons of the old order felt to be dazzlingly perverse, startling, eruptive, and even outrageous.

During the first forty years of his life, forty years spent in the desert of the sorest discipline a man could suffer, there was no moment when he might not have instantly improved his position by a little judicious compromise. But all compromise he regarded with scornful anger. He might have entered the church, and his spiritual gifts were vastly in excess of those of thousands who find in the pulpit an honorable opportunity of utterance. He might have obtained a professorship in one or other of the Scottish seats of learning, if he had cared to trim his course to suit the winds and tides of the ordinary conventions. He might at any moment have earned an excellent competence by his pen, if he had consented to modify the ruggedness of his style and the violence of his opinions to the standards of the review editors and their readers. But in either of these courses he recognized a fatal peril to his sincerity. Poor as he was, he would not budge an inch. He would make no hair's breadth advance to meet the world; the world must come over to him, bag and baggage. He acted with implicit obedience on his intuition. He had the prophet's stern simplicity of habit. He cared nothing for

comfort or success; and when at last success came, his Spartan simplicity of life suffered no change.

Those who knew Carlyle most intimately have all recognized the wonderful gift of humor which was his. It was said of him by his friends that when he laughed it was Homeric laughter—the laughter of the whole soul and body in complete abandonment of mirth. This deep, wholesome laughter reverberates through his writings. No man is quicker to catch a humorous point, or to make it. A collection of Carlyle's best stories, phrases, and bits of personal description, would make one of the most humorous books in the language.

The impression which Carlyle made upon his contemporaries is the best comment on his character. The most serious men of his time recognized him as a modern John the Baptist, and even a worldly ecclesiastic like Bishop Wilberforce described him as "a most eminently religious man." Charles Kingsley honored him as his master, and has drawn an admirable portrait of him as Saunders Mackaye in "Alton Locke," of which description Carlyle characteristically said that it was a "wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura." His gospel is contained in "Sartor Resartus," of which it has been pertinently said that it "will be read as a gospel or not at all."

Characteristics of His Writings

The blazing vehemence of his style, the intense vividness of his pictures, could not fail to arrest attention. He shattered forever the hypocrisy that went by the name of "unexampled prosperity." He forced men to think. In depicting the social England of his time he "splashed" great masses of color on his canvas, as he did in describing the French Revolution, and all earnest men were astonished into attention. The result has been, as Dr. Garnett puts it, that "opinion has in the main followed the track pointed out by Carlyle's luminous finger"; and a completer testimony to his political prescience could not be desired.

There is not another modern writer of English who has produced so much of which so little can be spared. Not even

Ruskin has a truer eye for color and effect in nature, nor can Ruskin paint nature with a more impassioned sense of fellowship in the mysteries and glories of the outward world.

The same faculty manifests itself even more remarkably in his sketches of persons. Without an effort, by the mere instantaneous flash of a word, the photograph stands complete. As pieces of description, which sum up with a strange daring and completeness not merely the outward appearance of men, but their spiritual significance also, what can compare with these: Coleridge, "a steam engine of a hundred horse-power, with the boiler burst"; Tennyson, "a fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke."

When all estimates of his works are weighed and ended, all depreciations of time and opinion allowed for, most people will feel that Carlyle's great legacy to the world is, after all, himself. Next to Dr. Johnson there is no other figure that stands out in English literature with such distinctness and virility. In mere Titanic mass Carlyle, indeed, bulks far larger than the old dictator of eighteenth century letters. But what is common to both is a fascinating perversity, a brusque and humorous honesty, and above all a certain antique severity and nobleness of nature. Just as we remember and discuss Johnson by his characteristics rather than his writings, so it may be, in a century's time, the figure and actual life of Carlyle will prove more fascinating than anything which he wrote. It may be so, but who can say? The one thing that is clear to us is that he is by far the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century, the most interesting, noble, and impressive; and as a spiritual and moral force, there is no other writer who has touched his times so deeply, or deserves more honorable memory.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

By HOLBROOK JACKSON

THOREAU made a personal experiment. Like Diogenes, he renounced the encumbrances of his age, and though hardly living in a tub, he reverted to primal simplicity by living for many months in a hut. He made, as it were, a suburb for himself, consisting of his own tiny habitation and his own full mind, on the fringe of the haunts of man.

Thoreau was born in 1817. He was of French and Scotch descent, a racial combination which probably contributed to the shrewdness of thought which characterize his work. Throughout his youth he lived in an atmosphere of ideas in the quiet town of Concord, New England; he imbibed ideas at home. His mother was an imaginative woman with a melodramatic interest in the abolitionist movement, and the Thoreau household was a center of abolitionist propaganda and the place of refuge of many a fugitive.

Emerson and he became friends, and he immediately associated himself with the high thinking of all the earnest folk, including Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and the Alcotts, who made the quiet little village of Concord a place of pilgrimage for the wise and the wayward of the world's intelligence. Thoreau strikes one as having been a superior sort of tramp, with uncertain and ungainly habits, whose polite friends, one might believe, would readily disown him if encountered publicly on the Sabbath! This was the result of the Emersonian formula. Come what may, you were to be yourself. His method was that process of eliminating from life all but what is essential, which is nowadays miscalled the simple life.

The most remarkable incident in the willful endeavors of

Thoreau was his Walden experiment, which, if it had had no further results, has produced one of the most delightful books, even from the merely literary point of view, in the English language. For Thoreau coupled the high seriousness of an unique and picturesque personality with a rare and felicitous gift of vigorous prose, and he was master of sly wit with an ironic sting in its tail. Few of the readers of "Walden" want to become hermits, but it is conceivable that after reading it they may want to become themselves, and possess some knowledge of how to carry out the wish.

As a matter of fact, Thoreau's life was a continuous experiment. He liked a margin to his days, and so he endeavored to reduce to a minimum the drudgery we all endure for the sake of subsistence. He was an idler in the eyes of commerce and of those who set material pursuits above spiritual—but his literary work proves him to have had remarkable energy and an inexhaustible power of application in directions he considered worthy. There was, nevertheless, something of the odd-job man in his nature, for besides being a tutor, author, and lecturer, he was at different times a surveyor, a carpenter, a gardener, and it is on record that he once turned an honest penny by white-washing a fence. But this, after all, was merely what society demanded of him; it was not his real business, that was in quite a different line, as he himself was aware. "For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths and across-lot routes, keeping them open, and ravines bridges and passable at all seasons, where the public heel had testified to their utility."

Thoreau was, in fact, like Walt Whitman, an inspired loafer. To this he added an almost supersensual power of observation, a predilection for nature, and a keen sense of the importance of his own soul; but the last did not destroy his sympathy with every other soul that had become conscious of itself; this made him a teacher of men. He was twenty-eight years old when, in the year 1845, he borrowed an ax and commenced hewing pines in the woods near Walden Pond.

on the outskirts of Concord, preparatory to building the hut in which he dwelt for some two years, moving "confidently in the direction of his dreams."

The experiment in hermitage must not be taken as an instruction, but as a demonstration. Thoreau knew very well what he was doing. He was a man of more than the usual amount of common-sense, and he never tricked himself into believing that his own experiment in the application of a philosophic idea to mundane affairs was an action to be imitated literally. And besides, in his inmost heart he knew that his reaching after "the tonic wildness of nature" was partially the result of his own physical weakness. For like other virile spirits, such as Robert Louis Stevenson and Keats, Thoreau's had to endure the inconvenience of abiding in a consumptive body, and modern science has now proved that his desire for the fields and woods was the result of a sound instinct. Again the experiment, in spite of its remoteness from comfortable habits, was not remote from the only sort of social life which appealed to the philosopher; it was performed before the only people who would then have understood his aim, the intellectual coteries of Concord.

He left the woods, as he truly says, for as good a reason as he went there. "I did not wish to make a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now."

His Philosophy of Life

This was a natural outcome of his aim in life. He did not seek repose. The Promised Land was not at the end of his journey, but in every step of his pilgrimage. "I would not run round the corner to see the world blow up," he once observed; but he would spend hours in watching the eccentricities of a diving bird on Walden Pond.

"Let us spend the day as deliberately as Nature" (he says), "and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast,

or breakfast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry,—determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the way is down hill. With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigor, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like. Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call *reality*, and say, This is, and no mistake; and then begin, below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state, or set a lamp-post safely, or perhaps a gauge, not a Nilometer, but a Realometer, that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time. If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business."

"To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts," he said, and that is the essence of his idea. Not the art of getting, or even doing, but of being, that is his philosophy; and his life was an experiment consciously carried out to that end. Life to him was real. He said he could live without the aid of a furnishing warehouse, and he stood for a soul freed from the necessity of doctrinal upholstery. He possessed the spirit of a boy, backed by the wisdom of the ages, and he learned how to taste all the stars and all the heavens in a crust of bread.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

AFTER leaving the University, Thoreau joined his brother in teaching a private school, which he soon renounced. His father was a manufacturer of lead-pencils, and Henry applied himself for a time to this craft, believing he could make a better pencil than was then in use. After completing his experiments, he exhibited his work to chemists and artists in Boston, and having obtained their certificates to its excellence and to its equality with the best London manufacture, he returned home contented. His friends congratulated him that he had now opened his way to fortune. But he replied, that he should never make another pencil. "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once."

At this time, a strong, healthy youth, fresh from college, while all his companions were choosing their profession, or eager to begin some lucrative employment, it was inevitable that his thoughts should be exercised on the same question, and it required rare decision to refuse all the accustomed paths, and keep his solitary freedom at the cost of disappointing the natural expectations of his family and friends; all the more difficult that he was exact in securing his own independence, and in holding every man to the like duty. But Thoreau never faltered. He was a born Protestant. He declined to give up his large ambition of knowledge and action for any narrow craft or profession, aiming at a much more comprehensive calling, the art of living well. Never idle or self-indulgent, he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labor agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very com-

petent to live in any part of the world. It would cost him less time to supply his wants than another. He was therefore secure of his leisure.

Mathematical Knowledge

A natural skill for mensuration, growing out of his mathematical knowledge, and his habit of ascertaining the measures and distances of objects which interested him, the size of trees, the depth and extent of ponds and rivers, the height of mountains, and the air-line distance of his favorite summits,—this, and his intimate knowledge of the territory about Concord, made him drift into the profession of land-surveyor. It had the advantage for him that it led him continually into new and secluded grounds, and helped his studies of Nature. His accuracy and skill in this work were readily appreciated, and he found all the employment he wanted.

He could easily solve the problems of the surveyor, but he was daily beset with graver questions, which he manfully confronted. He interrogated every custom, and wished to settle all his practice on an ideal foundation. Few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and Nature. He had no talent for wealth, and knew how to be poor without the least hint of squalor or inelegance. Perhaps he fell into his way of living without forecasting it much, but approved it with later wisdom. A fine house, dress, the manners and talk of highly cultivated people were all thrown away on him. He much preferred a good Indian, and considered these refinements as impediments to conversation, wishing to meet his companion on the simplest terms. He declined invitations to dinner-parties, because there each was in every one's way, and he could not meet the individuals to any purpose. He did not like the taste of wine, and never had a vice in his life.

He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. In his travels, he used the railroad only to get over so much country as was unimportant to the present purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding taverns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's houses, as cheaper, and more agreeable to him, and because there he could better find the men and the information he wanted.

There was somewhat military in his nature not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender. Hence, no equal companion stood in affectionate relations with one so pure and guileless. "I love Henry," said one of his friends, "but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree."

His Nature

Yet, hermit and stoic as he was, he was really fond of sympathy, and threw himself heartily and childlike into the company of young people whom he loved, and whom he delighted to entertain, as he only could, with the varied and endless anecdotes of his experiences by field and river. And he was always ready to lead a huckleberry party or a search for chestnuts or grapes.

In 1845, he built himself a small framed house on the shores of Walden Pond, and lived there two years alone, a life of labor and study. As soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude, he abandoned it. In 1847, not approving some uses to which the public expenditure was applied, he refused to pay his town tax, and was put in jail. A friend paid the tax for him, and he was released. The like annoyance was threatened the next year. But, as his friends paid the tax, notwithstanding his protest, I believe he ceased to resist. No opposition or ridicule had any weight with him. He coldly and fully stated his opinion without affecting to believe that it was the opinion of the company. Before the first friendly word had been spoken for Captain John Brown, after his arrest, he sent notices to most houses in Concord, that he would speak in a public hall on the condition and character of John Brown,

on Sunday evening, and invited all people to come. The republican committee, the abolitionist committee, sent him word that it was premature and not advisable. He replied,—"I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." The hall was filled at an early hour by people of all parties, and his earnest eulogy of the hero was heard by all respectfully, by many with a sympathy that surprised themselves.

Physical Characteristics

Thoreau was equipped with a most adapted and serviceable body. He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect,—his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skilful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eyes; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp. He was a good swimmer, runner, skater, boatman, and would probably outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. And the relation of body to mind was still finer than we have indicated. He said he wanted every stride his legs made. The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house, he did not write at all.

A very industrious man, and setting, like all highly organized men, a high value on his time, he seemed the only man of leisure in town, always ready for any excursion that promised well or for conversation prolonged into late hours.

He noted, what repeatedly befell him, that, after receiving from a distance a rare plant, he would presently find the same in his own haunts. And those pieces of luck which happen only to good players happened to him. One day, walking with

a stranger, who inquired where Indian arrow-heads could be found, he replied, "Everywhere," and, stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground.

I have repeatedly known young men of sensibility converted in a moment to the belief that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do. His own dealing with them was never affectionate, but superior, didactic,—scorning their petty ways,—very slowly conceding, or not conceding at all, the promise of his society at their houses, or even at his own. "Would he not walk with them?" "He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company."

It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. One must submit abjectly to such a guide, and the reward was great. Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave shrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor.

On the day I speak of he looked for the Menyanthes, detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of the florets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast-pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The Cypripedium not due till to-morrow. He thought, that, if waked up from a trance, in his swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. The redstart was flying about, and presently the fine grosbeaks, whose brilliant scarlet makes the rash gazer wipe his eye, and whose fine clear note Thoreau compared to that of a tanager which has got rid of its hoarseness. Presently he heard a note which he called that of the

night-warbler, a bird he had never identified, had been in search of twelve years, which always, when he saw it, was in the act of diving down into a tree or bush, and which it was vain to seek; the only bird that sings indifferently by night and by day. I told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, "What you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon all the family at dinner. You seek it like a dream, and as soon as you find it you become its prey."

His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.

While he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark in reference to churches or churchmen, he was a person of a rare, tender, and absolute religion, a person incapable of any profanation, by act or by thought. He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished: and he thought that the bigoted sectarian had better bear this in mind. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish,—a kind of indignity to so noble a soul, that it should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he, at least, is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.

SIDNEY LANIER

By THE EDITORS

IT is December in the season of winter. A sick poet, too weak to sit up, with a temperature of 104 degrees, writes in pencil his great poem on "Sunrise," in a series to be called "Hymns of the Marshes." A man truly, a gentleman, a hero.

Sidney Lanier was born in Georgia. He was an athlete and a musician. At fourteen he was ready for college. As soon as he was graduated he was to go back to his alma mater as a tutor, to live a life of study and song. Then came the Civil War, and he gave his strong young arm to his native South.

Thrice the brave young soldier was offered promotion, but he refused because his younger brother was in the ranks beside him. He decided to fight with the common soldiers and watch over his brother who had been given to his care. Once he was captured and imprisoned at Point Lookout, with his flute hidden in his ragged sleeve. And then when the end came there was the weary, discouraged walk of five hundred miles to his home, solitary and silent, in the grim heroism of defeat.

He became clerk in a store, he taught school, he studied law, he wrote prose and verse which he tried, sometimes in vain, to sell. At Baltimore he found employment as flutist in the Peabody orchestra.

During these years of struggle and ill health he loved, and married. "I fled," he said,

"I fled to the woods,
And I looked and my cheek lay close to a violet.
Then my heart took courage, and I said:
'I know that thou art the word of my God, dear violet:
And oh, the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads.
Measure what space a violet stands above the ground;
'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that.'"

In a quiet heart and a lowly home the heart of Sidney Lanier found rest.

The struggle grew sorer as his strength became weaker, and the four little sons came to fill the little home. He was now writing whatever he could, for a living; now a story for *St. Nicholas,* now a guidebook for a railroad company, now a King Arthur tale for boys. And, in the rare moments left for inspiration "The Song of the Chattahoochee" and "The Marshes of Glynn." No matter how hurriedly or how nobly he wrote, it was his life that was the great poem:

"His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand."

Just as he seemed to have won everything else, his main struggle, the struggle for life, failed. He had become a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, his poems had made him famous, the world was waiting for the full note of his song. Then the end came.

He had been a true servant of mother Nature. As he said:

"All fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,
—These doth my timid tongue present,
Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
And servant, all love-eloquent."

"He lived," says William J. Long, "like the simplest of men; but when the last stern call came he answered like Gunnar of old, who when bound and cast over a precipice flung a laugh to his enemies, a hail to death, swept the chords of his harp with his free foot, and went singing 'home to his ancestors.'" So passed a true Southern gentleman and a great poet, leaving us only "a few poems that he wrote in moments snatched from weariness and pain, as a bird sings in the lulls of a tempest, and deep within us the conviction that, had this man lived, he would have put a new song on our lips."

WALT WHITMAN

By THE EDITORS

LISTEN to a well-known Englishman: "If I were asked to name something more national than the Declaration of Independence, more characteristic than Abraham Lincoln, more individual than Emerson and more Western than Mark Twain, I should name Walt Whitman." When English critics in general unite in saying that he is our greatest poet, it seems time that we knew more about him.

A Long Island farmer's son, with little education, moves to Brooklyn and grows to love the noise and crowd of city streets more than ever he loved the sea and the open country. He becomes in turn carpenter, printer, district-school teacher, and reporter. He writes some verses and some prose of no special interest. There is always something vagabond in his blood. He loves to ride with the pilot of the ferry-boat and the driver of the avenue bus. He consorts with all sorts of folks in saloons and cheap eatinghouses. He goes down the Ohio to New Orleans and returns on foot by way of the Great Lakes and Canada, seeing most of our country as it was then, and making comrades of all sorts of working people on the way. There is much in his personal life that we are sorry for.

Then suddenly there is a change. He goes off and broods by himself for a long time. He works only enough to make a bare living. Then he issues a book, part of which he prints with his own hands. It is like nothing else that he had ever written before, like nothing else that anybody in our country had written before. He calls it poetry, but it looks like prose, though when you read it aloud it seems to have a sort of loud, rude melody. It contains a few lines that, like his life, we are sorry for. But it is the voice of a strong, healthy, loving man. "I am the teacher of athletes," it says.

"I tramp a perpetual journey (come listen all!)
My signs are a rain-proof coat, good shoes, and a staff cut from the woods.
I lead no man to a dinner-table,
But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll
My left hand hooking you round the waist,
My right hand pointing to landscapes of continents and the public road."

"Lo," says this noisy comrade,

"Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,
I above all promote brave soldiers."

Our new friend tells us of his boyhood.

"There was a child went forth one day.
The early lilacs became part of this child,
The grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird . . .
The hurrying, tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,
The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt marsh and shore mud,
These became part of that child."

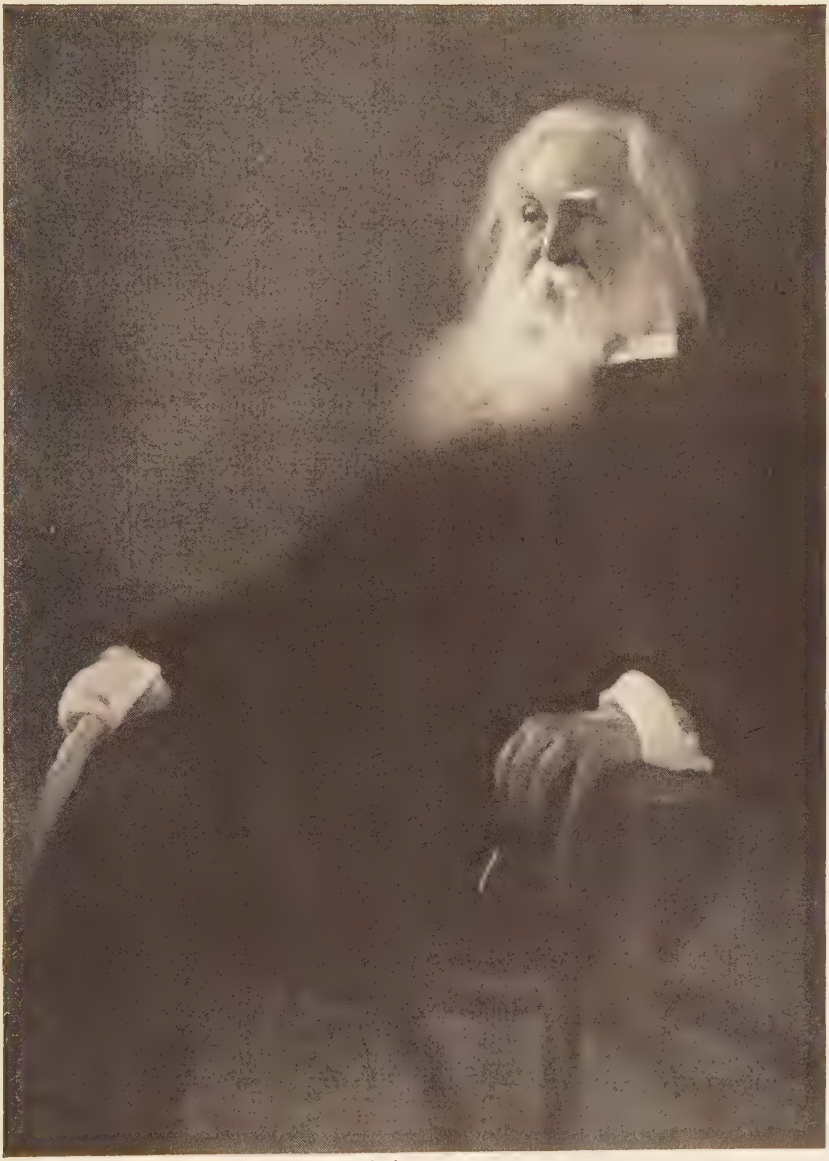
He tells us of his vigorous father:

"I knew a common farmer, the father of five sons.
This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person.
The shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes, the richness and breadth of his manners,
He was wise also.
He drank water only, the blood show'd like scarlet through the clear brown skin of his face.
He was a frequent gunner and fisher, he sail'd his boat himself.
When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang,
You would wish long and long to be with him, you would wish to sit by him in the boat that you and he might touch each other."

He tells us of his Quaker mother:

"The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the supper-table,
The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by . . .
The justified mother of men."

But mostly he tells us of his love for friendship:



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WALT WHITMAN

From a Painting by John W. Alexander.

"Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover,
Who was not proud of his songs, but of the measureless ocean of love within him, and freely pour'd it forth,
Who often walk'd lonesome walks, thinking of his dear friends,
Whose happiest days were far away through fields, in woods, on hills, he and another wandering hand in hand, they twain apart from other men,
Who often as he saunter'd the street curv'd with his arm the shoulder of his friend, while the arm of his friend rested upon him also."

Then suddenly there came another change to Walt Whitman. The big-hearted fellow, with his noisy, conceited verses that nobody read, went south in 1862 to find his brother who had been wounded at Fredericksburg. He weighed two hundred pounds; he was, as he wrote his mother, "red-faced, with beard and neck terrible to behold." He drifted, by accident when his brother recovered, into the hospitals, where, he told his mother, "many of the soldiers take to a man that has not the bleached, shiny and shaven cut of the cities and the East."

Service

Now comes the beautiful part of his life. "When Whitman appeared," said an eye-witness, "in passing along, there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan, and his presence seemed to light up the place as it might well be lit by the presence of the Son of Love. From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer, for another he wrote a letter home, to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or a postage stamp, all of which, and many other things, were in his capacious haversack. From another he would receive a dying message for mother, wife, or sweetheart; for another he would promise to go on an errand; to another, some special friend, very low, he would give a manly kiss. He did the things for them which no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at each cot as he passed along. The lights had gleamed for hours in the hospital before he left it; and, as he took his way toward the door, you could hear many a stricken hero calling, 'Walt, Walt, Walt, come again.'"

"Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss rests on these bearded lips,"

he said. His service was unsalaried, he sustained himself by newspaper correspondence. It is stated that he made over six hundred visits, and attended a hundred thousand wounded men. "Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover," was now true.

He entered the service with enormous vitality and strength. "In my visits to the hospital," he tells us, "I found it was in the simple matter of personal presence and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism that I succeeded and helped more than by medical nursing, or delicacies, or gifts of money, or anything else. During the war I possessed the perfection of physical health. My habit, when practicable, was to prepare for starting out on one of those daily or nightly tours of from four to five hours by fortifying myself with previous rest, the bath, clean clothes, a good meal, and as cheerful an appearance as possible." In 1864, the strain began to tell upon him. In 1865, he suffered a temporary prostration, due to malaria and blood-poisoning absorbed from gangrenous wounds. In 1873, he was completely prostrated by paralysis, due to the mental emotion as well as the poison. He was brought to his brother's home in Camden, New Jersey, where in a small establishment of his own he lived in retirement till the end.

Here, harassed at times by pain, always moving about with a limp, he stood one of life's hardest tests, and fought his long, brave battle. His writings brought in only a meager income, and he was supported largely by those who had come to admire him. Some of the best men in the country knew him: Bryant, Emerson, Mark Twain, John Burroughs, and they all believed in him. One of them, William O'Connor, gave him the name that clung, "the Good Gray Poet." Burroughs called his songs of patriotism and Americanism "the flight of the eagle."

His Verses

For his verses now had changed. He sang about the Republic: "Song of the Banner at Daybreak," "O, Mother with

Thy Equal Brood," "Ethiopia Saluting the Colors;" he sang of his memories of the War: "By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame," "The Wound-Dresser," "Over the Carnage Rose Prophetic a Voice;" he sang in mourning for Abraham Lincoln: "O Captain! My Captain," and

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring."

He did not erase the rowdyish verses of his youth, for the Whitmans were always stubborn, but he did not write any more of them. The egotism had gone, and the ignorance had turned to wisdom. And as age crept whitely upon him—for he lived to seventy-three—he wrote of "whispers of heavenly Death," and, after,

"Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful eternal right hand."

No saint was Walt Whitman, but a big brother, bigger than we knew. He was the first man to sing of America, the whole of America, the great celebrator of Democracy, "the institution of the dear love of comrades," the believer in the Open Road on sea and land that has no end:

"O are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!"

And to some of us, who get tired and discouraged, his is always a brave, challenging voice, that helps us on.

"I am the teacher of athletes. . . .
With music strong, I come, with my cornets and drums,
I play not marches for accepted heroes only, I play marches for conquer'd and slain persons.
Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say that it is good to fall; battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won. . . .
Thou dearest child,
Something there is,
(With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper)
Something there is more immortal than the stars."

WALT WHITMAN

By HELEN KELLER

MANY years have sped from me under the sun, through summer's flowers and winter's snows, since a dear friend transcribed his poems in raised letters for me. Whitman came to me like a wonderful friend out of the great world, and he opened many windows in my dark house and flooded it with clear, penetrating light. Impetuously I put my hand in his, and he led me out into his world, the world of men and women where I could feel the eager, turbulent tramp of life—the roar, the adventure, the zest, the gladness, the sorrows, the revolts and the peace won out of strife. By his side I went forth in the dark to prove my spirit equal to that world.

I like to think of Whitman as a sort of adorable vagabond. In imagination I walk the open road with him. We have splendid times together! Our hearts throb high, the rolling earth under our feet seems to respond to our mood. The strong, sweet wind runs before us, and the scent of pine and sea and lilac is in the air. The world is full of gladness and beauty. What a comrade he is! How stimulating! How common things turn to miracles under his touch! How tenderly he guides my groping feet! He quickens a sense deeper than seeing, and opens the spirit's ear to undreamed music. His imagination has foothold as well as wings.

On we trudge, my comrade Walt Whitman and I, along sandy beaches, in country-places, among woods and pastures and waving corn and leagues upon leagues of honeyed alfalfa and buckwheat. We make the acquaintance of all living creatures. All the silent thunders of things unseen are around us —stars and sea, sunshine and the wonderful night. We converse joyously of winds and skies, little wild things and lonely birds that call to the sea and the low-hanging moon. Our

hearts glow and kindle earth and heaven and life into new flame and bloom! We cross in the ferry-boat to Manhattan. The city of our poet's love, "city nested in bays," lies aflush in the setting sun—Manhattan with its columned peristyles of stone and steel, the lustrous glooms of its cañon-like streets, and its flame-like spires—Manhattan, superb, immense, clamorous, potent as the might of life itself. Long we linger by the shores and piers, watching the multitudinous ships, talking much to men and women, "comrades and lovers by the thousand." He welcomes all men, understands all men, loves all men—black men and red men, good men, bad men, poor men, rich men—a little. Warm and wide as life is my friend's heart. He bestows upon all men and all women the gifts of the universe.

Not all men and women have accepted his generosity. Many are blind to his vision, deaf to his message. The lover of all men and "maker of poems, the Answerer," still chants the new day, the coming world of freemen. He still proclaims the cosmic sympathy, his reverberating declaration of love—love that believes all things, hopes all things, breaks down all blind hostilities of castes, schools, religions, philosophies, and races.

In this dark and fateful hour, when the moaning of the dying on a hundred battlefields will not let the living rest, I seem to hear our poet's voice crying in the nation's ears: "Awake! awake! The never-halting days are laying their gifts at your feet. The dreams, the hopes of ages, are becoming realities in your hands. The world is full of the shoutings of men! They are joining hands and dancing for joy! The young are singing, the heaven is blue, the grass is springing, the rose is blushing, the hills are clapping their hands! The many voiced waters are calling to you! You are part of the joy of the world! The lark mounts up for you, the sun shines for you! You—you men, you workers, you soldiers and mothers, you sailors and toilers of the sea, you delvers in the earth and weavers of cloth—you are all part of all the mirth and all the boundless love of earth and sky and sea."

A SINGER WHO NEVER GREW OLD*

By ELMER C. ADAMS

AND

WARREN DUNHAM FOSTER

SOME time in the twenties of the nineteenth century, a woman was walking on the beach at Newport, when she met the Wards, a wealthy and aristocratic family from New York City. The daughter Julia, seven or eight years old, was not bathing, or frisking up and down the level sand, or basking in the sun. She walked along sedately, her hand tucked in that of her father; and her head was enveloped in a thick, green worsted veil.

"Little Julia has another freckle to-day," the woman was told. The dreadful blemish had appeared on the "delicate ivory complexion" the day before. But, "It was not her fault; the nurse forgot her veil."

As she was veiled against the impertinence of the sun, so Julia—or Miss Ward, as the servants respectfully called her—was relieved of the necessity of physical exertion. For recreation she walked with her mother in the garden, and every afternoon at three o'clock entered the big yellow family coach for a drive behind fat horses. Her nurse occasionally led her out to where she could see the young girls of the neighborhood skipping rope; but it is not recorded that she herself ever "ran through" or even so much as "turned."

For Miss Ward had to be reared according to her station, and her station was high. She was born May 27, 1819, in the city of New York. Her father was a Wall Street banker. Both he and the mother came of distinguished families, and they were courted by the most exclusive society.

*From "Heroines of Modern Progress," by Elmer C. Adams and Warren Dunham Foster. Used by permission of the publishers, Sturgis & Walton Co., New York.

Home Training

Julia did not, however, blossom freely in a social way during her early years. The mother died, and the father, feeling that he must exercise the vigilance of two parents at once, grew cautious to a fault.

He was so careful in selecting her associates that often she had none at all. And since her sisters were much younger, and her brothers absent at boarding school, there was left to her just one course—to become a student of books.

Julia was taught at home up to the age of nine, when, not from preference, but because no governess gave satisfaction, her father sent her to a private school. For languages she had a special aptitude. She had spoken French almost from her cradle—for besides the man who gave her lessons in conversation, did not a French servant dress her hair, and a second mix the salad for dinner? Italian she mastered almost as early.

At the same time a master of dancing came to the house to "finish" the girl in that art. First a Frenchman and later an Italian was retained to have a care for her musical culture. And she was allowed to exhibit her skill, now and then, before a select coterie of uncles and cousins.

It may be conjectured that under this fashionable course of training the girl would not acquire much dexterity at the various forms of housework. "I remember when a thimble was first given to me," she says, "some simple bit of work being at the same time placed in my hand. Someone said, 'Take the needle in this hand.' I did so, and, placing the thimble on a finger of the other hand, I began to sew without its aid, to the amusement of my teacher. This trifle appears to me an early inclination of a want of perception as to the use of tools which has accompanied me through life."

Julia was, in fact, inclined to be impractical; and, worse to come, she was absent and dreamy. She once wore to school, without knowing it, a blue shoe on one foot and a green one on the other.

And what did she dream of doing, that she should make

herself comical before her schoolmates? For one thing, naturally, she dreamed of writing, since of Milton and Byron and Shakespeare she read so much; for another thing, of dresses and balls, and all social gayeties, for which she was evidently being prepared, but of which, as yet, she had caught scarcely a glimpse.

Studying at Home

At the age of sixteen Miss Julia left school. The event awakened her to the sad fact that time was passing, and she resolved to have done with her romantic day-dreams for the present, and to excel, if it might be, in her studies. She accordingly laid out for herself a strenuous course, including French, German, literature, history, and philosophy. For each subject she set aside regular hours of the day; and lest the temptation to play should overpower her in these hours, she coaxed the maid to tie her fast in a chair.

The girl's associations were such as to foster her natural inclination for study. With Bryant and Irving, New York was beginning to preen itself on its literary character; and Julia Ward met and spoke with these men, and admired them with the rest, in the society where they were the fashion.

As she grew out of her teens, her father's anxiety somewhat relaxed. The young woman, wealthy and handsome, witty in conversation, and charming in song and dance, queened it joyously in the brilliant circles of her native town. "The history of the next two years would, if written, chronicle a series of balls, concerts, and dinners," she confesses. "These years glided by with fairylike swiftness."

"If this state of things had continued," she says, "I should probably have remained a frequenter of fashionable society, a musical amateur, and a *dilettante* in literature."

The Visit to Perkins Institute

The fact was that, unbeknown to Miss Ward, her fates were spinning a web of quite a different color. While on a visit to Boston in 1841, Charles Sumner, the statesman, a par-

ticular intimate of her brother's, often called upon her. Mr. Sumner expatiated upon a friend of his, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who had established the Perkins Institute for the blind, and had taught Laura Bridgman, a blind deaf mute, to make use of language. In company with Mr. Sumner, and the poet Longfellow, Miss Ward drove over one day to see the wonderful school and its teacher.

Dr. Howe was absent when they arrived, but before they took leave, "Mr. Sumner, looking out of a window, said, 'Oh! here comes Howe on his black horse!' I looked out also, and beheld a noble rider on a noble steed. . . . He made an impression on us of unusual force and reserve."

More facts were soon forthcoming about this interesting man. He had fought with the Greeks in their war for independence,—bivouacking on the bare rocks of the mountain side, and dining on roasted wasps. He had, latterly, not only founded the first school for the blind in this country, but had conducted a troupe of his pupils through several states and influenced the legislatures to build other schools. He had done only less important service for the feeble-minded and the insane. And, along with all the rest, he was hostile, heart and mind—and outspokenly so—to the system of negro slavery.

Altogether, Dr. Howe was a romantic and a commanding figure—a man of energy, who could do things for the betterment of his race; a man who contrasted splendidly with the devotees of fashion, among whom Miss Ward had recently moved, and, not less, with her ideals of a scholarly or literary career. "That he was indeed a hero, the events of his life sufficiently declare," wrote his biographer. It did not take him long to become a hero to Miss Ward. They fell in love, despite a discrepancy of twenty years in their ages, and in April, 1843, were married.

The couple sailed for Europe, where the fame of Laura Bridgman had been heralded by Charles Dickens's "American Notes," and they were fêted by many of the celebrities of the time. They had tea with Carlyle and Wordsworth. They were guests of various noblemen, at homes, and at theater parties and balls.

Dr. Howe went about with Dickens, it is true—but he went to Bridewell and Newgate prisons, and to the charity school. He accepted the hospitality of the Nightingales; but while there he took occasion to advise the daughter Florence to become a nurse. He studied schools, workhouses, prisons, and asylums of all kinds. In short, the gay young bride, like it or not, found herself in leading strings to a man intensely serious, an out and out philanthropist. Without missing any balls or theater parties, she felt constrained occasionally to accompany the doctor on his rounds to the public institutions.

Her Home Life

Upon their return to America, this influence was many times intensified. They lived near the Institute in South Boston, a "distinctly unfashionable" suburb, remote from the city, and by no means hand in glove with the city's socially élite. "I was now," she writes, "to make acquaintance with quite another city—with the Boston of the teachers, of the reformers, of the cranks, and also—of the apostles."

So the freest thinkers and the boldest doers of Boston's golden age went continually in and out of the "Green Peace" homestead of the Howes, Edwin Booth, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Theodore Parker, and numerous other men of letters and leaders in the "transcendental" school of philosophy found there a hospitable drawing-room.

Now Julia Ward Howe was always sufficiently imitative to make common cause with the progressive spirits who chanced at any time to be around her. The motto of her life, she says, was, "I have followed the great masters with my heart."

For a time, it is true, the cares of family life interposed themselves between the young wife and her dreams. A troop of active inquisitive children were continually storming up and down the house; and by the word of those same children, Mrs. Howe was a tender and tireless mother. She made one in all their games. She sang them endless rhymes, set to her own music.

She arranged for them a puppet theater, of which she speaks in a letter to her sister, "I have written a play for our doll theater, and performed it yesterday afternoon with great success. It occupied nearly an hour. I had alternately to grunt and squeak the parts, while Chev (Dr. Howe) played the puppets." Then, since Dr. Howe regularly had his friends in to dinner, she endeavored tardily to repair the defects of her housekeeping, devoting one whole summer, for example, to the study of cookery. Yet in housekeeping and doubtless, at times, in the offices of motherhood she had but indifferent success.

Those other matters were her studies—for she cared not so much to cook for her husband's friends as to talk with them. They were masters, of their kind; and it interested her less to feed them than to follow them. Her children remembered her always deep in German or Latin. She steeped herself in literature, too, and in history and philosophy, the subjects on which the master men of Boston were wont to converse. The children dared not interrupt her during her study hours, although those hours frequently stretched over most of the day. "From first to last," writes her daughter, "she kept her mind in the same state of high training that the athlete keeps his body." She was in pursuit of the master minds, and she was not going to break down in the race from lack of nimbleness in her faculties.

When the soldiers killed in Baltimore—the same attack that started Clara Barton as a nurse—were brought sorrowfully home, she saw them buried in the King's Chapel ground. The coffins were draped in the national flag. Moved by the sight, Mrs. Howe wrote:

> Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
> To deck our girls for gay delights:
> The crimson flower of battle blooms,
> And solemn marches fill the nights.

The feelings of the woman were stirred by this and similar sights to depths she had never suspected in herself. Her country was fighting a terrible fight. It would win, perhaps, but at unreckonable cost. It might even fail, and die—but it would die gloriously to make men free. And what was she doing in

the conflict? Other women were sending their husbands and sons; but her husband was too old and her son too young. Other women were nursing in the military hospitals or packing relief supplies at home: but she was too much hampered by children to do the one, and too inexpert with her hands to do the other. "Something seemed to say to me, 'you would be glad to serve, but you cannot help anyone; you have nothing to give, and there is nothing for you to do.'" She could only write poetry, and that with ill success. She might write a poem now. But what would that amount to in the war?

One day when she had driven out with some friends to see a review of troops, the party to beguile the return drive, sang snatches of the popular army song, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave; his soul goes marching on."

Her minister, James Freeman Clarke, who was of the company, asked, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?"

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Let her tell the rest herself. "I went to bed that night as usual, and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stub of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. . . . Having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things that I have written.'"

And well she might like it better. The poem, under the title, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was published soon after, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It attracted little notice then; the country was agonizing over its war; of what account were a few lines of rhyme, printed in a magazine! But a certain

McCabe, chaplain in the army, read it, liked it, memorized it. A year or so later he was captured in the South and confined, with other Union men, in a large cell in Libbey prison. They were told of a great Union victory. They broke into rejoicings. McCabe recited the poem, sang it. They all sang it, in chorus—with what effect from the tremendous uplift of its lines may well be imagined! From that the Battle Hymn somehow took wings and flew through all the camps of the army. They sang it in bivouac at night. They sang it on the march. They sang it rushing to the fight. And where it was sung, it counted more than many men for victory.

Mrs. Howe had cause to think well of the poem. For in it she had, for once, done more than follow the masters. She had surpassed them. The literary dilettante had become, to the extent of one poem at least, a great author.

Speaking of the success of the Battle Hymn one of the author's friends said, "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best that she will ever do." So far as authorship went, the saying was true. But the woman, as she says, still felt herself "full of days' works." And that also was true. For although the literary woman had played her sweetest and farthest-sounding note, the frequenter of fashionable society, as modified by the "great masters," was yet only tuning up her instruments.

Public Life

Platform eloquence was the style of expression most applauded in those martial days. Julia Ward Howe accordingly began to preach. As a preacher she might have filled her days, but for a new inspiration that presently seized her. In 1872, the New England Women's Club elected her its president. At the head of a band of strong women, committed to a social as well as a literary programme, Julia Ward Howe had at last come gloriously into her own. And her reign, it is worth noting, was to last forty years.

Dr. Holmes had once said to her, "Mrs. Howe, I consider you eminently clubable." And that was about the conclusion of the whole matter. After all her experimentings with re-

form, she never shook off the characteristics of the New York belle; but she so far sobered and amplified them that wherever she went she changed drawing-rooms into schools and council chambers, and fashionable women into students anxious for the improvement of their minds and the betterment of all mankind. Social spirited, socially capable, and at the same time ambitious to excel both in speculative thought and in practical reform, she was indeed eminently clubable—the one person best qualified to band all women into societies for self-culture and social service. In that, as in writing the Battle Hymn, she went beyond any master she had followed and made an original contribution to modern progress.

Mrs. Howe lived to the age of ninety-one, and as her contemporaries one by one dropped away, the veneration of the young for an older, heroic generation came to center upon her, the only surviving member. Her distinction as the "grand old woman," the "first lady," the "American queen" was firmly entrenched. She became a kind of an institution, a repository of the spirit of a vanished age. She was revered for the people and causes she represented, as her Battle Hymn was sung—but still with renewed fire,—for the national spirit of freedom that had brought it forth. People came on pilgrimage to see her, as they might to a historic monument. Audiences rose in respect when she entered a theater. An autograph copy of the Battle Hymn was considered the choicest of personal relics or the rarest contribution for a magazine.

Yet Julia Ward Howe did not precisely outlive her age. When someone asked her, at ninety-one years, for a motto for the women of America, she replied promptly, "Up to date!" And to the last she was herself up to date. The vigor and alertness of her mind seem never to have waned. The poetic output of her last year, critics say, was not only as felicitous as that of any year, but it was as modern and timely.

WILLIAM E. HENLEY

Captain of His Soul

THE head that was "bloody, yet unbowed," under the "bludgeonings of chance"—do you know who it originally belonged to? Of course, there have been many such heads since Ajax stood up and shook his mailed fist at the lightning.

But no head in literature has done such yeoman service for the antagonists of Fate as that one which is embalmed in the four familiar verses which will bear repetition:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winched, nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, yet unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears,
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my fate;
I am the Captain of my soul

Almost upon this one poem rests the literary fame of William Ernest Henley, the friend of Stevenson, the "discoverer" of Kipling, poet, essayist, dramatist and critic, who died in London on July 11, 1903. But for this one magnificent burst of defiance against the powers that be—the memory of Henley even now would be but dimly traceable. Yet he deserves a better fate. He fought a man's fight against disease, against disappointment, against failure, singing his songs amidst the crumblings of his ideals and his hopes.

He was born on August 23, 1849, at Gloucester, England, and received his education at the Crypt Grammar School in that city. His muse was born in a hospital at Edinburgh, where, afflicted with a physical infirmity, Henley found himself at the age of twenty-five, surrounded by surgeons, nurses, diseased and complaining humanity, and all the properties of misery and sorrow—yet amid this depressing environment his soul found vent in the music of verse.

From here he sent to the *Cornhill Magazine* many poems, some of them the precursors of the *vers libre* now so much in vogue, describing with poignant force his experiences in the hospital. These verses attracted the attention of Robert Louis Stevenson, then a comparatively unknown climber of the literary ladder. Stevenson visited him in the hospital and a friendship was cemented that lasted until Stevenson's death in the Samoan Islands.

Made Stevenson Known

Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" was first given to the world through the medium of a journal that Henley afterward established, called *London*, and much of Stevenson's early popularity was due to Henley's appreciative criticism of his work. Of Stevenson's literary ability he was always a great admirer, though of his personal frailities and what he deemed his "poses," he was a rough and unsparing critic. When Balfour's "Life of Stevenson" was published, Henley wrote a savage criticism of it and frankly unveiled his dead friend's little frailities, his petty vanities, his egotism, his artificialities. He said that he did it because he was out of patience with a certain hysterical hero-worship that was placing Stevenson on a false pedestal; exalting his personal qualities at the expense of his art. But the world said, "he might have spared his friend," and condemned Henley for disloyalty to a dead friend.

The trouble was, perhaps, that Henley brought every man, friend and foe, up to his own standards—he expected every man, under the "bludgeonings of chance," to keep his head even though "bloody, yet unbowed." And Stevenson, in his esti-

mation, talked too much about his troubles. Henley, however, never stinted his admiration for Stevenson's artistry.

Discovers Kipling

Henley is said to have been the "discoverer of Kipling." At any rate, he first made the world acquainted, through his paper *London,* with Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." When Kipling first came home from India with these ringing rhymes in his gripsack, Henley was sitting in the literary circles of London as a sort of Sam Johnson—his judgment upon the literature of the day was deemed supreme. Proclaiming the doctrine of "Art for Art's Sake," he gathered about him a school of young writers who nodded to his dictum. Among these was Kipling, and Henley took him in hand, not only to the extent of publishing his Indian poems, but, it was said, he also corrected and polished them for publication.

As a critic—a judge of good "stuff"—even his enemies admitted he made few blunders. "He had an unerring eye for good work, and something of adoration for a deftly turned and meaty phrase. And he did more than any other one man, in his time, to inspire anew that love of the craftsman for his craft, without which the best performances is impossible," is the estimate of a very fair and impartial reviewer of his work.

Yet Henley confessed himself a failure. In the very book in which his "bloody head" is perpetuated, he admits, in the preface, that "after spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry, I find myself so utterly unmarketable that I have to own myself beaten in art and compelled to addict myself to journalism for the next ten years." But the same fate of failure followed him in the paths of journalism. Poverty was his boon companion throughout his life. Art for art's sake, he found, did not keep the pot boiling.

Henley tried his hand also as a playwright, and although in this branch of his literary effort he had Stevenson as a collaborator, the three plays which they wrote together—"Beau Austin," "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea"—were failures upon the stage. But still, under the bludgeonings of the

pit, the Henley head remained unbowed. He played the game. Grimly suffering mentally from his poverty and his failures, and physically from his incurable ailments, he did not rail at the world's lack of appreciation, but continued to give the best that was in him—poems, essays, criticisms, editorials—until the time came when, with his shattered ideals scattered along behind him upon his desert trail, he laid the pen aside with this epilogue, dedicated to his wife:

"Something is dead . . .
'Tis time to creep in close about the fire
And tell gray tales of what we were, and dream
Old dreams and faded, and, as we may rejoice
In the young life that round us leaps and laughs,
A fountain in the sunshine, in the pride
Of God's best gift that to us twain returns,
Dear Heart, no more—no more."

HEROES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

Yes, read the pages of the old-world story,
Of kings of noble deed and noble thought
Of heroes whose resplendent crown of glory
Bound their wide brows, unsought.

But be not sad because their work is ended,
And they have rest which life so long denied:
They still live in the world which they befriended,
For which they lived and died.

Great deeds can never die: all through the ages
Their fruits increasing ever grow and spread,
And many a deed unnamed in written pages
Lived once—and is not dead.

And, God be praised, man's work is not completed,
There still is work on earth for men to do;
Not yet, not yet are all the false defeated,
Not yet crowned all the true.

Still the world needs brave deeds and true hearts many,
Not yet are all the noble battles won!
We too, we too may yet do deeds great as any
That ever yet were done.

—E. Nesbit.

STORIES OF EVERY-DAY HEROISM*

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

IT is often reserved for "every-day people," as we are apt to call them, to illustrate one of the facts of life—that a crisis produces the man to meet it.

This article deals with a few such people—people who led simple and unpretentious lives, and in whom their most intimate friends had probably never suspected a strain of the heroic. The soldier, the fireman, or the policeman is apt, through the very nature of his employment, in which heroism is the mainspring of honor and advancement, to be called upon to risk his life in the line of duty; and he should, indeed, be ever on the lookout for opportunity thus to distinguish himself. But the people of whom I now tell wore no uniforms which faltering would have disgraced; the occupations of all were preëminently peaceful, and in the case of several involved nothing that might have familiarized them with the thought of danger, let alone eventual heroism.

Yet once in their lives there came to these every-day people a moment when they were suddenly confronted with the question whether or not they would risk death to save the lives of others; and the manner in which they met, without preparation or forethought, that supreme moment furnishes evidence of a heroic strain in our every-day humanity, often latent, yet likely to flash up, when a crisis comes, even in the humblest of those we daily pass. That workman swinging his kit and lunch-box, that miner in his overalls about to descend the shaft, that negro loitering at the street-corner—any one of these may before sunset develop into a hero, and prove to us, even

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better perhaps than the man in uniform, that beneath this common clay of ours there beats a spirit waiting only the moment to rouse us to heroic action.

One of the heroes I have in mind was Thomas Hovenden, the artist, who sacrificed his life in attempting to save a little girl. She was no relative of his; he had never even seen her before her moment of peril—circumstances which combine to make his sacrifice peculiarly heroic.

Hovenden's heroism raises, in fact, a question. In the more material occupations a man is little more than a cog in a machine. He drops out, another takes his place, and the machine runs smoothly on, and this whether his cog was near the bottom or the top. But there are men whose intellectual or artistic gifts are so peculiarly personal that their death means an irreparable public loss. For when death stays, for instance, the hand of the poet or the painter, there is no one who can take up the pen or the brush and give to the result those individual touches which distinguished that one poet or that one painter from his brothers in art. And the question arises if, from the mere standpoint of profit and loss, the world would not excuse men whose gifts are so peculiarly their own from risking their lives. Fortunately for the glory of art, Hovenden was only the latest man of his stamp to answer that question in the spirit of a hero—as it was answered centuries ago by Sophocles when he accepted a command in the Samian war, and in later days by men like Körner, the poet-soldier who fell in the German uprising against Napoleon; the American author Winthrop, who was killed in the Civil War; and the French artist Regnault, who fell at Buzenval. These were men who turned from letters and from art to face the dangers of war; and as it is the glory of heroism in war that it obliterates every impulse save that of patriotism, so it is the glory of heroism in peace that it obliterates every impulse save that of humanity.

It was this impulse that caused Thomas Hovenden, at the height of his powers and in the full tide of his success, to give his life in an attempt to save that of a child. Hovenden was Irish by birth, but he had come to New York in 1863, when

eighteen years old, and had studied at the National Academy of Design. He had then taken a studio in the house of his friend Bolton Jones, in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1874. From there he went to Paris, and studied under Cabanel, of whom he was a favorite pupil. His "Breton Interior of 1793" (showing a family molding bullets and sharpening swords), "Puzzled Voter," "Last Moments of John Brown," and "Elaine" were widely known; while his "Breaking Home Ties" has probably been more frequently engraved than any other American painting.

One August afternoon in 1895 Hovenden was returning by trolley-car from his country residence to Norristown, Pennsylvania. The trolley ran to what was known as the "Trenton cut-off" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the passengers were obliged to alight and cross the railroad-track at grade to take trolley on the other side.

The passengers had just alighted from the first trolley when a fast freight-train came thundering down the track. A little girl who failed to notice the train ran ahead of her mother and right in front of it. The engineer gave a shrill blast of the whistle. The child, seeing the train bearing down upon her, became dazed, and stood as if rooted to the spot.

A moment later Hovenden had rushed forward and snatched up the child. But before he could take the leap that would have saved them both, the engine struck them and hurled them across the track. They were found lying side by side. The artist was dead; the little girl died as she was lifted from the ground. The fatal outcome showed how desperate a chance he took.

Through a sacrifice as noble as Hovenden's, a woman in one of the humblest walks of life heroically met her death.

Ellen McGaugh was a servant employed in Montclair, New Jersey. On one of her afternoons "out" she was visiting in Newark. While she was standing at a street corner with a group of friends, they heard her give a sudden scream, and saw her rush toward the middle of the street. A little girl was on the trolley-track, and speeding toward her was a car.

Ellen sprang in front of the car, and pushed the child from

the track; but before she could save herself she was struck by the car and was under the wheels. The child was only slightly bruised; but Ellen died of her injuries in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

For her to see the little girl's peril, to spring to the child's rescue, and to be herself crushed beneath the wheels, was the act of only a moment; but in that moment this serving-woman was transformed into a heroine. Her body did not lie in state, and no public memorial bears witness to her deed. Yet is not the difference between her heroism and that of a public hero a difference, not in degree, but only in result? Where the public hero saves a nation, the every-day hero may save only a life; but where the public hero finds an incentive for his act in the possible acclaim of a whole nation, the every-day hero sacrifices his life with no incentive save that of humanity.

One of the medals awarded by the government for heroism displayed in saving life at sea is worn by a negro, and one of my every-day heroes also belongs to that race. That he escaped with his life from the rescue in which he figured was not due to any caution on his part, but simply to lucky chance.

Scott Brown was a hard-working, honest negro of Montgomery, Alabama; and if all of his race had set about improving their lot as he had the "negro question" would have been eliminated long ago; for Scott had a little home for which he had finished paying, a wagon, two horses and two mules, and the necessary utensils for running a small farm. In winter he drove a dray.

One day Scott was standing at a corner of Court Street. Two little girls, six and eight years old, were crossing. At that moment a runaway horse came dashing down the street. The runaway was almost upon the children when Scott became aware of their peril. On the instant he sprang to their rescue. One he pushed out of the horse's way with the impetus that had carried him to the spot. Realizing that there was no time to get the other child out of the runaway's path, he deliberately shielded her with his body, he himself receiving the blow that would have struck her. While his own injuries were fortunately not fatal, they were severe; and there is no doubt that

his action saved two children surely from great bodily harm, and probably from death.

These children were members of the Court Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, which unanimously voted to show some recognition of Scott's brave deed. So a committee was appointed, which bought a watch and chain, and this gift, suitably inscribed, was presented to Scott in the Sunday-school room, which had rarely been so crowded.

As this modest, unassuming negro left the Sunday-school after the presentation, he was loudly cheered; and one of the many who took him by the hand remarked, "Scott, I'd rather shake your hand than the President's."

Some time ago, a young coal-miner, John Anderson, Jr., fell from a train which he was attempting to board, and was killed beneath the wheels. There were many households in the Pennsylvania coal-region to which his tragic death came as a personal loss; for he had, a few years before, at the risk of his own life, saved forty-eight miners from death. His heroism was perhaps not as dramatic as that which involves instantaneous and concentrated action; but it was all the more remarkable because he had had time to deliberate upon its possible consequences.

Anderson and one or two other men were about half way down the shaft, repairing a brattice. They were using naked lamps, the man in charge carrying his on his head as he went into the column-way. While he was testing a leak, the current of air drew the flame into the crevice, and the brattice took fire. There was a pool of water in the bottom of the shaft-cage on which the men were standing, but this was not enough to extinguish the flames. More time was lost in further vain efforts to get the fire under control. When it became apparent that it was bound to spread, the men with Anderson fled for safety.

Not so Anderson. Down the burning shaft he went; through the slopes he dashed, a Paul Revere of the mines, shouting to the men in the seams to flee for their lives. He thus gathered forty-eight men about him. From the last gang he learned that they had been unable to get up the traveling

way, and that escape by the old shaft had been cut off. Fortunately, he knew the location of a shaft that had lately been sunk, and was thus able to guide his fellow-workmen out of the mine.

"It is hard to make anyone not acquainted with mining understand how much courage it required for young Anderson to do what he did," the manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Coal Companies writes me. "He had to traverse possibly a mile of subterranean workings, notifying one party here, and another there, of the danger above them. He was not certain that he himself could get out alive. Had any of the air-currents reversed, and the fumes overtaken him, death would have been certain." That his heroism undoubtedly saved the forty-eight men whom he led out appears from the fate of three men who disregarded his warning, and of two whom he could not reach. These five were suffocated.

James Bain, chief engineer of the ill-fated steamer "State of Florida," not only risked his life, but deliberately sacrificed it, to save a woman. The disaster was most pitiful. The steamer collided with a bark in mid-ocean, and both vessels sank almost immediately. Only two men were saved from the bark, and only a handful of passengers and part of the ship's company from the steamer. Bain was safely in one of the life-boats, which was about to cast off, as there were as many people in it as it could hold. At that moment he saw a woman at the steamer's rail. She was too dazed to move. The steamer's deck was almost level with the water. Bain deliberately left his place in the boat, stepped onto the steamer's deck, lifted the woman over the taffrail, placed her on the seat he had occupied, cast off the boat, and went down with the steamer.

An enterprise that attracted wide attention at the time was the first attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York. It was of the first importance to commerce, for it would afford direct access to New York to the railroads having their termini on the New Jersey side of the river. It involved a novel and difficult feat of engineering, and for the public it had the added fascination of danger. The

veriest layman appreciated the peril in which the workmen would be the moment the tunnel penetrated beyond shore under the river's bed. Night and day would be one to them; above them the great fleet of steamers, tugs, ferry-boats, and sailing craft of all kinds would pass and repass; over them, as they dug and picked and hammered and welded down there in the depth and the darkness, would roll the billows of one of the great water-ways of the Western hemisphere. What would be between them and this ever-threatening flood? At the extreme end, where the work was being extended out farther and farther under the bed of the river, a mere shell of silt and mud and ooze, sustained by compressed air—a device as yet untried in exactly this class of work, and considered by some engineering authorities of doubtful value. If these doubts proved true, if that thin shell gave way, the Hudson River would pour in upon the men in the tunnel, and they would be drowned like rats in a hole. It was man against nature, with nature represented by a great river directly overhead.

Into this narrow tube of brick and iron under the bed of the river the workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight each, at intervals of eight hours. They knew that every time they entered the tunnel they took their lives in their hands; but each shift took the chance that the accident, if any, would happen to the others.

One midnight twenty-eight men went into the tunnel. Only seven came out alive. They owed their escape to the fact that of the twenty-one who perished, one deliberately sacrificed his life to save theirs.

In order to understand just what took place at that time, it is necessary to know how work was carried on in the tunnel. It was begun on the New Jersey side of the river. Here a deep circular well was sunk. The men descended into this, and passed from it into the tunnel through an air-lock, designed to prevent the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, and also to equalize the pressure of air for the men as they entered or left. The air-lock was filled with or emptied of compressed air according as the men were to enter or leave the tunnel, just

as a canal lock is filled or emptied according as a boat is to be raised or lowered.

This air-lock was a cylindrical chamber of heavy iron, fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the tunnel, as otherwise the air pressure would have forced them open, with the result that the compressed air would have escaped and the roof of the tunnel have fallen in. The men having entered the air-lock from the shaft, the door was closed upon them, and before the door at the tunnel end was opened the lock was slowly filled with compressed air until the pressure was equal to that in the tunnel, which the men were then prepared to enter. The work had been pushed forward several hundred feet. The braces, aided by an air pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch, had so far sufficed to support the iron roof-plates, and there had been no accident. But there was one point of danger. Where the iron roof-plates and the wall of the shaft came together near the tunnel end of the air-lock, the joining was not fairly plumb. A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered, but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

The shift entered the air-lock as usual, remained there the customary length of time, and then went into the tunnel. They were in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland, a Dane, who had been in this country nine years, and had been employed at the tunnel since the beginning of the work. At half-past four in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At that time the danger-point must have remained unguarded for a fatal interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying:

"Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But, where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay, there was now a rapidly widening gap. Under it stood Peter Woodland. The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him; ooze and slime were blinding him; he felt the water rising about his

feet. One step would have taken him safely into the air-lock; of all the men, he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it. Standing there by the entrance, he shouted:

"Quick, boys! Get into the lock!"

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along, he pushed and shoved him through the rising ooze and water into the air-lock. Seven men had passed him. As he was helping the eighth, the iron roof-plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air-lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead, and pinned fast. The heavy iron plates against the door made it impossible to open this, and the man's body in the doorway made it impossible to close it by a few inches. Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air-lock. Escape had been cut off for Woodland and the twenty men behind him, and the men in the air-lock were in danger of drowning, for the compressed air which had entered it from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward-swinging door at the other end.

"Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!" shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in water.

The men in the air-lock stripped themselves and thrust their clothing into the crack. The air-lock was now half full of water, and while the inflow was checked, it was not wholly stopped. This water and the pressure of the air made their frantic efforts to tear open the door at the shaft end of the lock unavailing.

There was a bull's-eye in each door. The man nearest the door leading into the tunnel was attracted by a sound, and, looking, saw Woodland peering at him through the bull's-eye. The water was up to his armpits. Beyond him were blurred, watery heads. Then he heard Woodland's voice:

"Break open the outside bull's-eye!"

The men in the air-lock were not cowards; it had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew if they knocked out the bull's-eye, and the air escaped through it, their chances of tearing open the door would be improved; but they also knew that with the outrush of air from the lock

and the tunnel the roof about the leak would come crashing down, and the last desperate chance for Woodland and his twenty hemmed-in men be gone. They hesitated. Woodland must have noticed their hesitation, for he called:

"Knock it out! It's your only chance!" Then for the first time his voice wavered as he added: "And if you're saved, try and do what you can for the rest of us!"

They smashed the bull's-eye, and tore at the door. At the same time they felt pressure applied from the outside. The door yielded slightly. The water began pouring out of the lock into the shaft. Relieved of this weight and of the air pressure, the door swung in and seven nude and terrified men were literally shot into the shaft, where the water gained upon them so rapidly that they had to take to the ladder for safety. The caving in of a shed near the water's edge had given warning to two men above that something was wrong below. They had hurried down the shaft, and had reached the air-lock door just as the bull's-eye was smashed.

The nine men paused at the brink of the shaft. As they looked down into it, and then cast a glance at the river, they saw that both were on a level. The water of the Hudson had filled the tunnel and the air-lock, and risen in the shaft to the height of the tide. That the twenty-one men in the tunnel had met their doom there could be no doubt.

To appreciate fully what Peter Woodland did in the tunnel disaster, one must recall for an instant the circumstances under which he met his death. It was not on the field of battle. There was no trumpet-call, no hurrah from a thousand throats to urge him on, no surging army to carry him to the front with its own momentum, no flag flashing in the sun to stir his soul —not one of those dramatic effects that sometimes lift a man out of himself and inspire him to play a part, with the world for an audience. This catastrophe was shrouded in gloom. About it there was not one touch of the dramatic to inspire heroism. Peter Woodland stood in a tunnel under the bed of a great river. In that bed above him was an ever-widening gap through which the river was pouring in upon him. There was but one step between him and safety. He never took it;

for there were men—*his* men—behind him! And so he stood there by the air-lock door, helping one after another in, till the crash came. Then, under circumstances that would have converted almost any man into a tiger fighting for his life, he coolly, to his dying breath, directed the men he had helped into the air-lock how to save themselves. Weighing well all these things, I say deliberately that Peter Woodland, a plain man but little above his own workingmen in rank, performed an act of heroism as sublime as any of which the history of the world contains a record.

A WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR COMMON PEOPLE*

By JULIA H. GULLIVER

THERE is a famous church in London called Westminster Abbey. It was founded many hundreds of years ago by one of England's good and pious kings, and the present edifice, like all great churches, is the growth of centuries. Here the country's monarchs, with one exception, have been crowned; here kings and queens have found their last resting-place; and here, in later generations, many men and women whom the English people delight to honor have been remembered by memorials. It is a national hall of fame, a veritable shrine for all who appreciate noble work. As Washington Irving has well said: "It seems as if the awful nature of the place hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled the earth with their renown."

But many humble men and women live heroically and pass away with no public recognition of their worth. Only in the hearts of those who knew them are they remembered, yet each one's life and work contributed to the country's welfare.

People have been strangely slow to glorify their heroes of peace. Deeds of war have seemed so thrilling that any quiet act of heroism, unaccompanied with music or waving banners, has attracted less attention. But men are beginning to know that there are many kinds of heroes. They are telling their children that those who devote themselves to saving life are quite as heroic as soldiers who destroy life. They are teaching them that if they grow up to work unceasingly for a clean country and an honorable people, they will be patriots quite as truly as lieutenants or admirals.

Some memorials have already been raised to heroes of

* From "The Friendship of Nations," by Julia H. Gulliver. Used by permission of the publishers, Ginn and Company, Boston.

peace. In London, near the General Post Office, there is an open space commonly known as Postmen's Park. It is a bit of country in the busiest whirl of the town, with birds flitting to and fro and plane trees rustling in the breeze. Here city workers come to sit and rest and dream, particularly at noonday during the luncheon hour. By the happy suggestion of George Frederick Watts, one of England's most celebrated artists, a little red-roofed cloister was erected in this park, wherein tablets are placed from time to time commemorative of acts of heroism. It is a shrine for the heroes of the work-aday world, praising their faithfulness in a simple inscription —"The Utmost for the Highest."

The Tablets

There is space upon the walls for nearly one hundred and fifty tablets; only twenty-four places have been filled. One tablet honors the heroism of a player in a pantomime at the Princess's Theater. The clothes of one of the actresses caught fire, and this other, Sarah Smith, ran to her to put out the flames, and succeeded, but was herself so terribly burned that in a day, after much suffering, she died. There are the names of Walter Peart and Harry Dean, driver and fireman of a Windsor express on which the connecting rod of the engine broke and tore the boiler asunder. In a deluge of flame and steam they stuck to their posts and stopped the train, saved their passengers, and met a terrible death. There is a tablet to Mary Rogers, the stewardess of the Channel Islands steamer "Stella," which went down in 1899. When the last boat was pushing off, the sailors bade her jump in, but she answered, "No, no; if I get in the boat, it will sink. Good-by! good-by!" She lifted her hands then, and cried, "Lord, have me!" And the "Stella" sank beneath her feet. There is the tablet to Alice Ayres, the maidservant in Southwark, who saved all her master's children from a fire at the cost of her own life:

> And who was Alice Ayres? you ask.
> A household drudge who slaved all day,
> Whose joyless years were one long task
> On stinted food and scanty pay.

But neither hunger, toil, nor care
Could e'er a selfish thought instill,
Or quench a spirit born to dare,
Or freeze that English heart and will.

There are the names of two doctors who sacrificed their lives for their patients. There is the name of Solomon Galaman, the little East End boy of eleven, who saved his tiny brother from being run over in the crowded market street and fell himself beneath the wheels. "Mother," he said, as he lay dying, "mother, I saved him, but I could not save myself." The story of many another is equally heroic.

Red Cross Garden and Hall

Far on the other side of London is Red Cross Street, a dingy and dismal neighborhood, save for one bright green garden surrounded by pretty cottages. This is Red Cross Garden and Hall, a kind of settlement house, where the people may spend comfortable and happy evenings enjoying dramatic entertainments or concerts of a fine character. The panels of the hall, painted by Walter Crane, illustrate heroic deeds of the poor. There will be six of these panels all together, and three of them have already been executed. One of the three is in memory of the same Alice Ayres commemorated by one of the tablets in the cloister in Postmen's Park. This panel in Red Cross Hall is particularly impressive because the heroic deed which it pictures was done in the immediate neighborhood. The young servant girl was sleeping in a room, with the three children, in the front of her master's house over the shop, when aroused after midnight by cries of fire from a passerby. The smoke was rising from the shop below. She ran with the baby in her arms, leading the other children, to wake her master and mistress, and then hastened back with the children and threw open the window. By this time the shop was a mass of flames, and their retreat backward was cut off. The crowd called to Alice to jump or it would be too late, but through the fire and smoke she dragged one child and then another to rescue before she would think of herself, and then

from a background of flame fell upon the railing below, with injuries from which, two days afterward, she died.

George Eales

This was in 1885. In 1887, a child barely five years old, fell down a well two hundred and fifty-eight feet deep, near Basingstoke. By some miracle, just before reaching the bottom, where the water is twelve feet deep, he caught a rope and held on to it. His cries were heard, and one George Eales at once volunteered to go down the rope to rescue him. He reached the child, and holding the rope with one hand, somehow managed to tie another rope around the child, and both were drawn up to the top. It is an almost incredible story of daring and endurance; and this deed is the subject of Walter Crane's second picture. The third commemorates the heroism of two navvies, who, working with others upon the railway between Glasgow and Paisley, in 1876, stood back upon the approach of an express train, which upon passing would cross a lofty viaduct. Suddenly one saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked upon the viaduct. There was no time for words. Jamison made a sign to his nephew, and the two rushed forward; they fixed the sleeper, saved the train—and were left dead upon the line. One who was present at their funeral, which was largely attended, especially by fellow-workmen, wrote: "We laid them in the same grave in an old churchyard on a hillside that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going; and I thought of Tennyson's lines:

> "'Let the sound of those he wrought for,
> And the feet of those he fought for,
> Echo round his bones for evermore.'"

THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND

By THE EDITORS

IT was in 1903 that Mr. Carnegie set aside five million dollars as a fund to be spent in medals and pecuniary recognitions for those who, in peaceful vocations, attempt to preserve or rescue human life. The Fund has been in use long enough to develop a number of interesting facts regarding it.

Mr. Carnegie was not the first to think of the propriety of recognizing heroism in peace as well as in war. In England there was a sailor who had been the leader of a volunteer boat crew who put off from a vessel to a wreck in a storm and saved sixteen lives. He was the possessor of five silver medals, one from Lloyds and the others from various humane and underwriting societies. The King of England also gives the "Albert Medal" for heroic deeds in peace which correspond to those for which the Victoria Cross is bestowed in war.

It may not be remembered that the first medal bestowed by the Hero Commission was given to a boy. On July 17, 1904, three months after the Fund was established, Louis Baumann, Jr., of Allegheny County, Penn., aged seventeen, dived in Sulphur Pond, in water ten feet deep, and rescued Charles Stevick, aged sixteen, who was panic-stricken.

Heroism of Boys and Girls

Nearly one-third of the awards that have been given have been to young people under twenty-one years of age, some of these being girls. The youngest was a boy of eleven. Fenton Gregory, a schoolboy of Laceyville, Penn., swam out into the Susquehanna River and supported in water a man who weighed a hundred pounds more than himself until others arrived and helped him ashore. He was given a bronze medal and $2,000 toward his education.

The heroism of the girls was in every instance a case of pluck, quick thought, and self-forgetfulness. Ernestine Atwood, aged seventeen, at North Weymouth, Mass., dived from a rowboat in Boston Harbor, 200 feet from shore, and rescued a man from *under* a float. Lucy Ernst, aged twenty, sucked the venom from a rattlesnake bite, though she had a fever blister on her own lip. Therese McNally, aged thirteen, saved a little girl of four from drowning, after swimming thirty feet. Elsie Plantz, aged fifteen, saved one and tried to save three by walking out on thin ice at Appleton, Wis. She broke through herself and was rescued by a boy of twenty, who was also given a medal. Jewel Reed, aged seventeen, died while attempting to save two women in a burning building in St. Louis. She ascended to the second story of her home to help them out and was cut off from escape and burned with them.

The boys were equally noble. Three of them were the Cornell students who, in the burning of the Chi Psi fraternity house, were intent only on helping each other. One of them lost his life in trying to save his roommate. The other two nearly gave their own to bring out a third, who later died of his injuries. Silver medals were awarded in each case. Edward Campbell saved an enemy in the Youghiogheny River, a boy who could not swim. Two boys, knocked down in a coal mine by a premature explosion and momentarily expecting another, instead of fleeing, helped carry a third to safety.

Leo Nohes, a student, crossed a track on a bicycle in front of a fast-moving train and shoved a little girl out of danger, his arm being grazed by the engine as he passed. Lyndon Phifer, aged thirteen, had the most exciting experience of all, for which he received the bronze medal and $2,000 toward his schooling. He ran out on to a trestle, released a little boy's foot from between two cross-ties, dropped him into a stream thirteen feet below and then hung to the end of a cross-tie until the train had passed.

Most of the instances were cases of saving from drowning. But some were unique. A county superintendent of schools dug a man out of a cave-in, where there was imminent danger that the sand would engulf the spot, as it did a little afterward.

A Salvation Army major, a woman, snatched a child from the path of a team of horses and was knocked down herself. A locomotive engineer climbed out of his cab window upon the pilot and, clinging to it with one hand, caught up a baby of two years and tossed her to safety. Three men descended into a room filled with suffocating ammonia gas and rescued a fourth. A housewife swam into a pool with her dog and, with his help, got a girl safely to land. A captain of a Milwaukee fireboat received a gold medal and $1,500 for going down, with two other men, who received the same award, into a fifty-five foot shaft and rescuing a fourth who was imprisoned in an airshaft under the Milwaukee River, into which water was leaking.

Conditions

Mr. Carnegie made the condition that no grant was to be continued unless it was soberly and properly used and the recipients remain respectable, well-behaved persons. "But the heroes and heroines are to be given a fair trial, no matter what their antecedents. Heroes deserve pardon and a fresh start." In case of death resulting from the heroic act, the medal is given to the widow or the next of kin.

The Commission which makes the awards consists of twenty-one men, who were originally appointed by Mr. Carnegie, and who elect their own successors.

The method of calling the attention of the Commission to a heroic deed is to communicate with the secretary of the Fund, Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, who solicits everybody to report to him every act that ought thus to be recognized. The secretary collects the evidence and reports it to an executive committee of five, who in turn make a résumé of it and present it to the full Commission for final action. The Commission meets regularly three times a year.

The Hero Fund has already outlived its objectors. While it is true that money and medals are not the measure and cannot be a full reward for saving human life, and cannot produce unselfishness and self-forgetfulness, it is a satisfaction to know that genuine heroism has at last an impartial court

of review and is signalized by public mention. Recognitions of life-saving that are as unique and valuable as those given for life-destroying must also, as the Commission declares, help the coming of "that better day when men shall forget the acts of war, and shall seek for peace and goodwill throughout the world."

It is also gratifying to think that brave men who were poor have been lifted out of distress and that boys and girls who offered their lives for others have the opportunity to develop those lives to the utmost by being helped to get an education. It is also possible that when the opportunity for doing a deed of help occurs and men measure their duty by the consideration of the families dependent upon them, the thought that these will be cared for if they themselves are made helpless may at times turn the balance toward action and resulting rescue and safety.

Who knows but that some reader of this article may yet wear the medal which says, on its reverse side, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"?

HOW THE SEA GULLS SAVED UTAH

By ORSON F. WHITNEY

NO event in Western history awakens more interest than the episode of the Crickets and the Gulls. It occurred in 1848, when Salt Lake City—the earliest settlement in the Rocky Mountains—was less than one year old. The so-called "city" was not even a village at that time; it was little more than a camp, consisting of a log-and-mud fort, enclosing huts, tents, and wagons, with about eighteen hundred inhabitants. Most of these had followed immediately after the Pioneers, who, with Brigham Young, their leader, arrived on the shores of the Great Salt Lake in July, 1847. President Young and others had returned to the Missouri River to bring more of their migrating people to their new home among the mountains, and those who remained here were anxiously awaiting the results of their first labors to redeem the desert and make the wilderness to blossom.

Some plowing and planting had been done by the Pioneers upon their arrival, but the seeds then put in, such as potatoes, corn, wheat, oats, peas, and beans, though well irrigated, did not mature, owing to the lateness of the season. The nearest approach to a harvest, that year, were a few small potatoes, which served as seed for another planting. It was therefore their first real harvest in this region that the settlers of these solitudes were looking forward to, at the time of the episode mentioned.

Much depended upon that harvest, not only for the people already here, but for twenty-five hundred additional immigrants, who were about to join them from the far-away frontier. The supplies brought by those who came the first season had been designed to last only about twelve months. They were gradually getting low, and these settlers, be it borne in

GULL MONUMENT, SALT LAKE CITY

mind, were well nigh isolated from the rest of humanity. "A thousand miles from anywhere," was a phrase used by them to describe their location. They had little communication with the outside world, and that little was by means of the ox team and the pack mule. If their harvest failed, what would become of them?

In the spring of 1848, five thousand acres of land were under cultivation in Salt Lake Valley. Nine hundred acres had been sown with winter wheat, which was just beginning to sprout.

Then came an event as unlooked for as it was terrible—the cricket plague! In May and June these destructive pests rolled in black legions down the mountain sides, and attacked the fields of growing grain. The tender crops fell an easy prey to their fierce voracity. The ground over which they had passed looked as if scorched by fire.

Thoroughly alarmed, the community—men, women, and children—marshaled themselves to fight the ravenous foe. Some went through the fields, killing the crickets, but crushing much of the tender grain. Some dug ditches around the farms, turned water into the trenches, and drove and drowned therein the black devourers. Others beat them back with clubs and brooms, or burned them in fires. Still the crickets prevailed. Despite all that could be done by the settlers, their hope of a harvest was fast vanishing—a harvest upon which life itself seemed to depend.

They were rescued, as they believed, by a miracle—a greater miracle than is said to have saved Rome, when the cackling of geese roused the slumbering city in time to beat back the invading Gauls. In the midst of the work of ruin, when it seemed as if nothing could stay the destruction, great flocks of gulls appeared, filling the air with their white wings and plaintive cries. They settled down upon the half-ruined fields. At first it looked as if they came but to help the crickets destroy. But their real purpose was soon apparent. They came to prey upon the destroyers. All day long they gorged themselves, disgorged, and feasted again, the white gulls upon the black crickets, like hosts of heaven and hell

contending, until the pests were vanquished and the people saved. The birds then returned to the Lake islands, leaving the grateful settlers to shed tears of joy over their timely deliverance.

A season of scarcity followed, but no fatal famine; and before the worst came, the glad people celebrated, with a public feast, their first harvest home.

The gull is still to be seen in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake. The wanton killing of these birds was made punishable by law. Rome had her sacred geese; Utah would have her sacred gulls, forever to be held in honor as the Heaven-sent messengers that saved the Pioneers.

To commemorate this historic incident, a sea gull monument has been completed and unveiled upon Temple Block. The sculptor was Mahonri M. Young, a grandson of the great pioneer leader, Brigham Young.

The granite base, weighing twenty tons, rests upon a concrete foundation. From the base rises a round column of granite fifteen feet high, surmounted by a granite globe.

Two sea gulls of bronze rest upon the granite ball. The birds weigh about 500 pounds and the stretch of the wings, from tip to tip, is eight feet.

The tablets are thus described by B. H. Roberts:

"The graceful Doric column of the monument surmounting the base, is fifteen feet high and is topped by a granite sphere, on which two gulls are seen in the act of lighting upon it—a most graceful thing in itself—and Mahonri M. Young, the sculptor, has caught the action of it true to life.

"On three sides of the high base, in relief sculpture, the Sea Gull story is told: The tablature on the east tells of the arrival and early movements of the Pioneers. In the left foreground of the rugged Wasatch Mountains there is the man afield with ox team, plowing the stubborn soil, aided by the boy driver, followed by the sower. In the right foreground is the wagon home, women preparing the humble meal while an Indian sits in idle but graceful pose looking upon all this strange activity that is to redeem his land from savagery and give it back to civilization.

"The second tablature—on the south—tells the story of the threatened devastation from the crickets' invasion.

"A point of mountain and a glimpse of the placid, distant lake are seen. The farmer's fight with the invading host is ended—he has exhausted all his ingenuity and his strength in the fight. He is beaten—you can see that in the hopeless sinking of his figure to the earth, his bowed head, and listless down-hanging hands from which the spade has fallen.

"Despair claims him and laughs. With the woman of this tablature it is different. She is holding a child by the hand—through it she feels throbbing the call of the future—the life of a generation of men and women yet to be.

"She, too, is toil worn, and there is something truly pathetic in her body weariness, but her head is raised—raised to what until now has seemed the pitiless skies; but now they are filled with the oncoming flocks of sea gulls. Does she watch their coming with merely idle curiosity or vague wonderment? Or does her soul in the strange gull cry hear God's answer to her call for help? God's answer to her they were, these gulls, in any event, as the gulls soon proved by devouring the destroyer.

"The third tablature commemorates the Pioneers' first harvest—worthily, too. In the background rises Ensign Peak.

"In the middle background the log-house home stands finished; in the foreground, harvesting the golden grain is in progress, both men and women take joyous part. To the right, a mother half kneeling holds to her full breast a babe, who 'on the heart and from the heart' receives its nourishment, and about her knees another child plays in happy, childish oblivion of toil and care. Oh, happy scene of life and joy, 'where plenty leaps to laughing life with her redundant horn.'

"On the fourth tablature is the title of the monument. Fortunately it is simple, and not explanatory—the work of the sculptor tells the story—tells it well and eloquently. Too much narration would have marred it—this is the inscription:

"'SEA GULL MONUMENT,
ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
THE MERCY OF GOD TO THE MORMON PIONEERS.'"

HEROES OF THE RAILWAY SERVICE*

By CHARLES DE LANO HINE

AMERICAN railroad life in the train and yard service teems with deeds of daring, of self-sacrifice, and of devotion to duty. All these are matters of such every-day occurrence that they are difficult to chronicle. Dangers follow one another in such rapid succession that the impressions of one moment are effaced by the self-possession necessary to the next. A soldier fights his battle and may not be again under fire for a week, a month, or a year. While actually engaged, his is a maximum of danger. The railroad man is usually in much less danger than the fighting soldier. What the railroader lacks in intensity of risk he makes up for in quantity. He is under fire, so to speak, every working day or night of his life. The washouts of spring, the blinding dust of summer, the treacherous fogs of autumn, and the icy car-tops of winter, all teach him to be careful of his hold in this world, lest he slip suddenly into the next.

As the battle is the true test of the officer and the soldier, so is the wreck the measure of the coolness or pluck of the official and the employee. There is this important difference: a battle is usually planned for, while a wreck is always unexpected.

On the trunk-line that leads from Washington to the heart of Dixie there is, near quaint old Alexandria, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol, a little junction. Here, one summer evening just at dusk, a passenger-train from a branch road had stopped for orders. The conductor and the engineman had gone to the telegraph office, and the fireman was also away from the engine. The train had the right of track (i.e., the rules entitled it to the road), and had stopped "foul of the

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main" (i.e., so another train could not get by on the main line). It was to meet another train which must come in under control. When the latter whistled in the distance, no special attention was paid. On came the train, the ambitious young runner bent on reaching Richmond in as many hours as it once took an army years. Suddenly the men on the ground realized that the coming train could not stop. There was time for them to run away, but duty was dearer than life. The engineman ran to his engine. His quick eye saw that if he pulled ahead for his own safety into the siding his rear coaches would not be clear of the track on which the swift train was approaching. Like lightning he threw the reverse lever into the "back motion," and then gradually opened the throttle, knowing that to "jerk her wide open" would "slip her drivers" and not move the train. A quick-witted trainman sprang to the switch and, as his train shot back, threw the rails almost under the pilot of the coming monster, which thundered harmlessly by. It takes a brave man to stick to his post when danger threatens, but it takes a braver one to seek his post when he is once in a place of safety.

On a side-hill in the Buckeye State stands the station of a pretentious town. Here one evening a train stood discharging passengers and changing engines. Suddenly a freight-train was heard tearing down the grade past the yard where it should have stopped. The almost human whistles for brakes indicated only too clearly to practiced ears that the crew had lost control of the train. In vain the station-men thought of turning the runaway into another track. The only available siding which the helpless and partly filled train did not block led into the station itself. To throw that switch meant death to the people in the dining-room. While this was happening, an engineman was leisurely oiling his engine on the station spur. When he saw the danger, he yelled to throw the switch, and shot his engine out on the main track to meet the coming train. His comrades supposed that he would jump off and trust his engine to do the work of repelling the assault. He knew the grade was so steep that the recoil from the collision might still work mischief to the unsuspecting passengers; so he "stayed with

her," and with a skill equaled only by his courage he caught that freight-train and brought it under control, with no more damage than smashing the fronts of the engines. There was only one chance in a hundred of doing this, but heroes take the hundredth chance. For such deeds Napoleon made officers of privates.

What the ship is to the captain, the locomotive is to the engine-driver. A touch of the master's hand, and its muscles of steel strain forward.

A clear track, and all is well. The locomotive hums along to the song of the road, the cadence of a thousand rails. A sudden shriek, an answering blast. It is neither starboard nor port, but down brakes and straight on, with crash and wreckage ahead. For the engine-driver at this maddening moment there is only one alternative—be a coward and jump, be a hero and stick.

How many engine-drivers do "stick" and meet their death, in the desperate hope of being able to slow down the train and lessen the fatality of the impending collision to the passengers, is shown by a railway official's remark to me that such instances of devotion to duty were regarded as matters of course in the service and not considered subjects for special record. In fact, collision is only one of many perils to which railway employees are exposed, so that it requires a certain amount of initial courage to enter the service at all. Life-insurance experts regard the railway service as an extra-hazardous occupation. As a brakeman said to me, in language which, while not highly poetic, conveys a pretty clear idea of his meaning: "A job on a railroad is like a barber-shop. It's just, 'Whose turn next?' You go out, and you don't know if you'll ever come back."

Veteran railroad men who have stories to tell of instances of heroism in the railway service usually begin with "Hank" Milligan, an engine-driver on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. During the draft riot in New York, the rioters, fearing that troops would be brought into the city, tore up the south-bound track leading into the West Thirtieth Street station, and, gathering about the station, armed with muskets, pistols, and stones torn up from the pavements, threatened

death to any engine-driver who dared take out a train. This threat was conveyed to Milligan shortly before the time at which his train was scheduled to start.

Milligan quietly waited for the train-starter's signal. When he received it he pulled open the throttle of his locomotive and steamed through the lines of rioters, who were so daunted by his courage that they allowed him to pass without a shot or a stone. But then those who remember Milligan describe him as a typical New-Englander, tall and angular, who would fight anything, adding that he "wouldn't have feared the devil himself."

Veteran railroaders have another anecdote—one pleasantly relieved by a humorous flavor—to tell of Milligan's bravery. Coming down the road, at the time the old Creamer brakes, which worked on springs and were controlled by a cord from the locomotive, were in use, he collided with a freight-train that was backing across the track. The fireman and several other train-hands jumped before the trains collided. Milligan wound the brake-cord around his hand and wrist, applied the brakes, and stuck to his post. The conductor, an "old-timer," was among those who gathered about the wreck. "Anyhow," said Milligan, as he extricated himself from it, the brake-cord still in his grasp, "I didn't jump." "Of course you didn't," snarled the conductor. "You couldn't. You were all tangled up in that cord."

Patrick McTamany was a switchman at one of the Pennsylvania Railroad crossings in Jersey City, where there is an intricate network of tracks over which trains and drilling-engines are almost constantly passing. Early one morning McTamany saw a boy playing on one of the tracks, unaware of the fact that a train was bearing down upon him. The switchman shouted, but the boy failed to hear. McTamany jumped in front of the locomotive. With one hand he thrust the boy off the track; with the other he tried to swing himself onto the pilot. He missed his hold, fell, and was crushed to death under the locomotive wheels as the boy scampered off.

Among the most extraordinary calamities that ever befell any section of this country were the forest fires in the counties

of Pine, Mille-lacs, and Chisago, Minnesota. None, perhaps, has had greater attendant horrors. It might be supposed that when fire devastates a tract twenty-six miles long and from one to fifteen miles broad there would be ample warning of the flames approach to enable every human being in their path to escape. But in this catastrophe, in which whole towns and settlements were destroyed, the conflagration advanced with the rapidity of a tidal wave. It was as if a dam of stored-up flames had burst and let loose a flood of fire upon the country. A haze, a cloud of smoke, a tongue of flame, and, before people could flee, a fiery sea would be raging around and over the doomed settlements. In the whole great fire-swept tract not a human habitation was left standing except a section-house at a place called Miller; but the loss of five hundred lives and the positions in which the dead were found tell more graphically than any other facts of the frightful rapidity with which the flames advanced.

At Hinckley, the largest town that was destroyed, one hundred and thirty people sought refuge in a morass. From that morass one hundred and thirty charred and, in many instances, unrecognizable bodies were taken. They must have been blasted by one fiery breath, for whole families lay in groups as if there had been no time to move. When a few days later a trench for the dead was being dug, the ground was found so thoroughly baked that it became necessary to loosen it with picks.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the fatal day a train reached Hinckley on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. Early in the afternoon the engineer had ordered the headlight lighted, as a heavy haze obscured the air. At Hinckley a terror-stricken mob was surging about the station, and a rush was made for the train. As it started forward, crowded to its utmost capacity, a flame burst out of the cloud of smoke ahead and ignited the engine-cab and baggage-car.

In the cab was Engineer James Root. On the train were fully two hundred people, their lives dependent upon this one man. Root remembered that six miles back was a mud-hold called Skunk Lake. It was right beside the railroad-bed, and

From a Drawing by Jay Hambridge

CARRYING ROOT FROM THE CAB

with this made a clearing where perhaps a place of safety might be found. He reversed the engine, and the race with the flames began.

At times the forest on each side of the track, ignited by sparks blown by the fierce wind in advance of the conflagration, was a mass of roaring fire, and the train rushed through an aisle of flame; at times a fiery tongue shot out from the cloud of smoke rolling on behind as if to lick up the train from the road-bed; stragglers past whom the train rushed were seen a moment later to drop overcome with heat; car-windows were cracking; the woodwork of the train was burning; passengers, frantic with terror, were leaping from the platform, only to lie maimed in the very track of the pursuing demon of death.

At his post stood James Root. His fireman was in the water-tank ducking his head whenever the heat became too intense, and between times throwing water over the brave engineer. So at last the race with death was won, but only by two minutes; for within two minutes after the train stopped, the fire was upon it. But the passengers who had intrusted their lives to Root were safe. Some had rushed into the lake; others, who had become unconscious from the heat, had been borne into the mud and water; and Root—who, as he pulled the lever, had sunk to the floor of the engine-cab exhausted, his clothing on fire, his face and hands scorched and bleeding from broken glass—had been carried to the mud, laid in it and covered with it. Those in the water were obliged to keep constantly submerging themselves, and those in the mud had to lie flat in it to save themselves as the flames leaped over the lake. The ground was not cool enough to stand on until four hours after the fire had swept past.

Those who carried Root from the cab had supposed that he was dying; but when people began leaving the lake, he rose and, as if guided by instinct, staggered back to what remained of the locomotive, clambered on to it, and sank down upon the cab-seat. The train itself had been burned to the trucks. It was a long time before Root fully recovered from his wounds and burns.

In the meeting-room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, N. Y., is a simple yet touching and appropriate memento of as brave an engine-driver as ever put hand to throttle.

This engineman, Edward Kennar, ran Engine 238 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railroad. One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding along toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a landslide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. There was the shriek of the whistle, "Down brakes!" But it was too late. No. 238 plunged into the heaping débris, and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writhing in the agony of death, was Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together what of life there was left in him. Slightly raising his head, he shrieked—it seemed almost in anger—at those who had gathered about to help him if they could, "Flag No. 5!" With those words on his lips he died.

"No. 5" was a west-bound train which usually met Kennar's near this point. The warning which he, forgetting his own agony, had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5's peril to the train-hands, and, hurrying back to the track, they were in time to flag it.

It seems to me that "Flag No. 5" of "Ed" Kennar's is worthy to be placed alongside of Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!" or of any dying words of heroes on the battle-field which history has recorded. It saved No. 5.

The throttle of Engine 238 was taken from the wreck. Silver-plated, framed, and with an appropriate inscription, it hangs, a memorial to this railroad hero—who, though he might have jumped, "just slapped on the brakes and stood by his engine"—in the room of the Brotherhood division to which he belonged. Is it to be wondered at that the members of the division regard the throttle of No. 238 with feelings akin to those with which soldiers look upon a battle-flag that has been found under the dead bodies of its defenders?

HEROES OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE *

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

THERE is one power that wages a ceaseless war against whomsoever ventures upon its domain—the sea. No enemy is more pitiless. Wind and snow and fog are its weapons. It neither asks nor gives quarter. Who shall say how many centuries man has sailed the main? But, also, who shall say how many ships and how many lives it has claimed as tribute? With a kind of savage sarcasm, it often calls in its very opposite, the land, to aid in its work of destruction, so that what should be the sailor's hope and haven becomes at times his source of greatest peril.

A few nations, having awakened to a sense of their responsibility toward humanity, have sought to lessen this last and most cruel peril, so far as lies in human power, and maintain each a little band of men whose duty it is to patrol the coast, watch out for stranded vessels, and go to the rescue of their crews.

In the United States these men belong to what is known as the Life-saving Service. Year after year they are called upon to brave dangers before which the stoutest heart might well quail, and brave them calmly and coolly, without the stimulus of excitement which in battle carries everything along, and often makes a fictitious hero of a natural coward.

There is nothing fictitious in the heroism of the life-savers. They are aware of the possible consequences of their every act. Desperate chances are taken, but they are known to be desperate. As a plain recital of some of the rescues they have made will show, they deliberately go forth to save the lives of

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others, knowing they are imperiling their own; and this, too, without the hope of any adequate reward in case they are successful. There can be no truer "heroes of peace" than they.

Keeper Silas H. Harding and his crew of the Jerry's Point, New Hampshire, station all received gold medals for a rescue the perils of which were almost unique. During a winter storm, with the thermometer below freezing-point, the schooner "Oliver Dyer" stranded on the ledges, a hundred and fifty yards from shore. As the life-savers were about to fire a life-line from the Lyle gun, a heavy sea caught the vessel on her broadside, and, lifting her bodily, threw her thirty or forty feet inshore, where the wash was so great that it would have been impossible to handle the line. The vessel now gradually worked shoreward to within about seventy-five feet of a large, flat, ice-covered, wave-swept rock.

Keeper Harding at once realized that it was from this rock the battle must be fought.

He and his crew succeeded in reaching it between seas. They had barely gained a footing when they saw a man struggling in the breakers. Surfman Hall sprang to his rescue, but as he dragged him out, a wave swept both off the rock. Fortunately, they were carried to the inshore side, and, clinging to its ragged edges, his hands and arms torn and bleeding, the surfman was able, as the sea receded a moment, to regain his footing and draw the sailor up after him. Meanwhile, Surfman Randall had saved another man just as he was being carried out a second time by the undertow. Keeper Harding now made a successful throw with the heaving-stick; and as the men leaped from the vessel, with the line under the armpits, they were hauled ashore, whither the life-savers had retreated after they had succeeded in throwing the line to the vessel.

In their exhausted state no information could be obtained from the men who were rescued as to the number that were aboard the wreck; and Keeper Harding, fearing, although no more signals for help came over the line, that there still might be sailors aboard too benumbed to adjust it, sent Surfmen Randall and Amazeen back to the rock to see if there were any more men on the wreck. A big wave carried both surf-

men off their feet; but Amazeen seized Randall as the sea rolled back, and clung with him to the rock. The rest of the crew dashed out to their rescue; but they were saved only just in time, for they were almost exhausted when brought ashore.

The rescue of these shipwrecked sailors was surrounded by most perilous circumstances; for while Keeper Harding and his men were engaged in saving the crew of the "Dyer," they were, in turn, engaged in saving one another.

To no life-saving crew does the term "heroes of peace" more exactly apply than to that of the station at Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. With the exception of the keeper, it is composed of students of the Northwestern University, who, when not on duty at the station, are quietly pursuing their studies. It is a kind of college team that has the waves of Lake Michigan for a playground, human lives for a goal, and the elements for umpire.

One Thanksgiving morning these brave fellows received word that the life was being pounded out of a steamer and her crew off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles distant. With the life-boat they made their way to the scene of the disaster. From the bluff they could see the vessel in the breakers, about a thousand yards from shore. There was a living gale, the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and the air thick with snow and sleet.

A wild ravine—a roaring, ice-glazed crack in the bluff—led down to the shore. It would have been impossible even for this plucky crew to have taken the boat safely down through the steep ravine; but soldiers and civilians, armed with picks and shovels, hewed out steps from its side, and mowed a path through the brush. The beach was a mere strip, exposed to the full fury of the sheeting waves. Thrice, in hauling the boat to the windward point, from which Keeper Lawson decided to launch, it filled.

The bluff was lined with soldiers and others from the fort, and every one held his breath as the frail-looking boat, which seemed a mere cockleshell amid the writhing waters, left the beach. Once it nearly pitch-poled; once it filled to the thwarts; and though the crew pulled with the strength of desperation,

it was driven to leeward, and had to be forced toward the wreck in the very teeth of the gale. The life-savers' clothing was frozen stiff; the vessel was shrouded with ice; her crew, half perished, huddled forward. At last the boat was forced under the steamer's lee, and six men were brought off and taken ashore. Three trips were made in all, and when the life-savers finally beached their boat, their condition was almost as pitiable as that of those they had saved. That was this college team's Thanksgiving game. They won it against fearful odds, a fact attested by the gold medals awarded to keeper and crew: Lawrence O. Lawson, George Crosby, William M. Ewing, Jacob Loining, Edson B. Fowler, William L. Wilson, and Frank M. Kindig.

To me the rescue of the crew of the British schooner "H. P. Kirkham," by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket Island, seems the most daring exploit ever performed within the scope of the service. Twenty-six hours elapsed between the time the life-boat was launched and its landing with the crew of the wrecked vessel—twenty-six hours of exposure in an open boat, amid the tide-rips and riotous cross-seas of the Nantucket Shoals.

An overcast sky, with occasional snow-squalls, the thermometer twenty degrees below the freezing-point, an icy norther whistling over the sand-dunes—such was the night preceding this rescue.

The Coskata patrols went over their dreary beats, returning to the station chilled and worn with their long trudge through the heavy snow and sand.

At daybreak wind and sea were still rising. Keeper Chase carefully swept with his long glass as much of the coast as he could bring within range; but no vessel was visible. Just then there was a ring at the station telephone, and the lighthouse keeper at Sankaty Head reported that, just before dawn, he had seen torch-flashes off-shore, and thought he could discern the masts of a vessel on Bass Rip, ten miles out. Keeper Chase again made a careful search. There was no vessel in sight. She must be outside even of Bass Rip. The crew was quickly mustered, and Sankaty Head was called up.

"Is the vessel still there?"

"Yes; still there."

"All right. We will launch and go to her at once. Call up Vineyard Haven, and, if there's a tug in port, ask the master to run off toward Great Rip. Tell him a vessel somewhere beyond there may need a tug; that we've gone out to her; and that, if he can't render assistance to her, we'll probably need him to get back against wind and sea."

Not a man of the crew but knew what it meant to run before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The gale must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of those on the wreck. These descendants of old-time whalemen had no need to speak of this to one another. With the fathers it had been, "Dead whale, or stove boat"; with the sons it was, "Rescued crew, or drowned life-savers."

Sail was made, and Bass Rip reached in a comparatively short time. From there the vessel was first seen, five miles farther out. "On the Rose and Crown Shoal!" exclaimed Keeper Chase. This is the most dangerous of the numerous outlying shoals; but, nothing daunted, the keeper headed the boat for it. When the life-savers got near enough they could make out seven men clinging to the rigging of a three-masted schooner, the hull of which had already worked itself so deep into the treacherous shoal that only part of the port rail could be seen. The sea broke high over the bow, and swirled over deck and stern.

The life-boat was anchored, a hawser taken over the bow, and, carefully steadied by the oars and the long steering sweep, the boat dropped down with the current toward the wreck, the life-savers intent upon the keeper's every command, whether by word or gesture. One misstroke might mean failure and death. Carefully working in between seas, it became at last possible to hurl a heaving-stick with a small line attached into the rigging. A heavier line was "bent" onto the stick by the schooner's crew, drawn aboard the life-boat, and made fast to the after-thwart; and then two of the boat's crew began to haul in carefully toward the wreck.

And now occurred one of the dramatic incidents of the

rescue. The half-frenzied sailors, intent only upon saving their own lives, began hauling rapidly on their end of the line, at the imminent danger of swamping the life-boat.

"Make that line fast!" shouted Keeper Chase. But the schooner's crew was demoralized and undisciplined, and no attention was paid to the command.

Keeper Chase passed his knife to the stroke-oarsman. "I have charge here," he shouted. "Pull this boat another foot nearer that wreck, and the line shall be cut!"

Keeper Chase stands six feet four inches in his boots, and he has a six-foot-four-inch voice. He towered above the seas in the eyes of the shipwrecked crew, and his command rang in their ears above the storm; and there stood the stroke-oarsman, knife in hand, ready to sever the line. The little wave-tossed boat at the end of that line was their only hope of safety; and so they made fast, and the life-savers worked in as close to the wreck as caution would permit. One after another, the seven men were taken off the wreck, where for fifteen hours almost certain death had been staring them in the face.

Keeper Chase knew that the rescued men, hungry, cold, and exhausted with their long night struggle, drenched with icy seas, and pierced with the north wind, were worse than useless—mere dead weight in the boat. In fact, it would be little less than a miracle if they reached shore alive. So they were simply stowed away lengthwise in the bottom of the boat. From the deeply laden craft no land could be seen. Only the tall red-and-white tower on Sankaty, Nantucket's boldest headland, was now and then barely discernible as the boat rose on the crest of a high sea.

Mast and sail, useless now against a head wind and sea, were cast overboard. The anchor was lifted, and the boat headed shoreward. Wind and current combined to force it toward the breaking shoal, which was weathered only after three hours of the hardest pulling. It was impossible to make farther headway at that time, and the boat was again anchored, to await the turn of the tide, which might aid in reaching land.

At sunset, six hours after leaving the wreck (which had

THE LIFE-SAVERS

From a Painting by C. Haquette

split up an hour after the rescue), the boat had made only one mile of the fifteen toward shore. To be at anchor in such seas meant no rest. Rolling and pitching, the boat was shipping water with almost every wave, and the utmost exertion was required to keep it even comparatively free. The southern tide was due at nine o'clock, but the fierce norther had caused such a set that, after an hour's pull, the crew was obliged to anchor again. The rescued men weighted the boat and added to the danger of swamping; one of them was moaning piteously; and the bow-oarsman of the rescuing crew was also overcome for awhile.

At last one of the life-savers, Perkins, or, as his boat-mates called him, "Perkie," said, "Captain, let me sleep ten minutes, and I'll be all right." So the members of the crew were allowed to sleep in turn, but only a few minutes at a time, for fear of freezing.

The boat had been launched at eight o'clock one morning; it was three o'clock of the next. At last the southern tide made up, wind and sea moderated somewhat, and with sunrise another pull was made for shore. At ten o'clock, twenty-six hours after the crew had left Coskata, they beached the boat at Siasconset, on the southeastern shore of Nantucket, some eight miles across the island from the station, to which they were too exhausted to return until the afternoon.

When the crew started from Coskata, they left behind them in the station a woman, Keeper Chase's wife. As hour after hour wore away, she watched and waited, hoping against hope. When the crew reached the station, she came out, stood up on tiptoe, drew the keeper's bearded face down to hers, and kissed him.

There are times when the tension upon the emotions is so great that the least giving way results in a total collapse; and perhaps this is the reason Keeper Chase—his voice a bit husky, it is true—merely turned to his crew and called out:

"Now, boys, stow away the boat, and get your suppers. It's 'most time for the sunset patrol to be out." And so the routine was quietly resumed.

From the time the life-boat left the wreck until at sunrise

the next morning the imperiled life-savers had kept a constant lookout for any tug that might have put out to their aid from Vineyard Haven. Did a tug start in response to the message from Sankaty? Yes; it stood off-shore some five or six miles, and then, afraid to proceed farther in such seas and gale, ran for shelter!

The medals which were awarded to this valiant crew arrived too late for one of its members, the cheerful "Perkie." He had been weakened by an attack of pneumonia the previous winter, and the exposure of those terrible twenty-six hours brought on consumption. He knew the medals had been awarded; and when the keeper visited him shortly before his death, he asked, "Captain, haven't those stove-covers come yet?"

"Perkie" was the sole joy and support of an aged mother, and the medal which came too late for him is the only consolation of this poor sorrowing soul.

During the session of 1894-95 the New York legislature passed resolutions praising in the highest terms the heroism of several life-saving crews on Long Island, among them that of the Lone Hill station.

"Lone Hill!" What a dreary name, suggestive of a wind-swept sand-dune rising in desolate isolation from a sea-worn beach! No wonder the disaster, in spite of the heroism it called forth, has lineaments as terrible as storm and death can present. It combines with a marvelous exhibition of endurance and courage, not only on the part of the life-savers, but also on the part of one of the sailors of the ill-fated vessel, the most tragic aspects of shipwreck. After a forty-four-hours' fight for life, only two survivors of a crew of eight were brought ashore, and of these two, one died soon afterward. That he reached shore with a spark of life in him was due to the almost superhuman efforts of his shipmate, who, with death staring him in the face, and at a time when self-preservation would have been uppermost in the mind of almost any one, watched over this unfortunate with a care, tenderness, and devotion bordering on the miraculous. Yet he was only a common sailor; and when he himself had recovered from

the effects of that winter storm, quietly went his way, and is probably still before the mast.

It is needless to follow the three-masted schooner "Louis V. Place" through all the stress of winter weather which she encountered after she weighed from Baltimore on her last voyage. It converted the vessel into little more than a drifting iceberg. Her running-gear was frozen in the blocks, her sails were as stiff as boards, her decks sheeted with ice. On the morning that was to be her last, the captain, her whereabouts being wholly a matter of conjecture (he thought he was off Sandy Hook), tried to let go his anchors in hope of holding her off the lee shore which his soundings told him was near. But the crew, already subjected to four days and nights of bitter exposure, failed in their efforts to clear away the ice-bound anchors. Though the halyards were cut, the sails, rigid with ice, remained upright in their places, and the vessel's course landward was unchecked. When the shock came —the shock a vessel feels but once—all hands took to the mizzen-rigging.

The men of the Lone Hill station, eight miles east of Fire Island light, were returning from the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when they were notified that a vessel had just stranded near their station. They were soon abreast of her. She lay some four hundred yards out, swept from end to end by the waves. Frequent snow-squalls obscured the atmosphere; the surf was full of porridge ice, and great cakes of ice were piled upon the beach. To launch, let alone pull, a boat under such conditions was beyond human strength. While the Lyle gun was being made ready, two of the men in the rigging were seen to let go their hold and drop into the sea. This occurrence, so early in the catastrophe, was appalling evidence that the crew's vitality was at a low ebb, and that succor, to be of much avail, must be immediate.

It was only at intervals between the snow-gusts that the gun could be fired. The second shot landed the line over the rigging, almost within grasp of the shipwrecked sailors; but not one of them stirred to reach for it. By one o'clock in the afternoon four lines had been fired; but it was evident that the

crew was too exhausted or too nearly dead to aid in its own rescue.

The weather now closed in so thick that the vessel was invisible for three hours. Then a glimpse of a few minutes disclosed only four instead of six figures in the rigging. Two had silently frozen and dropped into the sea. Twice more the gun was fired, but again without avail. Darkness now set in. It was a wild, pitiless night. The life-savers built a beacon fire, and watched the surf for any chance, however desperate, to launch their boat. None came, and with daybreak, almost twenty-four hours after the vessel had stranded, it was seen that of the four figures in the rigging only two showed signs of life.

It had been evident already the previous day, and became more so on this, that one of these, if he survived, would owe his life to his shipmate, who, during these awful hours, instead of concentrating his efforts upon his own preservation, made every endeavor to keep up the feeble vitality in the other, beating him with the end of a rope, and shaking and pounding him, in turn. The mizzenmast seemed to be growing insecure; and at low tide, when part of the vessel's deck was not awash, this man slowly and painfully made his way down to it and along it to the main rigging. But before going up he turned and looked at the man he had left in the mizzen. Tottering back, and groping his way up until he reached him again, he in some miraculous way brought him down to the deck, and, by shoving and dragging him, got him over to the main rigging and up it. That the two other figures on the wreck were only frozen corpses soon became apparent. When the sailor who would not desert his shipmate, evidently with the intention of lashing him fast, unwound some rope near these figures, they were suddenly loosened, and swung, one by the head, the other by the feet, to and fro in the gale, nearly knocking the two survivors out of the rigging.

The second day was now rapidly waning. The ninth and last shot was fired. It laid the line fair across the hull, between the main- and fore-mast. The watchers held their breath as the sailor who had shown such unexpected vitality slowly came

out of the rigging. He bent over stiffly and painfully, picked up the line, made an effort as if to haul, staggered, fell, and crept feebly back to the rigging. The tension among those ashore had been so great that, when this seemingly last hope of saving what little of life remained on the doomed ship failed, three of the men burst into tears.

During the waning hours of that second day, and even in the gathering darkness, desperate, almost frantic efforts were made to launch the surf-boat. Each time it was simply tossed back upon the ice-rimmed beach. Again a fire was built, and again the surf watched, as it rushed into the glare, for a favorable opportunity for action. At last, almost at midnight, more than forty hours after the vessel had stranded, the surf seemed a little less powerful and the ice less densely packed. This was the supreme moment. With a mighty rush, the boat was sent into the surf. Waves breasted her, ice pounded her; but, driven on with all the strength her resolute crew could gather, she was at last laid alongside the storm-swept hulk, and the two perishing men were taken off. It was one o'clock on the morning of the third day when they were borne into the Lone Hill station. The heroic sailor, William Stevens, who had done all he could to save his shipmate, recovered. The latter's condition was so pitiable as to beggar description. His feet were frozen solid in his boots. Amputation became necessary, and he died at the hospital to which, at the earliest possible moment, he had been taken from the station.

This gallant rescue was accomplished by Keeper Baker of Lone Hill, Keeper Rorke of Blue Point, and five surfmen. As the resolution passed by the New York legislature says, "Such a service belongs to humanity, and deserves universal admiration." True; but true also of William Stevens of the fo'c'sle.

THE COAST GUARD

By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

DO you wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in the golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailèd host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast guard
Pacing along the strand,
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.

I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the lifeboat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast guard
And hold their lives in His hand!

HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE*

By JACOB RIIS

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd: the sea of upturned faces, with the fire-glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck company were laboring with the heavy extension-ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars, iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back, with glistening faces, shook hands, and

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FIRE-FIGHTERS

behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop, and drove away yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity, and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade-day. The burning of the St. George Flats was the first opportunity New York had of witnessing a rescue with the scaling-ladders that form such an essential part of the equipment of the fire-fighters to-day. Since then there have been many such. In the company in which John Binns was a private of the second grade, two others to-day bear the medal for brave deeds: the foreman, Daniel J. Meagher, and Private Martin M. Coleman, whose name has been seven times inscribed on the roll of honor for twice that number of rescues, any one of which stamped him as a man among men, a real hero. And Hook and Ladder No. 3 is not specially distinguished among the fire-crews of the metropolis for daring and courage. New Yorkers are justly proud of their firemen. Take it all in all, there is not, I think, to be found anywhere a body of men as fearless, as brave, and as efficient as the fire brigade of New York. I have known it well for twenty years, and I speak from a personal acquaintance with very many of its men, and from a professional knowledge of more daring feats, more hairbreadth escapes, and more brilliant work, than could well be recorded between the covers of this volume.

Indeed, it is hard, in recording any, to make a choice, and to avoid giving the impression that recklessness is a chief quality in the firemen's make-up. That would not be true. His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most

cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It came easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do just such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril which he knows too well; but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits to-day a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears testimony to the quality of New York's fire-fighters. Thomas J. Ahearn led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man—dead, said the panic-stricken crowd. His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all unless the fire was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha—the ground was honeycombed with them—that might explode at any moment with the fire raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body, and saw it stir. The watch-chain upon the man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said. "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire, unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery, and made him chief. Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant

attempt to save the life of a child that was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington Street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground. A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child! my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. It was black with smoke. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring-lock had snapped shut. The door-knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the lower panel out of the door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with this formal resolution, that did the board more credit than it could do him. It is the only one of its kind upon the department books:

> *Resolved,* That in assigning Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn to command the Fourteenth Battalion, in the newly annexed district, the Board deems it proper to express the sense of obligation felt by the Board and all good citizens for the brilliant and meritorious services of Chief Ahearn in the discharge of duty which will always serve as an example and an inspiration to our uniformed force, and to express the hope that his future years of service at a less arduous post may be as comfortable and pleasant as his former years have been brilliant and honorable.

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed the feat that made Dennis Ryer, of the crew of Engine No. 36, famous some years ago. That was on Seventh Avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street. A

flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot, and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she again attempted to reach the street. With the parrot-cage, she appeared at the top-floor window, framed in smoke, calling for help. Again there was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others let him down, and hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all they could do above to hold them. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall I will catch you." Had they let go, all three would have been killed. The young fireman saw the danger, and the one door of escape, with a glance. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the house. Just beyond, in the window of the adjoining house, was safety, if he could but reach it. Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward it, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the affrighted woman, shouting into her ear to loose her own hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead—frightened to death, very likely, or smothered.

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman, after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man, what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder, with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No; I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm ruefully at the recollection, "that she hadn't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from them heavy women."

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will not again be seen alive. Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed a few years ago at the burning of a Chambers Street paper-warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning—I do not know that it was ever found out just what—gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine-house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round, went down once more. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope

about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine-houses of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

While I am writing this, the morning paper that is left at my door tells the story of a fireman who, laid up with a broken ankle in an up-town hospital, jumped out of bed, forgetting his injury, when the alarm-gong rang his signal, and tried to go to the fire. The fire-alarms are rung in the hospitals for the information of the ambulance corps. The crippled fireman heard the signal at the dead of night, and, only half awake, jumped out of bed, groped about for the sliding-pole, and, getting hold of the bedpost, tried to slide down that. The plaster cast about his ankle was broken, the old injury reopened, and he was seriously hurt.

"Like a cry of fire in the night" appeals to the dullest imagination with a sense of sudden fear. There have been nights in this city when the cry swelled into such a clamor of terror and despair as to make the stoutest heart quake—when it seemed to those who had to do with putting out fires as if the end of all things was at hand. Such a night promised to be the one when the Manhattan Bank and the State Bank across the street on the other Broadway corner, with three or four other buildings, were burned, and when the ominous "two nines" were rung, calling nine-tenths of the whole force below Central Park to the threatened quarter. But, happily, the promise was not fully kept. The supposed fire-proof bank was crumbling in the withering blast like so much paper; the cry went up that whole companies of firemen were perishing within it; and the alarm had reached Police Headquarters in the next block, where they were counting the election returns. Thirteen firemen, including the deputy department chief, a battalion chief, and two captains, limped or were carried from the burning bank, more or less injured. The stone steps of the fire-proof stairs had fallen with them or

upon them. Their imperiled comrades, whose escape was cut off, slid down hose and scaling-ladders. The last, the crew of Engine Company No. 3, had reached the street, and all were thought to be out, when the assistant foreman, Daniel Fitzmaurice, appeared at a fifth-story window. The fire beating against it drove him away, but he found footing at another, next adjoining the building on the north. To reach him from below, with the whole building ablaze, was impossible. Other escape there was none, save a cornice ledge extending halfway to his window; but it was too narrow to afford foothold.

Then an extraordinary scene was enacted in the sight of thousands. In the other building were a number of fire-insurance patrolmen, covering goods to protect them against water damage. One of these—Patrolman John Rush—stepped out on the ledge, and edged his way toward a spur of stone that projected from the bank building. Behind followed Patrolman Barnett, steadying him and pressing him close against the wall. Behind him was another, with still another holding on within the room, where the living chain was anchored by all the rest. Rush, at the end of the ledge, leaned over and gave Fitzmaurice his hand. The fireman grasped it, and edged out upon the spur. Barnett, holding his rescuer fast, gave him what he needed—something to cling to. Once he was on the ledge, the chain wound itself up as it had unwound itself. Slowly, inch by inch, it crept back, each man pushing the next flat against the wall with might and main, while the multitudes in the street held their breath, and the very engines stopped panting, until all were safe.

No account of heroic life-saving at fires, even as fragmentary as this, could pass by the marvelous feat, or feats, of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning, when the Hotel Royal was burned. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3.20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-storey hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from

a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of the window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg, he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth storey, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—they were five, all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It's no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length

on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face.

Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

Thus a fireman's life. That the very horses that were their friends in quarters, their comrades at the fire, sharing with them what came of good and evil, caught the spirit of it, is not strange. It would be strange if they had not. With human intelligence, and more than human affection, the splendid animals followed the fortunes of their masters, doing their share in whatever was demanded of them.

CALNAN'S CHRISTMAS*

By HELEN GRAY CONE

WHEN you hear the fire-gongs beat fierce along the startled street,
See the great-limbed horses pound, and the gleaming engines sway,
And the driver in his place, with his fixed heroic face,
Say a prayer for Calnan's sake—he that died on Christmas day!

Cling! Cling! Each to his station!
Clang! Clang! Quick to clear the way!
(Christ keep the soldiers of salvation,
Fighting nameless battles in the war of every day!)

In the morning blue and mild, of the Mother and the Child,
While the blessed bells were calling, thrilled the summons through the wire;
In the morning blue and mild, for a woman and a child
Died a man of gentle will, plunging on to fight the fire.

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Child and ring the Star, as sweetly as ye may!
Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God's good will to earthly men, the men of every day!

"Thirty-four" swung out agleam, with her mighty, bounding team;
Horses' honor pricked them on, and they leaped as at a goad;

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Jimmy Calnan in his place, with his clean-cut Irish face,
Iron hands upon the reins, eyes a-strain upon the road.
Clang! Clang! Quick to clear the way!
(Sweetly rang, above the clang, the bells of Christmas day.)

Tearing, plunging through the din, scarce a man can hold them in;
None on earth could pull them short: Mary Mother, guard from harm
Yonder woman straight ahead, stony-still with sudden dread,
And the little woman-child, with her waxen child in arm!

Oh, God's calls, how swift they are! Oh, the Cross that hides the Star!
Oh, the fire-gong beating fierce through the bells of Christmas day!
Just a second there to choose, and a life to keep or lose—
To the curb he swung the horses, and he flung his life away!

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Star and ring the Cross, for Star and Cross are one!
Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God is pleased with manly men, and deeds that they have done!

HEROES OF THE DEEP*

By HERBERT DICKINSON WARD

THE fishing-fleet is like a large wheel of life, of the three hundred and fifty spokes of which twenty-five pass in and out of the bay every day, a quivering procession, freighted with hope, with gain, with sorrow, and with disappointment. The beautiful harbor of Gloucester stretches from Norman's Woe to Eastern Point, and the fish that enter are daily measured by the hundred thousand weight.

There is no port in this country to which the Navy Department, in case of war, would sooner look for sailors to man the fleets than this old town which, in 1606, Champlain (the first white man to tread the shores of Cape Ann) called "Le Beau Port." For the great fishing-fleet holds nearly 7,000 souls under its gurried decks, and every one of these has faced, as a matter of course, dangers that would give the average reader many a nightmare, if he could experience but a touch of their reality. What novelist would think of sketching the story of a dried codfish? What novelist could do better?

It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the vikings' exploits. It seems as if the deeds of daring had gone forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates. If the Gloucester of to-day had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired!

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans, our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharves, and we do not recognize them. They loiter on our streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unconscious, or braver fellow than Jack the Fisherman, our

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eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardiest and most daring, the best sailor in the world to-day. Any Continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?

Only the other day, seated upon the edge of a dory, on the deck of a vessel that had just discharged its small fare of fresh fish, I happened to get into conversation with a red, fat-faced Swedish lad. He was not much over nineteen. He had not outgrown blushing when you mentioned shave. He is of the kind that ships a boy and lands a man. Nor did Hans suspect the reason of the change. His was the majority given by experience, not by years. But I drew out his record from him as I draw a refractory charge out of a muzzle-loader. He was lying in a nest of dories, smoking lazily, and ravished by the July sun. He looked incapable of motion or ambition. He was the last fellow your popular novelist would pick out as a hero.

"No," he said, in his broad foreign accent, without deigning to look up; "I never see any one drowned or saved."

"Last winter," admitted Hans, reluctantly, "I was off Greenland, and me and my mate was about two mile baitin' up trawls. It was terrible cold, the water freezin' where she struck. The dory was almost full of fish. All to once a big wave capsized the dory and threw us into the water. When the dory came up, I caught the grab-line; but my mate was too far off, so I let go, and swam off, and towed him, and we held hands across the bottom. Only one could hold on to the grab-line at once, so I put his other hand in it, and holt on to the other. He was growin' pretty weak. He was washed off twice, and I hauled him in each time. They took us off in about an hour; another minute, and I guess we'd 'a' both gone. It was the grab-line that saved him."

He stopped, and puffed with a languid unconsciousness which it seemed, somehow, bad manners to disturb.

"Don't you remember seeing anything really grand—that is—heroic?"

The questioner floundered helplessly before the young fisherman's puzzled look.

"Naw," Hans smiled contemptuously; "I don't think."

Yet the boy himself had artlessly confessed to what was as much a deed of heroism as that of the engineer in sticking to his throttle for his passengers' sake at the moment of collision.

But the fisherman considers such an act as a matter of course. The average summer boarder, eagerly gossiping on the hotel piazzas, and idly watching the white schooners slip in and out of the harbor, is seldom awakened out of that spurious superiority which the pale-faced, well-dressed alien generally feels toward the weather-beaten, simple "native." Yet once in a while even this fond illusion is dispelled.

It happened not many summers ago that on a calm afternoon arose one of those sudden, violent squalls that are common to Ipswich Bay and Gloucester Harbor. It seemed as if the barometer had not time to fall. The dory fishermen had long since returned home. Only those were left who go down to the sea for pleasure. All these sloops, large or small, were in charge of experienced sailors who had, at the first signs of danger, scudded for moorings, or had run down the sails —all but one little party. It was the smallest keel of the pleasure fleet, and this time manned by four children. As the squall began to threaten, upon the eighteen-foot jib-and-mainsail boat the eyes of the Point and the Cove were anxiously fixed. The children, two girls and two boys, belonged to two families, and their mothers ran to the nearest point of land to watch them. The clouds were racing like black war-horses, their manes taking frightful shapes. Large schooners were now under bare poles, dropping quick anchors. Alas! in the mouth of the bay that crazy little boat braved the portent with both sails spread, and wabbled like one bereft of reason. Boyish figures were dimly seen rushing frantically to the mast and back to the cockpit. Then a groan of anguish arose from our group; for, without further warning, the squall burst. The foam, the rain, and the spray, with

angry teeth, advanced from the west, enveloped the boat, passed on, and hid the tragedy from sight.

When the spray cut our faces, and the wind made ears almost useless, I heard a voice bellowing from windward:

"It's no use! They're goners! Nothing in God's heaven can save 'em now! Their halyards are fouled."

Kind hands bore the mothers into the house; for their children were, for them, already dead.

The man who howled at us was one of the "natives." He was an offshore fisherman. He had a trap and a few lobster-pots, and earned a living in the easiest, safest possible way. He stood there, bracing himself against the hurricane. He was "oiled up," alert; he had a new look upon his face; the heavens had fallen, and he was in his own element.

At that moment there was a break in the clouds. To our amazement, by some freak of Providence the crazy craft was still in sight. Now head on, now head off, with her jib blown out, careening fearfully, the tiny boat still lived. But the worst of the squall was yet to come.

"If I only had my dory!" cried the fisherman, with the tears running down his face. But his dory was far out on his hauling-line, and the waves were dashing high upon the rocks. His dory was impossible.

"Take my boat, Joe."

Now that keel tender of mine, well built for its purpose—that of pleasure-sailing on smooth seas—was too narrow and cranky for a man to trust his life to in a gale like that, and the fisherman shook his head mournfully. Just then another gust swept down.

"There she goes!" some one cried in horror. The sail-boat was rapidly drifting down upon the rocks and in danger of upsetting at any moment. A white, fluttering speck could be seen on the reeling deck. One of the little girls was waving her handkerchief at her father, who was pacing the beach in the helpless, aimless fashion of one dazed by agony.

Then the fisherman looked at me. He had children, too—a good many of them—and he loved his wife. But there was

HE WAS GROWIN' PRETTY WEAK.

a look upon his face that perhaps had never been there before, that might never come there again.

"Get me the oars," he commanded, "and help me to shove her off!"

We started down to the dancing float. He jumped into the cockleshell, and I shoved him off. Now it seemed as if he would go upon the rocks, but he did not strike. Twenty times the sea smote him, and he looked engulfed, but he rode free. In the jaws of the squall, he got to the driving, careening boat, and boarded her—no one knew how. In a moment the refusing halyards, tangled by ignorant little fingers, were in his strong, skilled hands; and before night it was all down the coast that the boarder children were saved, and that there had arisen a new hero.

A few weeks after, the Massachusetts Humane Society gave him a silver medal, and I have no doubt whatever that the little episode has passed almost out of his mind, and clean out of that of his neighbors, by this time. It sometimes takes a squall to make a hero. Yet perhaps now and then, on a winter's night, he looks at the gleaming white badge of honor within its velvet case, and rubs it up to keep it bright. And his children and his children's children will turn it with wonder in little fingers, and treasure it with puzzled reverence. For by its argent the fisherman's family are ennobled, and enter the aristocracy of the Massachusetts coast.

This is only one of a few cases where the man gets the medal. But there are a hundred more who have done deeds as brave as this, and braver, whose names have drifted out of easy memories, even as the scud drifts to the lee. A newspaper file may hold them embalmed, but that is only another proof of their obliteration.

In 1880 a coaster, bound from the eastward to Boston, came to anchor off Pigeon Cove in the teeth of a howling gale. She rode heavily, with the breakwater to leeward. A diabolic magnet, it dragged the reluctant victim close and closer. Men watching on shore, seeing that it was only a question of a short time before the boat would break up, started to Rockport to get a life-boat and rescue the crew. Among the watchers were

three fishermen who, by their own experience, knew too well what that lee shore meant to the poor exhausted sailors on the ill-fated coaster. They saw at a glance that the life-boat would never get there in time. So the two brothers Zacharie and Constance Surette, and George Saunders, started on the run for the schooner "Cora Lee," tied up safely at the wharf. From her they borrowed a dory and jumped in. As they began to row out, they talked cheerfully:

"Hurry, boys! We mustn't let those fellows in that life-boat get ahead of us."

"Won't they feel cheap! See?"

They had passed the breakwater, and were facing the furious gale. By this time the schooner was riding bows under and drifting rapidly. The three men could hardly hold their oars; it was difficult to keep the dory from swamping. After almost superhuman efforts, they reached the vessel. It was so rough that the men on board had to leap into the sea and be picked up. Every one was saved but a dog, which refused to jump. It was none too soon. There was a desperate backing of water, a perilous turning, a pull to the harbor, a magnificent bending to the oars—then came the dull crash upon the rocks; the vessel was kindling-wood in about five minutes after the men were rescued.

When they were safely landed, one of the three heroes said:

"That's a darn good joke on that life crew."

It was the only comment upon the situation; and, as far as I can learn, no one ever bragged about the exploit, or mentioned it again. The fishermen treated it just as if it were an every-day occurrence. But a few days later the Massachusetts Humane Society sent these plucky fellows twenty dollars each, thus recognizing them as fit men to be enrolled upon its brilliant scroll.

The life-boat, it is just to add, was doing her best. She had too far to go to get there in time.

It was off the Horn. Waves such as are encountered only there in all the world raced irresistibly. The ship labored mightily through the night. In a lull the cry, "Man overboard!" rang from stem to stern. Without hesitation the

helmsman put the wheel "hard up." The watch peered over the sides of the ship into the foam. All at once a man rushed up the companionway. He was in his night-clothes. Without waiting a moment, he leaped the rail and plunged overboard. There was only death to be found in the boiling, benumbing waters. By some witchery of Neptune, a cross sea tossed the two men to leeward, and the ship dipped them up. They were both unconscious, and the hero had his man clutched by the hair. Even to the old sailors used to miracles of the sea the safety of the two was not so great a marvel as the fact that the man had dared to jump at all; for he was a timid, seasick landlubber making his first voyage, and his seeming cowardice had been the butt of savage scorn. How, then, had he outdared them all in recklessness? He was asked the question: How could he do it?

He answered simply that he had lain awake nights planning just what he would do if he heard the cry, "Man overboard!" It was so hard for him to overcome his instinctive fear of the water that he had mentally and systematically schooled himself to action. Thus, while his body cringed, his soul was heroic. This habit of mind made opportunity impossible to pass by. The intuitive response to his training swept him over the rail before he knew where he was.

Even the babies in Gloucester are not without this instinct, although they do not count among their playthings medals from the Humane Society. It happened, this last summer, that a couple of children were playing in a spar-yard. They had ventured out upon the rolling logs floating on the tide. The older boy slipped. He was six. Down he went, head first, of course. The other one, a child of three, ran over to where he saw his playmate disappear between the logs, lay down at full length, and grabbed him by the hair when he came up. But the logs were coming together, so the baby put one of his chubby legs between the closing of the crush, and began to shriek. Without that spontaneous coolness and ability to rescue, which he probably inherited from generations of seamen, there would have been another procession of mourning-hacks in the old town.

Nothing stirs the blood or the imagination more than stories of promotion on the field of battle. War seems almost worth while, and slaughter expiated, when the general in command rides up amid the roar and smoke, and addresses a private, "Well done, corporal!" Or when, after the successful charge, he singles out the heroic lieutenant before all the regiment, and, saluting, says, "You have done well, captain!"

The exploits of peace, generally more heroic because on a less dramatic plane, have a scant gallery, little applause, and result in few promotions. A man, like a cyclone, emerges from the clear sky, but, unlike the whirlwind, performs some great feat of construction, and then melts back again into the firmament that gave him life, and the world knows him no more.

Such is Hans Slate. He has been a common, every-day fisherman for some years. During the latter part of 1896 he shipped on the schooner "Smuggler" with Captain Antoine Courant. On the night of December 30, 1896, the vessel drove ashore in a gale of wind at Cahoon's Hollow, Cape Cod. In an instant the seas began to break over her. The crew had to hurry to the rigging, and it was only a question of time when the masts would go by the board and all be drowned.

It seemed hours to the men, though in point of fact it was soon enough, before a flickering light on the beach told that the patrol had discovered their peril, and that the life-saving crew was at hand.

The first shot went wild, far over the vessel. The masts creaked and bent under every onslaught of the waves. Would they hold out? But the second shot was better. The line was caught on the vessel, but far down the preventer-stay, and, besides all that, it was fouled on the hawser. It was virtually useless, for no one could step foot on deck and live. The men gave a groan of despair, for their last hope was gone.

At that moment a dark figure, like a wraith of the storm, slid down the jib-stay from the masthead. The white foam bit at him. The twanging wire threatened to jerk him off at any moment; at every heave of the surf it would come up taut with a jerk, like a gigantic bowstring. Every man of the crew breathed a prayer as Hans Slate reached the bowsprit safely.

Then he was lost in a terrible sea. But Hans was imperturbable. With desperate skill and with unparalleled coolness (considering that he was engulfed by iced water every few seconds), he finally succeeded in freeing the life-line from the clutches of the hawser. He tied the rope about his neck, and started back up the swaying stay. This he had to do hand over hand. Try this on a warm summer day on a motionless boat, and experience what the feat means. Now add numbed and bleeding hands, a drenched body, an icy hurricane, lashing water, darkness, a wire whip-cord, to a swaying mast that is liable to give way at any moment, and you get an inkling of Hans Slate's modest exploit. At last he secured the precious line at the masthead, and then the breeches-buoy was busy on its merciful errand.

Soon only three were left. Hans was one, of course. Another was a boy, who was helpless on the ratlines far below the masthead. He had no strength to move; so Hans took him in his arms, carried him to the masthead, and lashed him safely to the buoy and sent him over. Now only he and the captain were left, and the captain was a heavy man, I am told. Ominous sounds told that the wreck was fast breaking up under the assaults of the sea.

"You go," said Hans, quietly.

"No," said the captain; "you first, I last."

"By ——, no! You go; I stay here."

The skipper tried to go aloft up the rigging. But he could not do it. Then Hans tried from under to boost him up. But that could not be done.

"It's no use," said the skipper, after another futile struggle. "Save yourself; I can't get up there. You'd better be quick! The masts will be overboard in five minutes."

But Hans uttered not a word. He climbed up under the captain, clasped the skipper's hands about his neck, and thus shouldering him, carried him aloft. The crew said things about it. They mentioned words like "impossible" and "superhuman." But Hans did it, even with the wreck of his strength, while his hands were raw, his body bruised and bleeding, and when the gale stripped the little strength he had.

After he had secured his captain, the hero remained alone upon the wreck, which was now rapidly going, waiting for the buoy to return. He did not expect to save himself, for the mast swayed horribly. Indeed, he had hardly enough life left in him to secure himself. Just as his feet had touched the land, a sound of a mighty crack overrode the thunder of the water and the wind, and the masts crashed into the surf.

"If it had not been for Hans Slate," the captain declared, "not a man of the crew would have been saved. If there ever was a hero, Hans is he." And when a fisherman says a thing like that, you may know that there is no peradventure in his estimate; for he is a judge of valor, and knows what he is talking about.

Cool-headed inventiveness when others are paralyzed with terror is no less a mark of heroism than the instinctive acceptance of personal risk. The real hero in a great conflagration may be the one who, at the instant of panic, keeps his head, and orders the crowd, imparting to it his own imperturbability. Such a one might have saved scores of lives in the horrible Parisian bazaar disaster. Add to this rare quality of calmness in danger the ability to devise instantaneously the unusual and only means of rescue, and you have a man indeed.

Perhaps the best instance of this rare gift that I have heard of occurred in February, 1862. The schooner "J. G. Dennis" was running home to Gloucester with a full fare from Georges, when she met a heavy gale of wind right in her teeth. Her master, Thomas D. Dench, one of those elemental souls whom nothing could daunt, made up his mind to drive her right through. In a February gale the wind and the sea are about as cheerful opponents as a madman and a razor. In this struggle the "Dennis" had the worst of the encounter, and she was razed. She lost her sails—all but the jumbo, I believe—and her boats, and, besides, was blown offshore into the Gulf Stream. There she found a favorable southerly wind, and so pointed her nose again for home, having set her staysail and an old mildewed summer foresail. The sea was still very heavy, and the breeze was not a zephyr. Just at daylight, on the second of March, the lookout sighted a water-logged ves-

sel, and bore down upon it. The skipper came on deck, and soon spoke the wreck, which proved to be the schooner "Life-Boat" of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, loaded with lumber, and bound to the West Indies. The only thing that preserved her name from travesty was the lumber that kept her afloat, most of the deckload of which had been washed off. Her masts were gone, her boat was gone, and her cook and one man had been washed overboard. When the "Dennis" came within hailing distance, the captain and the three hands left were lashed on top of the after deck-house, expecting to go down any minute.

"For Heaven's sake," they begged, "don't leave us! Three big vessels have spoken us and deserted us. For God's sake, save us!" they cried in desperation.

"Cheer up"; Captain Dench called back. "This time you're dealing with men, not cowards. We'll stand by."

Then came the problem of rescue. It was a wreck saving a wreck. It was the blind leading the blind. For neither vessel had a boat to put off, and to approach near in that sea was to risk a fatal collision. Besides, the wind was beginning to rise again, and the icy sea was running viciously. So Captan Dench, handling his vessel, with her flimsy sail, as best he could, lay to leeward, and ordered the men on the sinking wreck to throw overboard all the lumber left upon the deck. He then picked up what loose boards he wanted, and wrenched his gurry-kid from the deck. A gurry-kid is a big box, without bottom or top, that is fitted in the deck, in which fish is thrown. He then sawed the boards with his own hands, and made a bottom to the kid. This he calked with rope-yarn and pieces of rope. Then he patched up the seams with canvas junk. He then lashed two empty water-casks to each end of the box, and took two reaches to windward. This brought the wreck under his lee. Then the men on board the "Dennis" launched their nondescript boat, and attaching to it a strong line, paid it out until it reached the water-logged schooner. They saved the men, of course; and besides that, they took off a gaff-topsail that was washing about the deck. This they bent for a jib, using their own jib for a mainsail. By this time their own foresail was pretty well exhausted. The rescue

and the patching up took all of that day. That night, instead of making for Gloucester, Captain Dench decided to take the shipwrecked men home, and so "make a good job of it." So they turned their prow to Shelburne, which they reached after a hard tussle. The firm who owned the "Life-Boat" gave Captain Dench a suit of sails with which to come to Gloucester, and later the British Government presented him with a splendid marine glass.

GOODWIN SANDS

By WILLIAM CANTON

DID you ever read or hear
How the "Aid"—(God bless the "Aid"!
More earnest prayer than that was never prayed)
How the lifeboat, "Aid" of Ramsgate, saved the "London Fusilier"?

With a hundred souls on board,
With a hundred and a score,
She was fast on Goodwin Sands.
(May the Lord
Have pity on all hands—
Crew and captain—when a ship's on Goodwin Sands!)
In the smother and the roar
Of a very hell of waters—hard and fast—
She shook beneath the stroke
Of each billow as it broke,
And the clouds of spray were mingled with the clouds of swirling smoke
As the blazing barrels bellowed in the blast!

And the women and the little ones were frozen dumb with fear;
And the strong men waited grimly for the last;
When—as the clocks were striking two in Ramsgate town—
The little "Aid" came down,
The "Aid," the plucky "Aid"—
The "Aid" flew down the gale
With the glimmer of the moon upon her sail;
And the people thronged to leeward; stared and prayed—
Prayed and stared with tearless eye and breathless lip,
While the little boat drew near.

Ay, and then there rose a shout—
A clamor, half a sob and half a cheer—
As the boatmen flung the lifeboat anchor out,
And the gallant "Aid" sheered in beneath the ship,
Beneath the shadow of the "London Fusilier"!

"We can carry maybe thirty at a trip."
(Hurrah for Ramsgate town!)
"Quick, the women and the children!"

O'er the side
Two sailors, slung in bowlines, hung to help the women down—
Poor women, shrinking back in their dismay
As they saw their ark of refuge, smothered up in spray,
Ranging wildly this and that way in the racing of the tide;
As they watched it rise and drop, with its crew of stalwart men,
When a huge sea swung it upward to the bulwarks of the ship,
And, sweeping by in thunder, sent it plunging down again.
Still they shipped them—nine-and-twenty (God be blessed!)
When a man with glaring eyes
Rushed up frantic to the gangway with a cry choken in his throat—
Thrust a bundle in a sailor's ready hands.

Honest Jack, *he* understands—
Why, a blanket for a woman in the boat!
"Catch it, Bill!"
And he flung it with a will;
And the boatman turned and caught it, bless him!—caught it, tho' it slipped,
And, even as he caught it, heard an infant's cries;
While a woman shrieked and snatched it to her breast—
"My baby!"
So the thirtieth passenger was shipped!

Twice, and thrice, and yet again
Flew the lifeboat down the gale
With the moonlight on her sail—
With the sunrise on her sail—

("God bless the lifeboat 'Aid' and all her men!")
Brought her thirty at a trip
Thro' the hell of Goodwin waters as they raged around the ship,
Saved each soul aboard the "London Fusilier"!

If you live to be a hundred, you will ne'er—
You will ne'er in all your life,
Until you die, my dear,
Be nearer to your death by land or sea!
Was *she* there?
Who?—my wife?
Why, the baby in the blanket—that was she!

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD"

SAILING through the dark night, on its way to Algoa Bay, the good ship "Birkenhead" struck on a rock near a point called Danger Point. It struck with such force that the whole ship shivered from stem to stern, and in a moment the water rushed in on every side.

So fast did the water rush in that many of the men who were sleeping on the lower deck were drowned before they could leap from their beds. Everyone who could scrambled on deck as quickly as possible, while a terrible, strange cry of fear rose in the darkness, for there were many women and children on board.

It was seen at once that there was no hope of saving the ship, that indeed great speed must be used to save the women and children, for there were not boats enough for all. But although the decks were crowded there was no confusion. The soldiers quietly formed in companies, and stood waiting, as cool and calm as upon a parade ground, while the women and children were put into the boats.

While this was being done, some of the soldiers let loose the horses and threw them into the water. For though the bay was swarming with sharks, and the shore too far off for even the strongest swimmer to reach it, it was hoped that some of the poor animals might be able to swim as far, and so save themselves.

Amid the sobs of women, some of whom were leaving their husbands and their sons behind, and the cries of frightened children who knew not what was happening, the boats were filled. But the ship was sinking fast. There was not the slightest hope that the boats could reach the shore and return in time to save the men.

Yet not a soldier stirred. Calmly and quietly they awaited

certain death. It was harder, this, than facing cannon, harder than charging a savage foe.

To die fighting, that were easy! But to have this courage to be still, to stand shoulder to shoulder, in the cold gray light of dawn, to feel beneath their feet the boards heave and sink, to see the cruel waves creep upward, and the black hideous monsters await their prey—that was hard.

And so four hundred heroes stood to meet their death. The boats with the women and children were scarcely at a safe distance when the ship went to pieces, and every man went down. A few only, clinging to floating spars and wreckage, reached the shore.

To die!—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
  Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
"All to the boats!" cried one—he was, thank God,
    No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir:
  That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our Colors, sir,
    To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
  With shameful strength, unhonored life to seek;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
    By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
  The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
    Still, under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
  Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
    As others under turf.

A VOYAGE ON AN ICE-PAN

By GENERAL R. S. BADEN-POWELL

DR. WILFRED GRENFELL once had to visit a sick man at a place two days' journey from where he lived, and he started off, with his sledge and team of dogs, to cross a frozen arm of the sea, which would save him a long journey round by land. But it was in the month of April, when the sea ice was beginning to get treacherous and to break up.

The distance across the ice was about seven miles, with an island about half-way.

He reached the island all right, and was pushing on from there to the opposite mainland, when he found that the ice was becoming rotten and soft—what is called "sish"—that is, pounded ice formed from big slabs which have been ground together by the action of the sea.

As he found himself sinking in this, together with his sledge, he slipped off his heavy oilskins and coat, and quickly got out his knife and cut the traces of his dog-team, winding the leader's trace round his wrist.

In this way he was himself pulled along by the dogs plunging through the slush. The leading dog got on to a solid ice-floe, and Grenfell was gladly hauling himself up to him by the trace, when the dog slipped all his harness off, and his master was left sinking among the other dogs in the "sish."

Then he luckily caught the trace of another, and pulled himself along that till he managed to get on to the block of ice, on to which he helped the rest of the dogs.

But it was quite a small block, which would soon break up; so he saw that the only chance was to struggle on through the "porridge-ice" till he could reach a bigger floe, which could serve as a raft for him.

He did not, as some people might have done, give up all hope; he wasn't going to say die till he was dead.

So he took off his gauntlets and moccasins and packed them on to the dogs' backs, then he secured their harness so that it could not slip off, and tied the traces round his wrists so that the team would drag him through; then he tried to start.

But the dogs did not like facing the danger, and he had to push them off the block; even then they only struggled to get back, till a particularly favorite dog, understanding him when he threw a bit of ice on to another "pan" or block, started, and so led the others to get to it.

In this way, dragging their master after them, the dogs struggled from pan to pan, till at last they reached one larger than the rest, about ten feet by twelve in size.

His Coat

It was not real solid ice, but a block of powdered ice, which might fall to bits at any time. Still, it was the best they could get, and with the rising wind and current it soon floated with them on to more open water, and began to drift away from the shore and down the coast. So they had no choice but to make the best of a very poor substitute for a raft.

The cold was intense, and poor Grenfell at once thought out a plan for making himself a coat. His moccasins were long, soft boots made of sealskin reaching to the thigh, so he slit these up with his knife, and, by means of a bit of line, he made them into a kind of cape to put on his back.

Hours passed, and they kept drifting out from the coast, and night was approaching.

Then he saw that he must have more clothing, and also that he and the dogs must have some food; the only thing to do was to sacrifice one of his beloved team. So he made a noose with one of the traces, and slipped it over a dog's neck, and tied it to his own foot; then, holding its head down in this way, he threw the dog on its back, and stabbed it to the heart.

Two more were killed in the same way. Then he skinned them and stitched their hides together with thin strips of leather, and thus made himself a coat, with the fur inside.

All the clothes he had had on till then were some old football things he had come across that morning in his house. A pair of football shorts and stockings of the Richmond Football Club (red, yellow, and black), and a flannel shirt and sweater, so he was practically in Boy Scout's kit rather than what you would expect a missionary-doctor to be wearing.

But then, you see, he was quite as much a Scout as he was a doctor or missionary; and we understand from this story how, like a Scout, he was able to turn his hand to anything, and invent for himself the different means for saving his life, although he was all alone with his dogs on a small lump of rotten ice floating past the coast of Labrador.

The Night

There was one little point in which, perhaps, a Boy Scout could have helped him had he been there. As darkness came on, he thought he would light up a flare, which would catch the attention of anyone on shore, so he frayed out a piece of rope and smeared it with the fat of the dead dogs, and was about to light it when he found that his matches had got wet, and in that damp air he could not get them dry.

I wonder whether he thought of the Scout's dodge of drying them in his hair for a minute or two?

In order to keep warm he used one of the dead dogs as a seat, with the other dogs hugged close round him for warmth. His feet being in thin moccasins, which easily got wet through, were freezing with cold till he thought of an idea for keeping them warm.

He had seen the Laplanders put a lot of grass into their boots before pulling them on, and then filling up the legs with as much more grass as they could cram in.

There was not much grass growing on his ice-floe, so Grenfell had to invent something to use in place of it; he cut from the dogs' traces some flannel with which they were lined to prevent chafing, and with this he stuffed the moccasins, and so made them warmer, and then bound the remainder round his knees as puttees.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL

In this way he got sufficient warmth to enable him to sleep. Toward morning he awoke with the idea that he must make something in the way of a flag to attract the notice of people on shore, and to show them that there was some one in distress on the ice.

The question was, how to make a flagstaff? I wonder whether a Boy Scout could have seen a way?

Grenfell took the frozen legs of the three dead dogs, and bound them together with strips of rawhide, and thus manufactured a staff, on to which he then tied his shirt to act as a flag. It worked very well till the sun rose, and then the legs began to melt a little, and the flagstaff became a very wobbly one; and, as the doctor describes it, "almost tied itself into knots."

Like a true Scout, Grenfell never despaired; he kept thinking out different ways by which he might survive the danger.

Help!

He thought of setting light to some unraveled rope by using a piece of ice to act as a burning glass. In this way he hoped to attract the attention of the people on shore by a smoke signal; but, while he was busy preparing it, he saw the distant sparkle of what looked like an oar from a boat; presently he saw it again, and soon he could see the boat itself.

His flag had been seen by the fishermen, and they pushed out in their boat through the frozen ice till they got him and his faithful dogs all safely aboard.

One man had seen him the night before just as it was getting dark, and had spread the news down the coast, so that all the time, though he did not know it, anxious eyes were watching him.

The only difficulty was to get a boat through the mass of broken ice-floes and drifting ice, which covered the heaving surface of the sea between him and the shore, but pluck and strong arms did it.

In the end his rescuers brought him safely ashore, where every man, woman, and child in the settlement was on the

beach to welcome him with cheers and—many of them—with tears of joy.

Doctor Grenfell says that during the whole of this terrible experience he did not once feel fear. He felt that he would probably lie down and sleep his last sleep on that ice-floe, but the thought did not disturb him very much.

At the same time, he did feel something of that regret which comes to all people when dying, and that was the remembrance of how much time he had wasted (even he!) when he had life and opportunities for doing good for other people, and how he had let his opportunities slide by without doing so much as he might have done.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO FOR A TOWN

There are barrels in the hallways,
Neighbor mine,
Pray be mindful of them always,
Neighbor mine.
If you're not devoid of feeling,
Quickly to those barrels stealing,
Throw in each banana peeling,
Neighbor mine.

Look! whene'er you drop a paper,
Neighbor mine,
In the wind it cuts a caper,
Neighbor mine.
Down the street it madly courses,
And should fill you with remorses,
When you see it scare the horses,
Neighbor mine.

Paper cans were made for papers,
Neighbor mine,
Let's not have the fact escape us,
Neighbor mine.
And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,
Neighbor mine.

IN the city of Pittsburgh "Boots" Shannon, Ebenezer Garrison, "Red" Kovensky, and Mickey Donovan have opened a new city park. No city officials were present at its dedication. It was mostly a foreign contribution, as the names of the executives indicate, Ebenezer being the only American, and he is colored.

"Jitney Park," as the words neatly outlined in stones at its entrance proclaim it, is in the heart of Pittsburgh's worst tenement district. The elder boys cleaned a whole hillside—several acres of waste land, without encouragement or even the knowledge of their elders, "to make it nice for the kids,"

as they explained. Now the Playground Association is taking an interest and the superintendent of the Bureau of Recreation is giving his aid.

This illustrates what our junior citizens can do for a town.

The first endeavor to enlist children in town betterment in this country was when Colonel George E. Waring organized his Junior Leagues of school children to assist in keeping the city clean. These were revived a few years ago, and there are more than 300,000 members. They devise their own posters to give publicity to the possibility of a clean city. They have their badges, their club-meetings and their own program for actual work. One of the latest of these endeavors is in Cleveland. The boys are known as junior sanitary police and the girls as sanitary aides. The boys inspect the backyards and report to their superiors the conditions of garbage cans and other fly-breeding places. Each householder is kindly requested to clean up. If necessary, the street cleaning department takes a firmer hand in the situation. The girls, in pairs, visit grocery and provision stores and count the number of flies visible in three minutes. This silent census usually proves effective. The campaign begins early each year, because, as Charles Zeublin says, "A fly in the hand in March is worth two thousand in the kitchen in August." Small towns can fight the little fly as effectively as big ones.

In Kirksville, Missouri, the women give every school child in town a blank certificate which reads:

KIRKSVILLE FUTURE CITIZENS—THE SCHOOL CHILDREN

This is to certify that my yard has been thoroughly cleaned, all ashes, trash, and rubbish removed, and that I am doing all I can to make Kirksville a cleaner and more beautiful city.

Signed.

Street.

When the child returns this card, signed, he is given free flower seed to plant. Seven dollars spent for flower seed, bought in bulk and put in envelopes by the ladies, supplied over 1,200 school children.

Kewanee, Illinois, has organized a Junior Civic Club. It is a junior branch of the Civic Club of that town. It had 650

members. A contest in beautifying the home premises was begun with the no small task of photographing the premises of each of these 650 children. The judges selected the poorest-looking photographs and after inspecting the grounds decided which child had made the greatest amount of effort. The prizes were bestowed from the platform of the summer Chautauqua, all of the children who had competed being admitted free one afternoon.

In McMinn County, Tennessee, one winter day, the school children coöperated with their parents and some students and teachers of the near-by normal school to see what improvement could be made in the building and grounds in a single day. At 8 A.M., the "official" photographer took pictures of the grounds, the exterior and the interior of the building; at 4 P.M., when the work was finished, he took others to show the results "after taking." The building in the morning was in about as disreputable a condition as it could be and still be used for school purposes. The workers were armed with shovels, hoes, axes, carpenters' tools, paint, whitewash, and soap. They nailed on new boards where they were needed, painted the building, built a new chimney, cleaned up the rubbish, scrubbed the floor, renovated the entire interior, made a bookcase for the teacher, tinted the walls a pearl gray, and hung pictures. The outlay was only $33. It included twelve gallons of paint, five gallons of linseed oil, four paint brushes, a half bushel of whitewash, two dollars' worth of weather-boarding and lathing, two pounds of nails, four window shades, material for sash curtains, four pictures, a number of books to start a school library, and one American flag.

Old and young spent a jolly day together, working. At noon a picnic dinner was served by the people of the neighborhood.

One of the prettiest ideas ever worked out with children for community beauty was in New Britain, Connecticut, where in the wintertime a campaign was inaugurated to culminate at Easter for making New Britain "As Clean as an Easter Lily." It was called a "Spotless Town Crusade." Each child was given a badge in blue and white, lettered:

SPOTLESS TOWN LEAGUE, NEW BRITAIN

Ten Commandments of Spotless Town were printed on red cards and given each member of the League. There was also a literary competition, with silver and bronze medals for the best essays by school children on subjects which had to do with ideal back yards, descriptions of a perfect city, what does our city need, etc. Thousands of leaflets were printed in the six languages spoken in this cosmopolitan town. By the time Easter Day came, after these many weeks of anticipation and work, the city was cleaner than it had ever been on any other day in its history.

In some places the bringing-in and setting-up of the community Christmas tree is performed with the music and other ceremonies that used to accompany the coming-in of the Yule log in merry England. But no prettier way has come to our attention than that used in the small Scandinavian town of Osseo, Wisconsin, a few months ago. The tree, so *The American City* tells us, was placed on the main street in the business section. The first evening, all of the bells in town rang for five minutes, the village president turned on the electric current, and the tree stood ablaze with lights. A huge illuminated sign, "Peace on Earth," hung above the tree, and a large poster bearing the following message was suspended among the branches, low enough so that it could be read by all:

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isaiah 9:6.

This tree has been raised in this place as a symbol of the spirit of Christianity; the visible evidence of hearts full of love and thankfulness to God for the year of peace and prosperity. Let us at this common altar lay down our meannesses, our petty spite and animosity and hatred, and out of the treasures of our hearts give love and sympathy, patience and understanding.

"This is My commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."—John 15:12.

The children marched through the streets carrying torches and singing Christmas hymns and carols. A short programme was given at the tree, and it was lighted each night until New Year's Eve.

MEN AND WOMEN OF OUR OWN TIME

BURNS OF THE MOUNTAINS*

By MARGARET E. BURTON

IN the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky live more than a half million Americans of whom most of us know very little. A little over two hundred years ago their ancestors were roaming the highlands of Scotland; later their great-great-grandfathers took up their muskets in the struggle for the freedom of the colonies; and sixty years ago one hundred and twenty thousand of them left their mountain cabins to fight for the unity of their young country. The people who know them say that they are worth knowing; that they are most loyal citizens, vigorous in body and mind, friendly and fearless in spirit, unfalteringly true to their ideals of honor, and given to the most kindly and gracious hospitality.

Yet these Highlanders of America are slaves, made so not by the power of men but by the power of illiteracy. All around them America has been growing into a land more wonderful than the brightest dreams of the first settlers. But if Daniel Boone could take another trip through the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky he would see no startling changes either in the country or the people. He would travel by the waterways, or over narrow trails, just as he used to do, for there still are no roads. The little log cabins in whose one or two narrow rooms from ten to twenty people are crowded would look very familiar to him. "The loom, the spinning-wheel, the lard-kettle, the candle-mold, the squirrel rifle," which are in those cabins now, are just like those of a hundred years ago; and just as in those days the women stand behind the tables while the sinewy husbands and sons eat; and they ride, sunbonneted, behind them on horseback to the little log churches.

* From "Comrades in Service," by Margaret E. Burton. Used by permission of the publishers, The Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, New York.

One difference, however, Daniel Boone might notice. In his day not a few of the little cabins had book-shelves on which stood copies of ancient masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature. Some of the books are there still, but in homes where no man, woman, or child can either read or write. It has been hard to make a living in the Cumberland Mountains, and during this last marvelous century, teeming with inventions and the development of industries, the men of the mountains have spent all the days of their lives laboriously raising their scanty crops with the help of the implements of a hundred years ago. The women meanwhile have been growing old at the hard work of making by hand every article of clothing and food and household furnishing which has been needed.

Boyhood

In this country and among these people lives J. A. Burns. His father was a Primitive Baptist minister, who rode through the country preaching in the little log churches on Saturdays and Sundays, and worked on his hillside farm during the rest of the week. In order to live father and mother and children all worked incessantly. Every morning before it was dawn Burns was up and out in the smoke-house, grinding corn or wheat for breakfast in the little hand-mill. "This hand-mill," he says, "was made of two round stones, the top one working on a little wooden spindle which stuck up through the bottom one. You poured the wheat in a hole at the middle of the upper stone. The flour came out through a little outlet at the edges between the stones. There was a hickory handle which was fitted into the top stone, the upper end of the handle working in a supporting frame. This made the stone turn more easily. Two persons could turn it. It was done after the fashion of Palestine. It was the best mill we had. In perhaps fifteen minutes I would have flour or meal enough ground for breakfast. It was sweet flour. If we wanted to remove some of the grits or husks we would take a circular hoop made out of basswood bark and covered with a piece of muslin, and screen the flour through this."

After breakfast was over the boy took his hoe and went out to the steep hillside to try to raise more corn. Sometimes he went to the little wheat-field to reap, the best instrument for reaping which he knew about being a long sickle or "reap hook," which left many a scar on the fingers of his left hand He remembers that when he first saw a reaping "cradle" he thought that it certainly was the best and easiest method of harvesting wheat which could possibly be invented. A reaping-machine would have seemed to him then nothing short of a miracle. When he and his brothers had cut down the wheat, they brought their little bundles to the threshing-floor, and threshed them with flails made of a piece of hickory, one short section of which had been hammered and twisted until the fibers were loosened into a "hinge." After the wheat was threshed it had to be winnowed, very much as it used to be in Palestine when the grain and the chaff were tossed up letting the wind blow the chaff to one side. Burns had a share in every process which the wheat went through until it was ready to be put into the oven, and until he was sixteen years old he never tasted bread made with any other flour than the kind he ground in his little hand-mill.

When Burns was thirteen years old, his father was preaching in West Virginia in a county which boasted a little school, and there the boy went for just three months. The next year he had three months more in school, and the year following four months. After that he worked for an older brother for some time, then supported himself in any way he could, farming a little, sometimes working for small wages, sometimes taking rafts of logs down the Kentucky River—doing whatever offered for a living. He grew tall and big-boned like most of the mountain men, and unusually powerful.

The Awakening

The French-Eversole feud was raging in his early manhood, and Burns was in it. And one night in the course of that feud something happened which changed the current of life not only for Burns, but for a multitude of mountain boys like

him. The enemy were barricaded in a log cabin which Burns and his fellow combatants were determined to take. In the course of the struggle Burns received a terrific blow on the head from a rifle barrel, and being thought dead was dragged by his feet from the dooryard and thrown over a fence where he would be out of the way of the fighting. But Burns was not dead. Long after the fighting was over he crawled down to a near-by cabin for food. As his strength came back, however, he did not hurry to join his fellow feudists. A blow on the head could not frighten him but it could sober him, and he turned his face away from the settlement to the lonely mountains.

For four days he was alone in the mountains, and when he came out it was with the determination to go to college! Alone in the stillness of the forests he had been asking why God had brought him back from the dead. There must be some purpose in what had befallen him. In the quiet days, away from the rest of the world he saw his people as he had never seen them before. He could say of them then as now, "They are the finest, bravest, fairest-minded people in the world," but seeing them so, he saw as never before the pity of their ignorance, with all its attendant evils of poverty and narrowness and enmity. He believed that God had given him back his life that he might serve this people, and he was sure that what they needed most was an opportunity for Christian education. This he determined to help them to get. He had no money, and he had had but ten months in school himself, but he went out from the mountains to prepare himself to teach.

For seven months Burns managed to support himself at the preparatory school of Denison University in Granville, Ohio. Then he went back to his mountains, as penniless as when he had come, but with seven more months of school life added to the ten which he had had in West Virginia. The next year he taught a hundred eager little mountain boys and girls at "Raider's Creek," and in the six years that followed started schools in various other parts of the mountains. One year he taught at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. Always the chil-

dren flocked to him, hungry for the chance to study, and always his own education was growing both deeper and broader. And always in his heart he carried a vision—of which he almost never spoke—a vision of a time when in the heart of the wild, feud-fraught mountains there should be, not just little log-cabin country schools open for a few months a year, but a strong, splendid, permanent college! He had no money for a college, and no idea where to get it. But in 1899 he decided that the time had come to take the first step.

Starting the College

It was a troublous time in which to start a college. The Baker-Howard feud was on, and there had been much bloodshed. But Burns wanted to talk to the men of both sides about a college for their boys, so he called a meeting, himself a sort of hostage and pledge of good faith. About fifty men filed silently into the old mill that day, half of them on the Baker side, half on the Howard. "It was a mighty quiet meeting," Burns says. In absolute stillness they seated themselves on opposite sides of the room, every man with his gun on his arm, every one perfectly quiet, but alert. Then Burns stood in the center and pleaded with them. He told them that they were rearing sons for slaughter, and begged them to stop fighting and help him build a college where the boys could have an education.

"I didn't know what they were going to do," he said afterward, "but I was right glad when Lee Combs got up, and when Dan Burns got up too, and they met in front of me. They did not draw, but they shook hands. Then I knew that the college was going to be a success."

A few days later twelve of these men came together in the little log church, and there six of them signed their names and six put their marks to an application for a state charter which would permit them to found a college in their mountains.

When Burns started his college he had not one dollar. But one of the men who had put his mark to the application for a charter gave him fifty dollars, and someone else gave him

some land, and he went to work. A blacksmith made him some stone-working tools out of a crowbar, and he began to cut the foundation-stones out of the mountain. Alone in the dawn one morning he laid the first stone of the first foundation of Oneida Institute.

"I set it as firmly as I could," he says, "in the wish that it might stand long; and then, all alone on the hillside, I stretched out my arms and offered up as good a prayer as I knew how. About then a young feudist came riding over the hill beyond, perhaps from some raid in which he had been engaged the night before. It was sun-up, and he saluted the rising day with a volley of pistol shots; still, I presume, full of the fury of combat. I accepted that volley of shots as a challenge to my prayer. Three years later I baptized that young feudist, and he rides on feuds no more."

Single-handed, Burns hewed his stones and laid his foundations. When he began on the woodwork several of his neighbors joined him, and work went on all day and often late into the night. If Burns went home at night, he had to walk five miles over the hills, each way; so usually he worked until ten or eleven or midnight, and then curled up in the soft shavings under his carpenter's bench for the rest of the night.

The year after this first building, a boy's dormitory was finished, Burns went to Louisville, Kentucky, to a convention of Baptist ministers. He was asked to speak of his work, and those who heard that speech still talk of it.

Help

"J. A. Burns," says Emerson Hough, "is an orator of unusual power, a cultured and educated man of singular purity of speech." His brother ministers were not wealthy men, but the story that he told, with his "natural and convincing oratory," gripped them, and they gave him four hundred dollars. A family in Louisville added five thousand, and with the help of the building materials which the mountains afforded and the labor which the men of the mountains cheerfully contributed Burns built a ten thousand dollar brick recitation hall.

Two years after this building was finished the boys were crowding to the school in such numbers that another dormitory was an urgent necessity. Burns had no money, but he started the dormitory. The neighbors gave what money they could, their labor, and their keen interest; some people outside the mountains helped, and a year later a substantial brick dormitory, worth ten thousand dollars, opened its doors.

All this time Burns was not only architect and contractor and builder, but president and teacher and student as well.

"You see that big, flat rock yonder?" he said to Mr. Hough, as they stood on the bank of the Kentucky River. Well, that is the best fishing-place on the Kentucky River. It is lucky for me that it was. When I was beginning my work in Latin and some of the mathematics, my boys in the school up yonder on the hill were crowding hard on my heels all the time, and knew about as much as I did. I was on a keen jump, and just one day ahead of them. Moreover, I hadn't anything to eat, in those days. My friend and fellow teacher and myself used to set our trawl-lines just out beyond that flat rock. Then we used to study our next day's lessons in Latin and geometry by the light of a fire. 'God bless the catfish!' I have said ever since. If it had not been that we had been favored in our fishing. I don't know what might have happened to Oneida College!"

They were worth every effort, these boys of the Kentucky Highlands. The chance to learn was like food to the starving, and no price that they could pay too great, no struggle too long.

"One boy came to me," Burns told Mr. Hough, "limping and tired. He had tuberculosis of the hip. He had no coat, hardly any shoes, almost no trousers, and he carried a carpet-bag tied together with a piece of twine. His hair stuck out through his hat. He had walked twenty or thirty miles. He said he wanted an education. . . . One day I heard some of my scholars whispering together out in the hall. Whispering is against the rules, and I went out to disperse them. There seemed to be some conspiracy, and I found out what it was; those poor boys, who had earned a few cents by working on

our farm, were taking up a collection, five cents, ten cents each, to get the 'new boy' a better pair of pants! I did not dismiss that meeting."

That "new boy" is soon to be in charge of educational work himself. Nine times the bad hip was operated on, and the ninth time it was cured.

The New Idea

The report of Oneida College spread across the Kentucky River into the Bullskin Valley, and one day "old man Combs" put two of his daughters on the back of a mule, took a third on another mule with him, and rode the fifty miles to the river, forded it, and drew up before the college door. Neither he nor any one of the daughters could read or write, and he had brought them to the place where they could learn. Tears streamed down the faces of the girls and stood in the eyes of Burns of the Mountains when he told them that there was no room in which they could sleep, no food for them to eat, and no money with which to buy these things. With sad face the old man turned the mules' heads and started on the homeward journey.

"I watched them ford the river again, and turn back up the Bullskin Valley," Burns said. "My heart bled for them. I knew what they were going back to."

As he had dreamed of a college for the boys, so now Burns began to dream of a dormitory for the girls, which would make it possible for them to study with their brothers. So presently he gave out contracts for the building, engaged workmen and went out to find some money. He went to Carrollton, where the White's Run Baptist Association was meeting, and with twenty cents, which constituted his entire capital, in his pocket, told his friends what he wanted to do. "Then," he says, "Mr. Carnahan, who has done so much for this college, said he would help on my labor pay-roll; and we borrowed five thousand dollars of a building and loan association that wasn't afraid to lend to the Lord."

This dormitory was only a beginning of good things for the

girls. The generous gift of a woman in New York who heard Burns tell of the ambitious, responsive mountain children, has made possible another ten thousand dollar brick building, where cooking, sewing, sanitation, and other household subjects are taught.

A Letter

No boys were ever more eager for a chance than these girls of the mountains. Some of them write Mr. Burns letters like this:

"Prof. Burns
oneda Ky

I though i would write you to See if i could enter School with you all one a Free tuishen my father is ded and my mother is to Poor to send me to School and is not evan able to Furnish my Books and Close and Would Like to help make Suport fur the Familey and the way i am i Cant my ege is 19 and if you Cant hold me a Place in School can I get a job of house work. Can work at most anything in the house.

i have a hard way of Living and making my Suport i live in the Country and cant get anything fur my work. now you let me Just what you will do and Let me no what you will Pay a week for cooking if i cant get in School.

if i had Lurning i could make my mother Suport But as i am i cant will close hoping to here frome you Soon

your reSPCtful

P.S. Let me no if i can get in or i cant."

It does not take a great amount of money to get "lurning" at Oneida Institute,—only four dollars a month for room, board, and tuition. Very little money is paid out for food or servant hire. The boys cultivate the fields, and raise nearly all the food which the five hundred and twenty-four students eat, and in the doing of it learn modern scientific methods of agriculture which will help them to win such crops from their mountain soil as it has never before yielded. The girls not only study the theory of home-keeping, but by practical experience they learn how to care for their dormitory rooms, how to dress suitably, how to cook and serve wholesome food.

The People

"The breed of Lincoln is not gone!" Emerson Hough declared, after he had met Burns of the Mountains. Burns, too,

is an emancipator; he, too, is setting a people free—free from the bondage in which ignorance has held them. And they are a people worthy of their freedom.

Of them Burns says: "If these people were what the outside world has so long supposed them to be—savage, selfish, lawless, broilers, feudists, murderers—I would not try to help them, nor wish to do so. But they are not that. They are a simple, bold, honorable, generous, and able people, a splendid stock; and they must not be allowed to go on as they have—they are too good for that." "We want our place in the ranks of the useful citizenship of America," he cries. "We are not content either to stand still or to slip back as we have been doing. We want out, and we want up! However much the country helps us, we will pay it back again."

Pledge and prophecy of what his mountaineers can be is Burns himself, "a college president with only seventeen months of school," who has built "a hundred thousand dollar college with no better start than twenty cents." Says Emerson Hough, "I felt the strength of America itself back of this simple mountaineer when I talked with him."

And Mr. Hough adds, "There was something I wanted to say to him and never did say—I wanted to tell him how ashamed I was of my life, which had made so little out of good opportunity, whereas others have made so much out of none."

But Burns of the Mountains thinks not at all of what people say of him—his mind is too full of the vision splendid of a new and radiant day for the children of the Cumberlands. "I never will quit," he pledges, "I never will be done until I see education spread all through these hills. I ask God to spare me till that time has come."

HENRY FORD, AND HIS WORKMEN*

By E. STUART BROWN

THERE is an unseen force which goes into the work of every department of the Ford Motor Company. It is the all-powerful influence of good which comes from the "help the other fellow" principle first introduced into the industrial world on a large scale by that genius and best of employers in America, Mr. Henry Ford.

Every man and woman, girl or boy who goes to work for Henry Ford is put on probation for six months. During that period they are paid a daily wage of $3.42. As soon as employees over eighteen years of age are put on the regular payroll they receive a minimum wage of $5 a day.

I believe this means even more to women than to men, for it is a high rate of pay for women, and if the company was not taking the human side of the question into consideration they could pick out from the thousands of applicants the most skillful women workers in America. But the considerations are: Is the applicant worthy, or in need of help by reason of having others to support? No particular attention is given to skill, as the company trains its workers and has patience with them while they learn. You may rest assured that nearly all of them prove very apt pupils.

The company goes even further in some cases and gives a chance to those whom society frowns upon—the man with a jail record who wants to make good and the boy who would go further down unless somebody made a place for him. Very few have failed the friendly employer who gives them a man's chance.

In January, 1914, there was put into operation what is known as "The Ford Plan." It provides for profit sharing in addition to the regular pay of employees, right working condi-

* A prize article written by one of Mr. Ford's workmen, and published by permission of *Forbes Magazine*, New York.

tions, steady employment, legal, medical, and educational care of employees' interests. One feature of it is the eight hour working-day. In case of emergency, a maximum of four hours' overtime is allowed, but no employee is permitted to work longer than twelve hours out of any twenty-four.

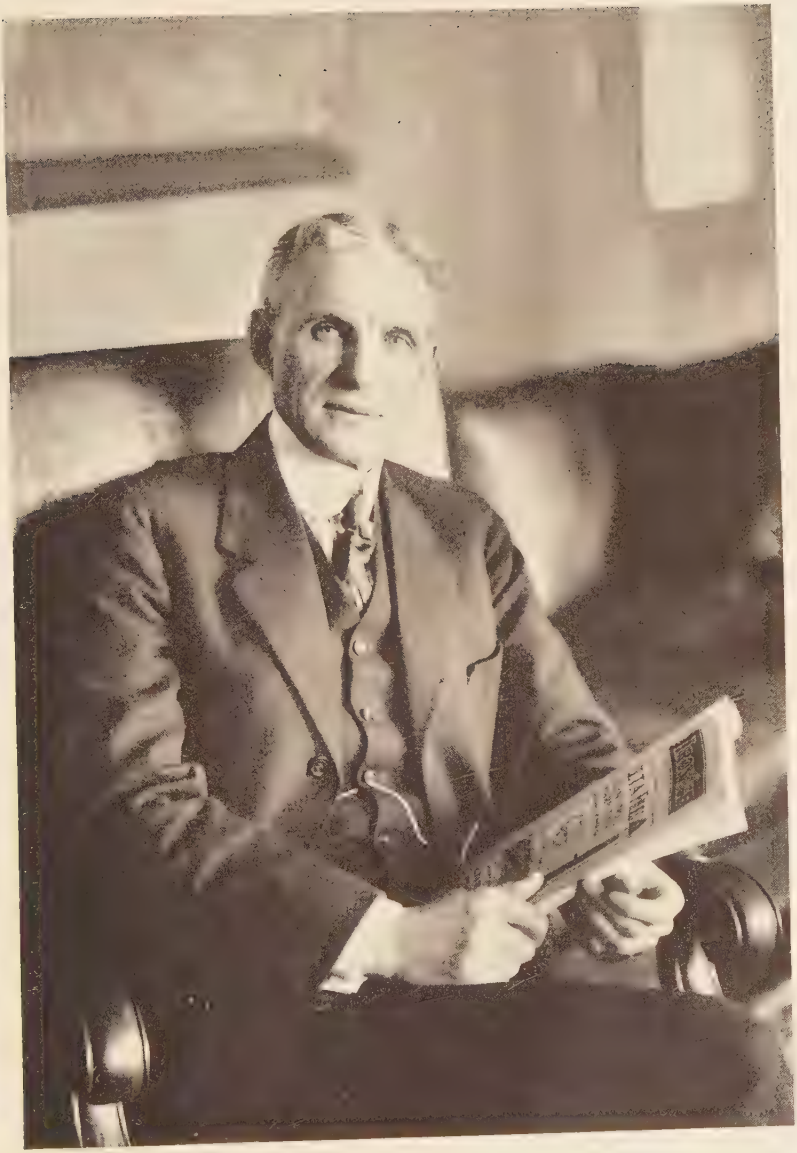
For those who do right there is permanent and steady employment. The power of discharge is vested only in officials and can never be used unfairly, because Henry Ford believes that "No one man should have the right to send another man home to his family without a job."

It is almost impossible for a man to get discharged from the Ford factory, for there is always somebody to take an interest in finding out why he is in danger of being sent out of the plant. If he has trouble with the foreman he is not fired but is sent with a written slip to the labor clearing-house, which is a part of the employment department.

Here the management finds out whether he is ill, does not like his work, is lazy, or in need of training. If they think he would work better in another department, he is transferred. If proven unsatisfactory there, he goes back to the clearing-house. When his problem has been considered again, he is given another chance in another department.

Working conditions are comfortable, both winter and summer, in practically all departments of this factory which has over 88 acres of floor space under roof. The heating and ventilating apparatus, of the latest design, forces washed air, either cooled or heated, into all parts of the plant. In some departments the air is changed five times per hour.

An emergency hospital, located within the plant, is a very completely equipped institution of twenty rooms. It is better both for the company and the man if employees are able to remain at work instead of laying off, so free medical attention for accidents or general debility is provided, as well as an emergency dentist. If an employee is injured while at work he is sent to one of the six first aid stations in the plant, or to the factory hospital, where 1,500 cases of injuries and illness are treated daily by a corps of more than sixty doctors, nurses, and attendants.



HENRY FORD

Even if a workman is found to be suffering from tuberculosis he is not put out of the factory to drift around in search of a job and to endanger other workers.

The best employer in America believes that he has no social right to waste sick men, so he has established a "heat treatment" department, in which tubercular workers are helped and then placed at light jobs in a room where the air is so dried and filtered that the lungs heal while they work. If they were fired, they would worry about how to pay expenses. The Ford Plan keeps them at work on full pay. When cured they return to their regular departments.

A corps of fifteen men is always at work on safety methods, and accidents have been so reduced that only two out of every thousand workmen are so injured in the course of a month as to cause loss of time.

A complete system of fire alarms and factory patrol calls protects employees against fire. If the temperature of any room rises above 160 degrees automatic sprinklers spray water from overhead pipes.

Places Men Before Machines

The making of happier, healthier, more efficient men comes before the making of machines under the Ford Plan.

Ford workers realize that their plant is different, that they stand in a different relation to their employer from most other workmen the world over. They have learned to work with each other and for the success of the Ford Plan.

If a workman is to be efficient he must be able to read, speak, and write the language of the country he works in. So the Ford English school was started and Ford employees who speak English volunteered to give their own time to teaching classes in personal hygiene, table manners, American ways of living, civil government, and the three r's in English. By using the "cumulative method" of instruction, men are graduated in thirty-six weeks, after two lessons each week of an hour and a half.

Each class of the thirty-two hundred students has included

fifty different languages. The men who attended ranged in age from 18 to 70. But the school has been so successful that its diplomas exempt foreign workmen from examination for citizenship papers. Every man who gets a diploma, signed by the officers of the company and of the education department, must be able to speak, read, and write in simple English, and must be intelligent about America and its government.

Effect of Intelligent Coöperation

The educational work also includes a technical school, in which any employee may take free instruction in mechanical drawing, machine design, and mathematics. For five days each week, boys who want to learn a trade may attend a trade school, where they study part of the day and work in the factory the rest of the time.

The effect has been to increase coöperation between workmen and the corps of advisers whose work it is to assist Ford employees with any personal problem through a system of home visiting; with problems about how to buy lots and build houses, through advice given by a legal department; or with other personal and factory problems. When men understand foremen better they obey the rules more readily, and the more highly workers are trained the easier becomes the whole problem of factory management for foremen and officials.

These figures may give some idea of how effective were the results of the Ford Plan after it was put into operation in January, 1914.

In 1913, it took 16,000 men working ten hours a day to produce 16,000 cars. Under the Ford Plan 26,000 cars were produced by 15,800 men working eight hours per day.

In the fender department 160 men built 2,000 sets of fenders under the old ten hour day. In January, 1917, it required only 174 men, working eight hours, to build 3,000 sets of fenders daily.

In the motor department more than three times the number of motors formerly assembled are now put together by the same number of workmen.

Before the Ford Plan was applied to the hiring of employees, they came and went as at other plants—50,448 employees left in one year when the total number of employees was only 13,632. It was then necessary to hire 40,000 men in one year to keep a force of 10,000 steadily at work. If employees had continued to change jobs at the old rate, 150,000 of them would now leave the Ford plant yearly.

By reducing accidents through safety work, only twenty men in one year were unable to return to work after being treated for injury or illness in the factory hospital; and after the Ford Plan had been in operation three years there was an annual loss from the payroll of only 7,512 men out of 40,000.

Henry Ford as a Man

Henry Ford is one of the few really big men in the world who has amassed a fortune, built up a business so large that it stands in a class by itself, yet has not been absorbed by it, contaminated by the money, or left any ruined men behind.

He is a practical man—perhaps the most practical because one of the most scientifically human men in the world. He has proved the success of the Golden Rule by building a great business around the democratic principle of "do the best for everybody and it will be best for you in the end"; by keeping the cost of his product down so that everybody in America can eventually own an automobile; by sharing profits with his employees and with his customers; by making every employee a better worker and a happier human being; by giving all employees equal chances; by helping social outcasts; by introducing into industrial management a new principle which will revolutionize it when other employers learn that the Ford Plan is practical because it pays profits *of* men as well as profits *to* men.

Note.—No doubt Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison are the two most picturesque figures in modern American life. They are respected because they have earned their successes and have devoted them to human welfare. Since this article was written Mr. Ford, though one of the most uncompromising advocates of international peace, devoted his great ability and his whole enormous equipment to the service of his country in the war for human liberation.

MAUDE ADAMS

By THE EDITORS

ACTON DAVIES knows one ten-year-old girl who has thirteen dolls, and every one of them is named Maude Adams. The picture of this beloved lady is pinned up on hundreds of walls in this country, from the ranch-house in the Far West to the dormitories of Wellesley College.

She made her first appearance on the stage when she was nine months old. Another youngster, a month of age, was carried to and fro in the play, until, very naturally, she objected with a vigorous howl. Just then somebody saw the baby Maude, in the arms of her mother, who was just about to leave by the stage-door, and she was snatched up and taken out upon the stage on a platter, instead of the howling-infant. The audience may have been surprised to see how the baby had grown within twenty minutes.

Her first deliberate acting was as a child of five. Then she went to school until she was in her middle teens, but determined to leave, to be with her mother, who was a widow, upon her tours as an actress of character parts. David Belasco had seen her as "a spindle-legged girl, unusually thin and tall for her age, with a funny little pigtail and one of the quaintest faces you ever saw." There was something wonderfully sweet and charming about her even then. Mr. Belasco found that she paid the most serious attention to all his explanations, and, he adds, "There was nothing that child would not try to do." We once met one who was her neighbor when she was a girl, and he used almost the same expression: "There is no limit to her ambition. There is nothing Maude Adams wouldn't undertake."

From the child-actress, "Little Maudie," she passed through trying days in various more or less ill-suited parts, until John Drew discovered her and made her his leading lady, before

she was twenty years old. Then James M. Barrie saw her, and chose her for that first lovable part in which we remember her, Babbie in "The Little Minister." For three whole years she portrayed the winsome, whimsical Lassie of the Highlands. Five years more, and then came "Peter Pan."

We do not need to remind you of that fairylike evening when you first saw this wonderland play. It was of course only a children's diversion—but the children's ages, as Forrest Izard says, "ran from four to fourscore." You trembled with delight when Wendy and John and Michael tried on their new wings. You followed them out into the starlight to the Never Never Land. You loved the little hut that the children built for Wendy in the woods, and the underground house where they all lived together. You are one of those who helped save the life of Tinker Bell. You exulted at the triumph over Capt. J. Hook on the pirate ship. You clapped your hands with joy while your eyes shone with wonder at the cozy house where Peter and Wendy sat above the treetops and the fireflies.

Perhaps you saw her in "Quality Street" and "Leonora" and "A Kiss for Cinderella," and maybe your idea of Paradise is a place where Barrie goes on forever writing plays for Maude Adams and Maude Adams keeps on playing them.

It is astonishing to think how many persons love Maude Adams, and how few know her. She does not make speeches or write articles; she does not give interviews or lead popular movements; she dresses quietly and is not seen in public places. She is known chiefly for her personal kindnesses.

"There used to be," says Frederick Dean, "an old doorkeeper at the stage entrance of the Empire Theater. One day he was taken sick and his place was filled by another. Miss Adams learned that the old chap had lost his position and made a hurried search for him, tracing him, at last, to an East Side tenement. It was long after midnight when she found him. He was very ill and was being taken care of by his faithful wife as best she could. Doctors and nurses were immediately summoned and every possible comfort provided; and the next morning, and the next, and the next came Lady Bountiful—and every day, until the sufferer died a month later.

"For sixteen years Robert Eberle was in Charles Frohman's employ as business manager. One year, late in the season, he was taken ill and left in a hospital in South Bend, Indiana. Miss Adams was playing in the West at the time, and hearing of Mr. Eberle's illness—though several hundred miles from the hospital—left her company on Saturday night, went to South Bend, spent Sunday at the sick man's bedside, and, leaving orders for the best of medical treatment, returned to her work just in time to dress for her part on Monday night."

"The sweetness and simplicity of Maude Adams herself and of her acting," Forrest Izard says, "comes in part, one is tempted to think, from her very real love of nature. She has a New York home—and a quiet retreat it is—but her real abiding place, when her work permits, is at Sandygarth Farm on Long Island, where she owns what may fairly be called an estate. She has there her stables, her kennels, her fields under cultivation, her woods; and she knows the details of farming only less well than the secrets of stagecraft. She has, too, a bungalow in the Catskills. She is fond of riding and of long walks in the country. Books form an inevitable furnishing in all three houses. She has given herself a good schooling in French, and she is on more than speaking terms with the philosophers and poets. She likes foreign travel, and has made several trips to Europe and the Near East. She plays well the piano and the harp, and when opportunity offers she goes to symphony concerts. Altogether she is a serious-minded devotee of the essential, the beautiful and the simple. She is of course aware of her own great popularity. But the feeling it inspires in her is said by her friends to be one of humility and wonder. And whatever her rank as an artist, she has sent across the footlights her simplicity, her sense of sweetness and light, to be a beneficent influence."

She is always, in whatever character we see her, he adds, "A symbol of something good."

JULIA C. LATHROP

By MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

WHEN Miss Lathrop was appointed Chief of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor there was great rejoicing by those who foresaw the possibilities in such a bureau, administered by a woman well-equipped and deeply interested in the welfare of all children. Those possibilities have become actualities, wider spread and deeper in their import than the warmest friends of the bureau had hoped to see realized in a brief half dozen years.

Miss Lathrop is a graduate and a trustee of Vassar College. She does not, however, snub or mortify one who has not heard that she is from one of the leading colleges in this country. She never leads conversation up to the announcement that Vassar is her alma mater; her charming personality, combined with a ready comprehension of the unexpected, presents her to the educated and to the less fortunate as the ideal college woman.

A Woman of Individuality

College training and association have not dispossessed her of an individuality that inheres in her every judgment.

An excellent illustration of this ability to see a problem occurs in her annual report for 1917. Mortality among infants whose mothers work for money in the industries, neglecting their babies left at home, is great. What easier, more comprehensive explanation could one desire than the oft-repeated statement that, as a class, women among the extremely poor lack the maternal instinct, prefer spending their days in the factories to caring for their little ones in the home? The chief of the bureau established to investigate conditions affect-

ing the lives and welfare of children saw a problem whose solution would necessitate consideration of other elements than the single one, the perversity of human nature in the poor.

A manufacturing town in which many married women worked in the industries outside their homes was selected for investigation. Data were sought along two lines: First, the number of mothers so engaged during the year following the birth of a child; second, the earnings of the fathers of infants less than a year old. The diagram showing the steady drop in the percentage of such mothers as the earnings of the fathers increased is most interesting. It demonstrates the existence of a problem. Too great stress cannot be laid on the importance of the Government's having at the head of the Children's Bureau a woman who sees problems in social conditions and sets to work at their solution with intelligence and sympathy.

A Woman of Poise

Her ready adjustment to a difficult situation was in evidence at a session of the National Education Association in Portland, Oregon. She had begun what was to be the last address of the afternoon when the Belgian Commission was announced. Immediately and graciously she stepped aside. When the foreign guests had completed their programme, had bidden the presiding officer adieu and had left the auditorium, the audience with one accord rose to leave also. As Miss Lathrop had an engagement that would preclude her remaining in Portland until the next session, she was asked to continue the address begun some time before. At the risk of an anti-climax she hesitatingly acceded to the request of the chairman. Before the third sentence had reached those within the sound of her voice, the main floor of the house was filled with a responsive audience, delighted with the humor with which she enforced her statements.

With the entrance of the United States into the war, many expected that Miss Lathrop's attention would be diverted from the welfare of children to that of soldiers; that she would efficiently organize and work in committees doing war

work. Her name has not graced the active or honorary list of many committees; she is too conscientious to permit herself to be enrolled as a worker unless she can contribute time and genuine service to the work undertaken. She has not merely kept off committees and pursued the conduct of the bureau as if this country were not in a great war, but faced and answered the question: In what way has the war changed or increased the responsibilities of the bureau?

At first some people were surprised that motherhood and babies in the homes of our soldiers and sailors should loom large in Miss Lathrop's mind. It is not strange that the public vision was so circumscribed as to see only men equipped for war or wounded in war; was so circumscribed as to exclude from its field those to whom, in the watches of the night on the sea or in foreign lands, the thoughts of young fathers would turn. Sympathy with family ties and a long look ahead into the future limned the first war responsibility of the Children's Bureau.

When Miss Lathrop asks a question, the individual replying needs take heed lest he carry coals to Newcastle. In search of knowledge she is herself an interesting study—sometimes a puzzling one. Modestly she seeks here, there, everywhere, and with all her seeking there is in her mind a great fund with which she is testing the replies spread before her. The remarkable thing in it all is that she seems unconscious of her own fund, analyzed and classified. Socrates was not more naïve than she.

In Times of War, Prepare for Peace

We hear much about preparedness for war, but in Miss Lathrop's career we have much food for thought on preparedness for the obligations of peace. Following the years in school and college, she was associated with her father in his law office, was a co-laborer with that peerless woman, Jane Addams, was an active participant in the work of other social settlements besides Hull House, was a most efficient member of the Illinois State Board of Charities, and in all these different

relations to society was sunny-tempered and energetic. What wonder is it that, though a young woman, she has the wisdom and sympathy essential in the Chief of the Children's Bureau?

NOTE.—One of the most beautiful instances of the great foresight and sympathy of this mother of the unmothered children of the nation came in the anxious battle-year of 1918 when Miss Lathrop announced that the Children's Bureau proposed to save the lives of 100,000 babies during the next twelve months. What a splendid service—to take the places of all who should fall or be missing in war by the lives of the men and women yet to be, to save life in the year when priceless lives were lost!

SELF HELP

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!*

—Angela Morgan

* By permission of *The Outlook.*

DISCOVERY AND INVENTION *

What Close Observation Has Accomplished

By ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

DID you ever put your head under water and chuck two stones together to see what the sound is like? If you have never done that, try it, and you'll get a new sensation. I did it once, and it sounded as if a man were hammering for all he was worth at my very ear.

I then took two tiny little pebbles and tapped them together quite lightly under water, and it sounded like a man knocking at the door. It was rather startling to hear such a loud noise from such a slight cause.

Of course, the question at once arose in the mind: How far off could we hear the sound? So I sent a boy a hundred feet up the beach with a couple of stones, directing him to strike them together under water. I then submerged my head, and I could hear the sound about as readily as before.

Well, I determined to test the maximum possible distance, and sent the boy across the bay in a boat to the other side, to a point at least a mile away from the place where I stood, and I followed him with field glasses to see that he carried out my instructions. I saw him land on the other side, take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and go down to a little plank wharf on the shore rising only a few inches out of water. He lay down upon the wharf, face downward, and put his hands into the water, and I then knew he was making signals with these stones.

Now, the question was: Could I hear him? Quietly and gently I went into the water at my side of the bay, submerged my head, and listened for all I was worth. Well,

* Used by special permission of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

you know, the signals came perfectly clear and distinct, through more than a mile of water, to my ear. It was one of the most astonishing revelations of what could be done with water.

You know if you look away in the distance at a man firing a gun you can see the flash, and after a time you get the report; the sound takes time to travel through the air. It goes about 1,100 feet per second; but in the water it goes five times as fast as that—over 5,000 feet per second. Water is a much better conductor of sound than air.

Do Fish Signal to One Another by Sounds?

Reflecting upon these various experiments, the thought occurred: If two little stones tapped together can be heard under water, why, every tiny lobster that snaps his claws must make an audible click. I wonder if there are creatures in the water that signal to one another by sound.

Well, I had occasion to try it once. Bathing in the Grand River in Ontario a great many years ago, I put my head very gently under water and listened, and, sure enough, "tick, tick," came a sound like a grasshopper's chirrup, and a little while after that a chirrup on the other side. There were creatures under the water that were calling to one another.

I don't know whether all fish make sounds or not, but there are some fish that certainly do. The drumfish on our coast drums away in the water so loudly that you can hear him while you are walking on the shore.

It is also a significant fact that all fish have ears. Why should they have ears if there is nothing for them to hear?

Of this we may be certain—that there is a whole world of sound beneath the waves waiting to be explored, perhaps by some of you.

I have wanted you to see how one observation leads to another. Starting with a very small thing—the chucking together of two pebbles under water, and following this up by other observations—we broaden our field of knowledge and reach generalizations of considerable magnitude as the re-

sultant of numerous small thoughts brought together in the mind and carefully considered.

Out of the Beaten Track

I was walking along the road one day in my country place in Nova Scotia, when the idea occurred to leave the beaten track and dive into the woods. Well, I had not gone 50 feet before I came upon a gully, and down at the bottom was a beautiful little stream. I never knew of it before.

Of course, I was not satisfied with the mere discovery, but went down into the gully and explored it right and left. I followed it up to its source. I followed it downward for half a mile, through a beautiful moss-grown valley, until at last the little streamlet discharged into a pond, and away in the distance I could see a sea beach with the open water beyond.

Now, just think of that! Here was a beautiful gorge, half a mile long, right on my own place, and coming at one point within 50 feet of a well-trodden road, and I never knew of its existence before. We are all too much inclined, I think, to walk through life with our eyes shut. There are things all around us and right at our very feet that we have never seen, because we have never really looked.

Don't keep forever on the public road, going only where others have gone and following one after the other like a flock of sheep. Leave the beaten track occasionally and dive into the woods. Every time you do so you will be certain to find something that you have never seen before. Of course it will be a little thing, but do not ignore it. Follow it up, explore all round it; one discovery will lead to another, and before you know it you will have something worth thinking about to occupy your mind. All really big discoveries are the results of thought.

The Beginnings of Invention

I dare say you have all heard of that celebrated painter who would never allow any one to mix his colors for him.

He always insisted on doing that himself, and at last one of his students, whose curiosity had been aroused, said: "Professor, what do you mix your colors with?" "With brains, sir," said the professor. Now, that is what we have to do with our observations.

I think I left you with your head under water listening to the clicking of two stones. Now, let us see whether we cannot use our brains to get you out of so awkward a predicament. We will then have entered the realm of invention, as distinct from discovery.

Why should we not simply put the ear to the water instead of submerging the whole head?

Why should we not ring a bell under water instead of clicking stones together to make a noise. An ordinary dinner bell would do. Empty it of air and ring it under water, and the sound can be heard by a submerged ear at a great distance away.

It is a little awkward, however, to keep the ear continuously submerged on account of the movements of the surface water. Every now and then a little wave will slap you in the face, and you are apt to choke if you are caught unprepared.

Why would it not be better to transmit the sound vibrations from the water to the ear through some intervening mechanism, and thus obviate the necessity of submerging the ear at all?

I have tried submerged hearing tubes of various kinds and planks of wood partially submerged, with the ear applied to the part out of water.

If you put your ear to the bottom of a boat—inside, of course, not outside—you can hear a bell at a distance quite readily. It still is a little awkward, however, to get your ear against the planks of the boat; but brains will help you out. Just fix a telephone transmitter to the planks of the boat, and you can sit at ease with the telephone receiver at your ear.

You may even put the telephone transmitter overboard.

It then becomes a submerged ear and will listen for you under water.

I have often thought I should like to go on the banks of Newfoundland and fish with a telephone. If you were to send the transmitter down among the codfish with the bait, perhaps you would find something there to hear. I have never tried it. I will leave that to you.

We now have numbers of steamers upon the Atlantic fitted with telephone transmitters attached to the thin iron skin of the hull, away down in the hold, and the receiving telephone on the bridge.

On shore there are huge bells at lighthouse stations making fog-signals under water, and each steamer as it approaches the coast can pick up these submarine sounds at a distance of ten miles.

Here is a completed invention which some patient observer has evolved from just such little beginnings as those I have described.

I doubt whether you could hear a fog-signal through the air at any such distance as that. The air is at best but a poor conductor of sound, and many illusions of hearing are possible.

It is difficult in any case to tell the exact direction of a sound in a fog. It is possible, too, that you might have an echo from the sails of a vessel, and you would then be entirely misled as to the direction of the signal station.

Then, again, an island anywhere near casts a sound-shadow upon the water. The sound-wave striking the island is deflected up into the sky, and you would have to go up in a balloon to hear it, and it may not come down again to the surface for a mile or two beyond the island. A ship quite close to the island might not hear the sound. The captain, knowing that the fog-horn should be heard at least a mile or two away, imagines himself to be much farther off than he really is, and in the midst of the fog he may become conscious of the presence of the land only by actual contact with it.

Then the transmitting qualities of the air are subject to

variations on account of unusual atmospheric conditions. You may be quite near a fog-signal station and yet hear the sound so faintly that you imagine it to be far away. You may even get an echo from the clouds; but then you know you are subject to an illusion, for the sound seems to come from the sky.

Now, sounds can be transmitted through the water to far greater distances than through the air, and atmospheric conditions have no effect.

I don't want to confine your attention to inventions that already have been made. I want to show you also that there is room for something new. We don't know everything yet and the list of possible inventions is not yet closed. Take, for example, the case we have been talking about, the transmission of sound through water.

Exploring Under the Sea

Three-quarters of the earth's surface is under water and has not yet been explored, at least to any great degree. The only way we have of reaching the mountains and valleys at the bottom of the sea is by sending down a sounding line and bringing up a specimen of the bottom attached to the sinker. It is no joke, however, to reach the bottom of the deep, blue sea through one mile or even two miles of water, and it takes several hours to make a single sounding. Just think of all the time and labor involved in merely ascertaining the depth.

Why should we not send down a sound instead and listen for an echo from the bottom. Knowing the velocity of sound in water and the time taken for the echo to reach the ear, we should be able to ascertain the depth of the deepest part of the ocean in less than four seconds instead of more than four hours. Here is something worth doing. It has never been tried. I have suggested it a number of times, and I will now pass on the thought to you in the hope that some of you may care to take it up.

Suppose you are on one of those steamers provided with transmitter hulls and telephone ear-pieces, and you send down

a little piece of gun-cotton or other explosive material to a safe distance below your ship and then explode it by an electrical contact. The sound-wave from the explosion will, of course, go down to the bottom and then be reflected up again, so that after a certain length of time you should get an echo from the bottom.

Not only should you be able to tell the depth of the ocean by an echo from the bottom, but you might perhaps learn something of the nature of the bottom itself. A flat bottom should yield a single sharp return, whereas an undulating bottom should yield a multiple echo, like that heard when you fire a pistol among hills. Then as you approach the shore you should get resonance effects, like those perceived when you shout loudly in an empty cave.

What I want to direct your attention to is that both discovery and invention are not things that come all at once. They arise from very simple beginnings. A small observation, patiently followed up by other observations equally small, leads gradually to a big conclusion. Do not ignore little things; life itself is made up of them, and there is a good old Scotch saying that bears upon the point:

"Mony a mickle maks a muckle."

A great many small things make a big one. Any one, if he will only observe, can find some little thing he does not understand as a starter for an investigation.

An Experiment at Home

I had rather a curious illustration of this the other day in my own house. I told a lad who was waiting upon me that I wanted to make some experiments with a bottle of water, and told him to bring a bottle of very hot water from the kitchen, and be sure that it was quite full. He soon returned with a big-bodied bottle provided with a long and narrow neck, filled to the brim, and put it on the mantelpiece and went downstairs. After the water had cooled, I rang the bell for John.

"John," I said, "I thought I told you to fill that bottle quite full."

"So I did, sir," he replied.

"Well, look at it now; it's not nearly full; the neck is quite empty."

John assured me that he had not touched the bottle since he first put it up, and I assured him that I had not poured any of the water out.

"Well," I said, "what has become of the water?"

He was quite nonplussed at first, and then he began to—to—ratiocinate, and said: "The water was quite hot when I put it in; there was steam coming from it. The water must have evaporated."

I made no comment, but looked at him and said: "Let's try it again. You fill that bottle chock full of hot water this time, and then *cork it* so that no steam can escape."

He did so; and by and by I rang the bell again, and up came John.

"John," I said, "I thought you filled that bottle quite full."

"So I did, sir," he replied.

"Well, look at it now; it's not nearly full." John assured me that he had not touched the cork, and I replied: "Well, what has become of the water?" John said he didn't know. He admitted that some of it had evidently gone, but where it had gone he couldn't for the life of him conceive, and he hasn't found out yet.

I am sorry now I didn't think of telling John to weigh the bottle when he first brought it up, for by weighing it again he could have found out exactly how much had disappeared.

If John hadn't given up he might have arrived by degrees at a realization of the principle upon which a thermometer works.

A thermometer is an instrument for measuring heat, and whenever you can measure a phenomenon you have a basis upon which may be built a science; in fact, all science is dependent upon measurement.

When you measure heat you get the science of thermo-dynamics, and thermo-this and thermo-that. When you measure the pressure of the atmosphere by a barometer you lay the basis for the science of meteorology and a whole lot of sciences dependent upon atmospheric measurements. So you have sciences based upon the measurement of sound and light; but you have no science of odor.

Measuring an Odor

Did you ever try to measure a smell? Can you tell whether one smell is just twice as strong as another? Can you measure the difference between one kind of smell and another? It is very obvious that we have very many different kinds of smells, all the way from the odor of violets and roses up to asafedita. But until you can measure their likenesses and differences you can have no science of odor. If you are ambitious to found a new science, measure a smell.

What is an odor? Is it an emanation of material particles into the air, or is it a form of vibration like sound? If you can decide that, it might be the starting-point for a new investigation. If it is an emanation, you might be able to weigh it; and if it is a vibration, you should be able to reflect it from a mirror. You can reflect sound and light and heat, and I have even warmed my hands at the reflection of a fire in a mirror. Not a glass mirror, for glass is opaque to radiant heat. A sheet of transparent glass makes a fine fire-screen. You can see the fire through it, but it cuts off the heat. When you try to reflect it from an ordinary looking-glass, the heat has to go through the glass in order to reach the reflecting surface behind and then pass through the glass a second time in order to get out. Take a sheet of polished metal—tin-foil will do—or any metal with a bright and shiny surface and you can reflect heat from it with ease.

Can you reflect a smell or measure its velocity of transmission? If you can do those things you will be well advanced on the road to the discovery of a new science.

The Smell of Tellurium

Well, that reminds me of a discovery that started with a smell. We have a very rare elementary substance known as tellurium, and when you melt it with a blow-pipe it gives off a smell. We can't measure it, nor even describe it; but if you have ever smelled it you will know it ever after. There is nothing in heaven or on earth that smells like that.

Now, you know it is the object of many chemists and scientific men to turn their discoveries to some practical use. They try, through chemical and other means, to convert waste products, for example, into useful things. Indeed, the utilization of waste products is a characteristic of the age in which we live.

Just think what they have done. Here is a gas manufactory consuming coal. After the gas has been produced we have left upon our hands ashes and clinkers and a lot of evil-smelling tar. Well, the chemists go to work and out of that tar they make the most delightful perfumes for scenting handkerchiefs, and nice sweet essences for flavoring puddings, and the most beautifully colored dyes, all made from coal-tar.

Now, there was a distinguished chemist who thought he saw a chance of making something valuable out of the waste products obtained in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Some of the powder he obtained he heated with a blow-pipe, and at once perceived the characteristic smell of tellurium. Here, he thought, was a rare and valuable element contained in a common and cheap by-product and it might pay to extract it. He then applied various chemical tests, but could get no other indication of the presence of tellurium excepting the smell. All the reactions declared there was no tellurium there.

He did not stop with this observation, but followed it up and began reasoning about it. If, he thought, there is no tellurium here, there is certainly something that has a smell very like it, and I know of no other substance on earth that has a smell like that. Perhaps there may be a new substance here, not yet discovered, which resembles tellurium, at least in the smell.

He knew that he was working with a regular conglomerate or mixture of all sorts of materials, many of which he could identify. He then extracted from the mass all the materials he knew were there to see if there was anything left; and, sure enough, a residue appeared which turned out to be, as he had suspected, a new elementary substance not heretofore known to man.

Selenium Found

He termed this substance selenium because it resembled tellurium. The word selenium, you know, is derived from a Greek word meaning the moon, and tellurium comes from the Latin—tellus, the earth. The two substances were not identical, but were related to one another as the moon is to the earth.

Selenium was found to resemble black sealing-wax in appearance. It had a beautiful, black, glossy surface, and in thin films was transparent, showing ruby red by transmitted light. In this, its vitreous form, it was a non-conductor of electricity, thus differing in a remarkable degree from tellurium, which was a good conductor.

When, however, selenium was heated almost to the fusing point and then allowed to cool very slowly, it completely changed its appearance. It acquired a dull metallic look, like lead; and in this, its crystalline condition, was also found to be a conductor of electricity, but of extremely high resistance. A little pencil of crystalline selenium not much more than an inch in length offered as much resistance to the passage of an electrical current as 96 millions of miles of wire, enough to reach from here to the sun, and yet it was a conductor. That was a discovery. Now comes an invention.

Willoughby Smith, in laying the Atlantic cable, found it advisable to balance the electrical resistance of the cable during the process of submersion by tremendous coils of well-insulated wire. Why, thought he, should not a little bit of selenium balance the whole cable and enable us to get rid of all this complication of wire.

He succeeded in doing this, but found the electrical re-

sistance very variable. At times the selenium would balance the whole cable and at other times not one-half of it.

He did not stop with this observation, but sought the cause of the variation. He multiplied observations, and his assistant, Mr. May, soon discovered that the resistance of the selenium was greater at night than in the day.

This at once suggested to Willoughby Smith the thought that perhaps the electrical resistance of selenium was affected by light, and he proceeded to put his idea to the test of experiment. He shut up the selenium in a dark box near a bright light, and found that when the lid was open the resistance went down and when it was closed it rose again. Even a shadow falling upon the selenium affected its electrical resistance.

Speech from a Sunbeam

Then other scientific men took the matter up. Professor Adams, of King's College, England, discovered that the resistance varied directly with the intensity of the light that fell upon the selenium. Then I came along with some speculations concerning the possibilities of telephoning without wires by varying the intensity of a beam of light by the action of the voice, and allowing the light to fall upon a piece of crystalline selenium. In this way I thought it would be possible to get speech from a sunbeam.

Well, I need not go into the details, but it was true. I produced the *photophone*, an instrument for talking along a beam of light instead of a telegraph wire. It is interesting to remember that all these things resulted from the observation of a smell.

How discoveries and inventions arise from the observation of little things is surely a topic worthy of your consideration. I also thought it would be interesting for you to know how many apparently impossible results have been actually achieved by the patient multiplication of little observations.

It was only a short time ago that if you wished to express the idea that anything was utterly impossible you would say, "I could no more do that than I could fly." It was thought

the height of impossibility that we should fly, and here men are flying in the air to-day.

It is only a few years since the first man flew, and we are only at the beginning of aviation. What a delightful idea it is to go sailing through the air! The only trouble is that you must come down, and we have altogether too many fatalities connected with the work. Here, then, is a subject for you to explore: How to improve the safety of the flying machine. How to produce flying machines that any one can fly.

We know perfectly well that the time is coming, and is almost here, when it will be an every-day thing to go from place to place through the air. Perhaps you may find a field of occupation in bringing this about. My idea has been to point out to you how great discoveries and inventions have originated from very little things, and to impress upon your minds the importance of observing closely every little thing you come across and of reasoning upon it.

Indeed, as Smiles very happily puts it, "The close observation of little things is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life."

IT CAN BE DONE

By EDGAR A. GUEST

SOMEBODY said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it:
With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands who prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

HOW TO MEET HARD THINGS

A Lesson from Robert Louis Stevenson

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

THIS wounded soldier did not merely refrain from groans, he gave forth instead a war song, so juvenile and inspiriting that thousands of men without a scratch went back into the battle. This cripple did not merely bear his own burdens, but those of thousands of contemporary men. Stevenson did not face his troubles as a stoic, he faced them as an Epicurean. His resignation can only be called an active and uproarious resignation. It was not merely self-sufficing, it was infectious. His triumph was, not that he went through his misfortunes without becoming a cynic or a poltroon, but that he went through his misfortunes and emerged quite exceptionally cheerful and reasonable and courteous, quite exceptionally light-hearted and liberal-minded.

The Optimist

It is possible to find an invalid who has the faith which removes mountains, but not easy to find an invalid who has the faith that puts up with pessimists. It may not be impossible or even unusual for a man to lie on his back on a sick bed in a dark room and be an optimist. But it is very unusual indeed for a man to lie on his back on a sick bed in a dark room and be a reasonable optimist, and that is what Stevenson, almost alone of modern optimists, succeeded in being.

The faith of Stevenson, like that of a great number of very sane men, was founded on what is called a paradox—the paradox that existence was splendid because it was, to all outward appearance, desperate.

Stevenson's great value lies in the fact that he realized

this great paradox that life becomes more fascinating the darker it grows, that life is worth living only so far as it is difficult to live. The more steadfastly and gloomily men clung to their sinister visions of duty, the more, in his eyes, they swelled the chorus of the praise of things. He was an optimist because to him everything was heroic, and nothing more heroic than the pessimist. To Stevenson, the optimist, belong the most frightful epigrams of pessimism. It was he who said that this planet on which we live was more drenched with blood, animal and vegetable, than a pirate ship. It was he who said that man was a disease of the agglutinated dust. And his supreme position and his supreme difference from all common optimists is merely this, that all common optimists say that life is glorious in spite of these things, but he said that all life was glorious because of them. He discovered that a battle is more comforting than a truce. He discovered the same great fact which was discovered by a man so fantastically different from him that the mere name of him may raise a legitimate laugh—General Booth.

He discovered, that for one man who wanted to be comforted a hundred wanted to be stirred; that men, even ordinary men, wanted in the last resort, not life or death, but drums.

Stevenson was essentially a colonel in the Salvation Army. He believed, that is to say, in making religion a military affair. Stevenson's militarism was as free from all the mere poetry of conquest and dominion as the militarism of an actual common soldier. It was mainly, that is to say, a poetry of watches and parades and camp-fires. He knew he was in the hosts of the Lord: he did not trouble much about the enemy.

MORE THAN HALF-BEATEN, BUT FEARLESS

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

MORE than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the Fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners,
Or perish with those who fall?
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—he advances!
Snapt is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!
Oh, spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
Oh, spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
  Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward" thou criest to flout me?
  O terrible Foe, thou hast lied!
Here with my battle before me,
  God of the Fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
  Suffered to suckle a Man!

THE MONEY-VALUE OF EDUCATION

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

"IT doesn't pay to go to school."

The cry is a familiar one from the boy who at the beginning of summer vacation period entreats his father to let him go to work, and informs him in the same breath that he is about to swear off on education. Is the boy right?

I have for some time been trying to gather dependable figures as to the money value of training. Subjoined are the facts I have got together.

How High School Pays

Eight hundred boys in Des Moines and Sioux City who had not completed high school were personally interviewed as to the age at which they left school and their beginning wages. The average beginning wage was $5.50 a week. The results by years of leaving were as follows:

Age left school	Average at the beginning per week
13 years	$4.10
14 years	4.90
15 years	4.30
16 years	5.25
17 years	7.60
18 years	8.80

Note the remarkable increase shown for each year the boy stays in school during the high school years. The boy who waits till 18 before leaving earns at the start double what the boy gets who leaves before high school.

Another Evidence

The table shows the difference in wages between boys who stay in high school and those who leave before beginning the course, as measured among the boys in Mankato, Minn.

Boys staying in high school.	Boys left school.	Got wages.
0 per cent.	38 per cent.	$4 to $6
10 per cent.	22 per cent.	6 to 8
30 per cent.	22 per cent.	8 to 10
35 per cent.	13 per cent.	10 to 12
25 per cent.	5 per cent.	12 to 15*

Sixty per cent. of those who left school are earning less than $8 a week; 60 per cent. of those who stayed in high school are now earning from $10 to $15 and above a week.

Since the average untrained boy tries at least three jobs before he gets started he gains slowly. The chancellor of Randolph-Macon College has estimated that the chances of distinguished success in life are 20 times as great to the high school graduate as to the one who leaves before high school.

Laborer v. Tech Graduate

Several years ago Mr. James Mapes Dodge made the following estimates, the proportions of which have probably not changed:

Training	Yearly income
Laborer	$ 530
Shop-trained man	821
Trade school graduate	2081
Tech graduate (10 years out)	5000

The laborer reaches his maximum within a few months. The shop-trained apprentice reaches his at 24, the trade-school man his considerably later. The technical graduates

* And above.

pass the trade-school men within three years, and their upward curve of income continues as long as they live.

College Men's Incomes

Our figures as to college graduates are less complete. Here are some comparative estimates from Yale and Princeton:

	Yale average	Princeton average
First year out of college	$ 740	$ 706
Fifth year out of college	1885	2039
Tenth year out of college	....	3803

In one class at Dartmouth the average income 15 years out of college showed a gain of over 75 per cent. in the five years since the 10th year out.

If the Princeton average maintains itself through life ($3803 from 10 years out of college), then the Princeton graduate during the 25 best working years of his life earns over $82,000 more than the average laborer and about $75,000 more than the shop-trained mechanic.

Let us suppose twins, Tom and Bob. Tom leaves school just before high school, and, untrained, goes to work. Bob keeps on, through high school, college, technical institute, engineering plant. Each has thirty working years. At the end of that time Bob has earned over $125,000 more than Tom. Count a school year at 140 days. Bob had nine years more of schooling than did Tom. Nine times 140 is 1260. Bob's additional years of schooling beyond Tom's were worth at the rate of $100 a day! Pretty good pay for going to school?

Only one person with a common school education out of 9000 has become distinguished enough to be mentioned in the manual, "Who's Who in America," but one out of every 6½ Harvard graduates is named there.

Only 1 per cent. of our population goes to college, but from this 1 per cent. come 40 per cent. of the leaders in our national life.

It is not true that "valedictorians are never heard from." Seventy-three out of every 100 of Harvard's valedictorians are in "Who's Who." The one-quarter of any college class that stand highest supply as many distinguished men to the world as the three-quarters who stand below them.

Not, Whether? Only, Where?

There are a great many men who never went to college who are earning more money than those who did, but no untrained man is numbered among them. There is no future to-day for the boy who leaves school just to "get a job," to "pick up a little money," or to drift from one thing to another. Only one-fourth of those who leave between 14 and 16 ever become able to earn a competence. There is no room now for the jack-at-all-trades.

You have no right to question whether you shall Get Ready. Your only query may be: Where?

Can You Show Anything Better Than School?

It does take a long time for us to get ready. George E. Johnson says, nearly one-third of our span of years. A cat is a kitten, he adds, for about one-twelfth of its life; a dog is a puppy for one-tenth of its life; it takes a horse only about one-seventh of its life to come to maturity. But why begrudge the delay? You are not fitting to be a cat or a horse. Yours is a more magnificent destiny. Remember what Bliss Carman says in his "Marching Morrows":

"The dust is on their corselets;
Their marching fills the world;
With conquest after conquest
Their banners are unfurled.

There's not a hand to stay them
Of all the hearts that brave,
No captain to undo them,
No cunning to off-stave.

Yet fear thou not! If haply
Thou be the kingly one,
They'll set thee in their vanguard
To lead them round the sun."

WHAT COLLEGE WILL DO FOR YOU *

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

I HAVE a plain word to say to certain men and women of youth and promise who look forward to making the most they can of themselves. It is a plea as strong as I know how to make it, for higher education, for better preparation for the duties of life. I know those well to whom I wish to speak: to the boy and the girl who will heed it, the best advice that I or anyone else can give is this, Go to College!

And you may say: These four years are the best years of my life. The good the college does should be a great one if I must spend all this time and all this money, all I have perhaps and all I can borrow, to gain it. What will the college do for me?

It will do many things for you if you are made of the right stuff. If you are not, it may do but very little. You cannot fasten a five thousand dollar education to a fifty-cent boy. The fool, the dude, the shirk come out of college very much as they go in. They dive deep in the Pierian springs as the duck dives in the pond, and they come up as dry as the duck does.

The college will not do everything for you. Whatever you are you must make yourself. The college will not of itself do anything for you, but a well-spent college life is the greatest help toward all good things. Everything depends on how you use it. The college means opportunity for growth, for culture, for power, for range of enjoyment. If you learn to use it rightly all these the college will offer you.

The college will bring you into contact with the great minds of the past, with the long roll of those who through the ages have borne a mission to young men and young

* From "College and the Man," by David Starr Jordan. Used by permission of the publishers, the Beacon Press, Boston.

women, from Plato to Emerson, from Homer and Euripides, from Shakespeare and Goethe, to Schiller and Browning. The great men of all ages and climes will become your brothers. You will learn to feel, with the ancient Greeks, the consolation of philosophy. You will turn from the petty troubles of the streets to the thoughts of the masters. You will learn the art of "walking in hallowed cathedrals," whatever may be your actual surroundings of the day. If you once learn to unlock these portals, no power on earth can take from you the key.

Moreover, the whole of your life must be spent in your own company, and only the educated man is good company to himself. The uncultivated man looks out on life through narrow windows and thinks that the world is small. He also thinks it mean and unworthy because the dog-fight in the gutter is all that his eye can reach. The man of culture has infinite resources within himself, because within himself is the key to all the best that men have thought and done since men first began to think and act.

Your college course will bring you into contact with the great problems of Nature. You will learn from your study of Nature's laws more than the books can tell you of the grandeur, the power, the immutability of God. You will learn to face great problems seriously. You will learn to work patiently at their solution, though you may know that many generations must each add its mite to your work before a final answer to any problem can be reached. You will learn to know "facts amid appearances," to distinguish truth from the weight of authority. You will find out some things which you will know to be true, eternally and absolutely true, and beside this knowledge the "traditions of ages" will count for no more than the hearsay of yesterday. You will learn insensibly to govern your life by the influence of realities and not of shams. You will learn how little through the ages it matters what men say of each other and how much it matters what a man does. You will learn your part of the law of heaven and earth, the law which is ever "solid, substantial, cast, and unchanging."

I know that the conceit and flippancy of the college student is proverbial. But you will find that the conceit of the college student who knows something, if not much, is a very little thing beside the conceit of a man who knows nothing at all.

Your college life will bring you into contact with men whose influence will strengthen and inspire. The ideal college professor should be the best man in the community. He should have about him nothing mean or paltry or cheap. He should be to the student as David Copperfield's Agnes, "always pointing the way upward." That we are all this I shall not pretend. The college professors I know are all too human. We have lived too early to ripen well. We have been soured and starved and dwarfed in many ways, and most of us are not the men we might have been if we had had your advantages for early training. But unpractical, one-sided, pedantic though the college professor may be, or though you think he may be before you know him, he is sound at heart and he is sure to help you to higher ambitions. He is not mercenary, and his ideals are those of culture and progress.

The Most Precious Adjunct of a College

Now in the years when men build great universities as they once built cathedrals, the one thing hardest to find, and most precious when found, is the man who has the power of molding young men, the power which was the attribute of the great teacher of Williams College. But go where you will, in great colleges or small, in institutions meanly clothed or in those grandly equipped, you will find some man who will be to you in some degree what Mark Hopkins was to Garfield, and to know him will repay you for all your sacrifices. It was said of Eliphalet Nott of Union College that he "took the sweepings of other colleges and sent them out pure gold." Such was his influence on young men. "Have a university in shanties," said Cardinal Newman, "nay, in tents, but have great teachers in it." "It doesn't matter much what your studies are," Emerson once wrote to his daughter, "It all lies in who your teacher is."

Again, the power that comes from association with one's fellow students cannot be overestimated. Here and there some young invertebrate given too much money to burn, or, it may be, spoiled by home coddling, falls into bad company in college and leaves it the worse for having entered it. But however conspicuous these fellows may be, or in what degree in some places they may seem to set the fashion, they are really few in number and weak in influence. Most of our apples are not worm-eaten at the core. The average student enters college for a purpose and you will lose nothing and may gain much by associating with him.

Team Work

The college teaches men the value of team work. This is one of the lessons for good which come from college athletics. College men learn to pull together, to yell together, to work together, each one subordinating himself to the success of the whole. The methods which honorably win in a football game will win anywhere else. Let college men stand together in public affairs, and they will wield an influence which no other group of men can withstand. For college men know how to do this, and to do it for the sake of an ideal, not for money or for notoriety. It has been well said of President Roosevelt, a typical college man in public life, "Money can never defeat a man who is not working for money."

Again, the training of the colleges emphasizes the individuality of a man. It takes his best abilities and raises them to the third or tenth power.

Throughout the world, the best of our Americans are counted among those who bring about results. To be with "him that overcometh," to learn his methods and to share his spirit is a good reason why you—the boy to whom I write these words—should go to the American college.

To do small things does not take much preparation. But it is as easy to do great things as small if you only know how. The need of great things is about you everywhere. You have but one life to live—make this one count.

WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE *

By JOSEPH ELLNER

"I HAVE two hundred and fifty dollars, am in good health and willing to work at anything. Do you advise me to come to your college?"

This question, in somewhat extended form, was addressed to the presidents of five small-town colleges, located in different parts of the country. In every instance the answer was, "Yes, come along."

The purpose of the inquiry was to ascertain what the chances were for a young man of limited means, but able and willing to work, to obtain a college education. We are familiar with stories of men who later have won fame and fortune, who "worked their way" at college. But it is generally felt that these men possessed exceptional ability and energy and that their feat is impossible to a boy of average ability and energy. The following study was undertaken to show the incorrectness of this popular feeling, and also to examine the conditions of employment prevailing at the colleges.

A word of explanation is perhaps necessary for particularizing "small-town colleges." The *raison d'être* of the small college-town's existence is usually the college, and about the only work available is that which caters more or less to the needs of the institution. To some degree, therefore, the opportunities for work are part of the opportunities offered by the college. Available positions, however, are fewer, the competition is more keen, and the student must often create the work to make his way. The small-town college in consequence is the more reliable and exacting standard for judging employment conditions to be found in the colleges to-day.

* Used by permission of *The Review of Reviews.*

The six institutions studied were Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire; Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa; Randolph-Macon, Ashland, Va.; Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado; Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin, and Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.

Working for the College

Every college and university corporation has at its disposal a number of paying positions. Varying with the size of the institution, from ten to sixty self-supporting men are given fairly remunerative employment in the business offices, laboratories, library, and about the grounds. At Dartmouth, for instance, such work enables a student to earn one-fourth to one-half of his necessary expenses without interfering with his studies or depriving him of recreation. A committee receives applications for these positions, makes the appointments, and settles the remuneration, which is not paid in cash but is remitted on the tuition fee.

The college dining halls offer more opportunities for work than all other sources combined. The custom of having students wait on tables in the college restaurants is of recent growth, but from time immemorial undergraduates have helped in the kitchen, managed the accounts, and supervised the serving at college phalansteries. At Dartmouth over 200 men are employed in the dining halls, at Colorado College about sixty-five, at Beloit about twenty.

The custom has, however, never gained a foothold at Princeton. Professional waiters do the serving under the supervision of a "monitor." The monitor's work is in no sense menial, and calls for some executive ability. About thirty-five men are thus employed for about one hour at each meal and receive for their work free board. Board at the commons costs $5.50 a week. It is considered well-paid work and there are many applicants for the position. There are other jobs at the commons which require the part time of about 100 men. The board bill is the working student's

largest and most worrisome item and if he succeeds in cutting it down the rest is pretty fair sailing.

Employment similar to that of monitor is open to members of the students' clubs at Princeton as well as at Beloit. Each club has a steward, bookkeeper, and secretary. Seven stewards are employed at Beloit and about twenty-six at Princeton. The pay is full remission on board, which at the Princeton club costs $7.50 a week.

A College Employment Bureau

There are many institutions of learning in this country that cannot boast of powerful athletic teams or colossal stadiums, colleges that are confined to, perhaps, three or four buildings, but there is not one that has not its student employment bureau. Some of these bureaus are run by the students, others are managed by the authorities, while at some colleges there is close coöperation with the local Y. M. C. A. employment committee. This is the case at Grinnell, where the majority of the students, male and female, are in moderate circumstances and about one-half of them are earning at least part of their expenses. The presence of female students at this college also makes available the employment bureau of the local Y. W. C. A. The bureau at Colorado College, maintained by the authorities, one year secured work for over 150 men. The bureau at Beloit, which is very thoroughly organized and keeps good records of its work, has been able to find work for everyone who has applied and some positions have been offered which could not be filled. This is an exceedingly good showing when it is taken into consideration that 73 per cent. of Beloit students are earning part or all of their expenses in term time or during vacation.

Some interesting tables are on file at the Beloit employment bureau, the result of a study of employment conditions at the college made recently by the members in the class in sociology. Each senior, junior, and sophomore at Beloit was asked to state as exactly as possible the amount of his annual expenses and whether he was earning anything toward his

own support and if so whether he earned more or less than one-half of his total expenditures. Out of 143 men in the three upper classes, 136 made returns. Of these 12 per cent. were earning their whole support, 27 per cent. were earning more than one-half, and 73 per cent., including the preceding, stated that they were earning something either in term time or in vacation. Forty-six men, one-third of the whole number, were at work during term time.

The occupations at which the men were engaged included janitor's service, care of furnaces, waiting on tables, dish-washing and pumping, care of horses, driving, barbering, serving as stewards of clubs, as clerks in stores, driving delivery wagons, acting as laundry agents; running an employment bureau, stenography and typewriting, clerical work, assisting in library and gymnasium, tutoring, reporting for newspapers, and music.

The employment bureau at Princeton is in charge of a practical business man who gives his entire time to the work. When a call for help is received the secretary consults his index files and finds the best man fitted for the position. The student is asked to report when he begins work: the nature of the work, what it will pay, and whether he will take and stay on the job. Over 200 positions were found and filled by the bureau last year.

Because of the greater number of students at Princeton the problem of finding work is perhaps more difficult than at any other small-town college. The town of Princeton is little more than a residential village surrounded by an agricultural community. There are no local industries and no large shops. Each resident, rich and poor, has a well-defined economic function in the community. But residents take a lively interest in student welfare and usually call upon the employment bureau for what unskilled help they need. Tending furnaces, washing windows, whitewashing, and other casual jobs are as a rule tendered to the students. Farmers often call for students when they need help in husking, wood-cutting, plowing, weeding, and haying. The bureau also supplies gardeners to cottage and estate owners.

The helpful coöperation of the town folk is characteristic of all small towns where colleges or universities are located. Often it is the college's most valuable asset. The residents take a personal pride and interest in the students, and are sympathetic toward the boy of small means. Each year a college town pays out in wages to students a good-sized sum of money. Each year the young men at Colorado College earn over $12,000 by work given them by the residents of Colorado Springs. At Beloit more than 50 per cent. of the self-supporting students make their expenses by work done in the town. The percentage is much smaller in Princeton owing to the larger number at the university and the smaller size of the town. Princeton also has more activities directly associated with and catering exclusively to the students.

College Newspapers

Almost every college has its newspaper. These sheets are good sources of income to a president and other officers, while giving steady employment to a number of assistants. The income derived is often large. The managers of the *Daily Princetonian* make from $400 to $500 each a year.

Correspondence for city papers also affords a fair income while the student is receiving a training which many apply after graduation. The Princeton Press Club is composed of twelve members, all earning a good part of their college expenses by reportorial work. There are also in every college a number of "free lances" who make money writing special articles.

Creating the Job

The occupations that depend entirely on the patronage of the student body are by far more picturesque in variety. At Beloit, Dartmouth, and Grinnell a number of students are capable stenographers and typewriter operators. A man with a typewriter and mimeograph is able to earn a fair income. There are theses to be copied and syllabi of lectures to be got out, besides a great deal of work for the professors and in-

structors. Six men at Beloit give private lessons in music to students, while as many do tutoring and coaching which commands about $2 a lesson. The only college barber who plies his trade after lectures is also to be found in this institution.

When, however, there are more men than jobs the college man must invent work. This is especially true at Princeton, which has as many students as any other three small-town colleges combined. The mother of invention never has brought into existence such a miscellaneous and unique collection of enterprises as is to be found at this institution. The originality, acumen, and pluck which necessity has brought out would be remarkable not only in a college town, but in the larger commercial world.

During the first two or three weeks of September the campus of a college looks more like a railroad freight terminal than a quadrangle of a seat of learning. The campus is a vast jungle of trunks, suit cases, bags and furniture. Every available wagon in town is pressed into service. A Princeton student saw the possibilities in an express company managed by students and catering entirely to their own fellows. The Princeton Express Company was organized by a senior who was working his way. He hired a wagon and called for five "huskies" to act as assistants. Over forty applied for the job. He paid $2 a day and a man cleared from $20 to $30 before college formally opened. The enterprise is now making a handsome profit for the president and officers of the company. At the end of the college year in June there is a repetition of the freight terminal scene, and the Students Express Company reaps another harvest.

Another enterprise which is to be found only at Princeton is the University Pressing Club. This is not a social organization, but a company of undergraduates engaged in the prosaic work of pressing the coats and trousers of their fellow-students. This company undertakes to keep a man's clothes in presentable appearance for $12 a year. The clothes are pressed, cleaned, and mended, if necessary. A journeyman tailor does the mending and visits the college two or three

times a week. The company is managed by a president and a secretary. The actual work is done by three pressers and six delivery men. The latter are recruited from the freshmen class, while the president is always a senior. Ever since the pressing club has been in existence it has happened that one or more of its officers or workers was also a member of one of the five "big" clubs at Princeton. The fact that he was a "clothes presser" did not seem to militate against his being a good fellow. The undertaking has flourished and those engaged in the work earn a good income.

Perhaps the most original kind of work was that invented by a young man. He noticed that about eight o'clock in the evening his fellow-students began to throw aside their books for the day and relax. It occurred to him that a cup of hot chocolate would be a very welcome addition to "talk and pipes." He laid in a stock of the powder and managed to concoct a decent enough cup. At any rate it was hot, and that was what the boys wanted. He delivered the chocolate in a can, charging five cents for a cupful. There was a good profit in the business. But his customers soon called for sandwiches and pretzels. He laid in a stock of both. The success with the sandwiches was immediate,—so much so that the merchant is now referred to as the "sandwich man." Two men are now engaged in the business, which, while it does not make them rich, gives them a fair income and shaves down the term bills to a considerable extent.

From one point of view the spectacle of a regularly ordained minister of the gospel cleaning windows for a living may not be a very inspiring sight. A young minister of a village in the State of New Jersey came to the conclusion one day that a better education would enable him to teach the gospel more effectively. The fact that he had no money did not deter him and he came to Princeton with $20 as his sole capital. Coming late in the term he found only the casual jobs available. He specialized in window cleaning and now makes enough to keep him "going through." On Sundays he preaches at a little church not far from Princeton.

Princeton's Truck Farm

The latest enterprise of the Princeton Employment Bureau is the Truck Farm. About three acres near the campus are being put under cultivation by students. Vegetables will be raised for the use of the commons and the general market. The boys receive 25 cents an hour for an eight-hour day, which is the regular wage obtaining in the locality. During the summer months the workers will have an eight-hour day of it. About twenty-five students were enrolled for the past summer's work, and they expected to put by at least $6 a week toward expenses during term time.

Cost of Living

A point covered by the investigation of the class in sociology at Beloit, referred to above, which is of interest to a study of employment conditions at college, is the cost of living. Of 136 men reporting, forty-five spent $400 a year or less; seven spent not more than $300, thirty-one reported expenditures of over $500, while sixty, or nearly half the number investigated, spent between $400 and $500. By practicing strict economy, the investigation showed that a man could get through with $330; spending moderately and living decently, $430 should be enough, while the generous spender should be able to confine his expenditures to $536.

The estimate of expenses at Dartmouth compares favorably with that of Beloit. The tuition fee at the former is $125, while at the latter it is but $80; nevertheless, the minimum of expenses at Dartmouth are $322 and the maximum $566, or only $30 more than at Beloit.

At Princeton, with the tuition fee $150 and the cost of living higher, the estimate of expenses shows no very startling variations. The minimum of expenses is placed at $433, which is near the minimum at Beloit, a Western institution where the cost of living is lower. The estimate of moderate expenditures is $522 and the maximum $669.60.

The Beloit investigation pointed out the significant fact that the expenditures of men in the self-supporting class were in many cases as high as those of men supported by their parents. In no estimate of expenses furnished by any institution is there to be found a great difference between the expenses of the poor boy and the rich man's son. In most cases the outlay differs from $2 to $4 a week. The household budgets of a good mechanic and of the average storekeeper would probably show a more appreciable difference than is to be seen in the expenses of the working boy and the wealthy student. The investigators at Beloit concluded their study with the following remark: "If a man can find a place to work for his board, and by prizes or scholarships cut down the college's charges one-half, he can reduce his cash outlay to a sum which it is entirely within the power of a determined man to earn, taking also the vacation into the account. It is true it takes a man of good energy and good staying powers to do it, but hundreds of men have done it in the history of the colleges and dozens of them are doing it to-day."

THE SELF-EDUCATING OF JIM*

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

"I'M afraid I can't go to school this fall," Jim Johnson told me.

I knew what the trouble was; lack of money and an invalid mother to take care of. Very likely Jim will never be able to go to school again.

"But of course you are going on with your education?" I responded cheerfully.

"Why, no," he said with surprise, "not if I don't go to school. How can I? Why, I won't even get much chance to read."

"There are lots of definitions of education," I said. "But I want to give one of my own. I do not say it is the best, but I know it is a good one. *An educated man is one with whom you could ride all day on the train without being bored.* Think it over a little. You notice that this definition says nothing about the salary a man can earn or the place he fills or how far he has got ahead. It means simply this: he has an interesting mind. There was once a cobbler in Bloomington, Indiana, who so well met this test that the Presbyterian minister there told me that his idea of heaven was to have all the time he wanted to listen to Henry Bates.

"To be this kind of man does not require a college education, though it does mean that its owner should have gathered in some way much that college has to give.

"Shall I tell you about a course of study in three parts," I asked, suddenly interrupting myself, "that will make you one of the best informed and most interesting men in this town?"

*From "The Young Folks' Book of Ideals," by William Byron Forbush. Published by the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston.

"What is it? Bay View or Chautauqua?"

"Neither, though both are good. But this is better than either. It has only three simple rules, but it works, for I've tried it myself for a number of years."

"Go ahead. What is Rule One?"

"Rule One is: Every day talk with some interesting man. Books are all right, but our best wisdom is caught, not taught. Edward Everett Hale used to put it this way: 'Rub shoulders every day with a man who knows more than you do.' There are lots of them, and all the best teachers are not in professors' chairs. If you could get hold of your next Chautauqua or Lyceum lecturer for an hour after his talk, you might learn almost as much as some do in a whole term at school. And each day you meet some fellow-townsman who has lived an adventurous life or who works in some important industry or who has kept his mental blinders off and seen something, whose talk will be as stimulating as an electric shock.

Rule Two

"Rule Two is: Every week buy an interesting book. As I said, men are worth more than books, but some of the worthwhile men are dead, and the only way you can get acquainted with them is through the books they have written. You say you cannot afford to go to school, but you can at least afford textbooks for yourself. These textbooks, the writings of the greatest masters can be bought in various inexpensive series for from sixty cents to $1.50 each. Think what it may mean to you to have fifty-two textbooks a year at a total cost of only forty or fifty dollars.

"The last rule is the most important of all. It is this: Every night think an interesting thought. To think is more important than to read or to talk. There was once in a certain university a neglected-looking instructor who nevertheless was regarded as one of the wisest men in the institution. One of the students once asked him: 'Peirott, how is it that you know everything?' This was his answer, in his broken foreign accent. 'I tell you. When you fellows have finished supper

you light your lamps and you get together in your rooms and you talk and talk and talk. But I go into my room alone, I light no lamp, and I sit and I sink. The trouble with you is that you never sink some sings.' I agree with Peirott, Jim, that to 'sink some sings' is the best way to end your day."

"I think," said Jim earnestly, "that I will begin my new course at once."

"While you are doing it, you might make the motto of Fitzsimmons, the prize-fighter, yours."

"What was it?"

" 'My secret is to hit from where I am.' "

THE STORY OF DICK SAVER AND MARTIN SPENDER

By RICHARD SCHULTZ

IT was half-past twelve as Martin Spender and Dick Saver stood talking before the employees' entrance of the great store in which they were clerks. They were nineteen years of age, and entering upon their second year in business life. Each received eight dollars a week, yet, strange to say, Martin seemed to be the more prosperous. Home conditions could not account for this, as both their fathers earned comfortable salaries.

Martin seemed the essence of success: dressed in a good serge suit, with a tie in the latest style, in which was fastened a gold riding crop, he made, with his clean-cut features, a figure not to pass unnoticed by either sex. Of this fact Mr. Martin Spender was well aware, and forthwith had acquired a ready tongue and an assured manner. Dick was quite the opposite. Indeed, the most lucid way to describe him is to say he was easily lost in a crowd. Perhaps his eyes were a bit clearer, and his chin more pronounced than the average. Gazing at him, one was somehow reminded of bulldogs and tenacity. But what are the two commencing to argue about? Listen! Martin Spender is speaking.

"Dick, you make me sick! You can't expect me to go to lunch with you, if you insist upon eating at one of those cheap dairy places. For a little more we can get a dandy dinner at a regular restaurant. Why! you're getting so stingy lately, I half believe you are in love and saving to be married!"

Dick flushed, and denied it; then, forcing a laugh, he said: "I can't help it, Martin; I'm going to stick to my twenty-cent lunch. I find it is plenty, and, to tell the truth, I cannot afford to spend more. You know, I pay mother four dollars a week

board. If I spent more for lunches, I'd be eating into that last raise of mine."

"Well, what's a raise for?" inquired Martin, in a sarcastic tone.

"Why! to save, of course. If we could get along on what we earned before, why won't the same amount do after we receive a raise? I've saved nine dollars of that last increase which I received less than three months ago."

Martin sneered. "What will nine dollars buy, I'd like to know! Swell chance to see me starve myself and miss a couple of dances and the theater, and wear old-fashioned ties, for nine dollars! Nothing doing! When I want money, I want it big."

A flicker of fire came into Dick's eyes.

"I thought like you, until reading about thrift and the lives of great men made me realize that big money is made by a number of small things combined with time. I think a successful man must do more than work and earn;—*he must save!* That's what I am going to do, Martin; and if you are not, why, I guess our paths must separate."

"Oh, bosh!" replied Martin. "Why save on the lunches and spoil our fun for ten cents a day?"

"Martin," said Dick, "do you know that ten cents a day, with interest, saved steadily for ten years, amounts to four hundred dollars?"

"Oh, well," sighed Martin; "save it on something else. Don't be so confounded thrifty where friendship is concerned."

"I can't save it on anything else, because anything else won't be 'it.' Thrift, Martin, is the habit of bringing all small amounts into line and sweating a profit out of them. I guess my ideas do not agree with yours," continued Dick, as he saw the smile on Martin's face, "but remember, 'He laughs best who laughs last,' and I am not the one who is laughing at present." Then, turning on his heel, he entered the building.

"Chestnuts!" jeered Martin, none the less strangely uncomfortable in the face of the other's firmness.

Ten Years Later

Martin Spender has reached a position of some authority in one of the smaller departments, and earns thirty-five dollars a week. Dick Saver is assistant to one of the store's managers, at twenty-five dollars a week. The young men still live with their parents, and each pays fifteen dollars a week for his board and room. But here the resemblance stops.

Martin has four suits made to order each year; Dick gets along with two or three of the ready-to-wear sort at eighteen or twenty dollars apiece. Martin pays five or six dollars for his shoes; Dick walks just as well in the three-dollar kind. The Spenders have moved out to a suburb, and Martin takes the train back and forth from work, though it is only forty minutes' ride in the trolley; the Savers live near the city, and, in the spring and fall, Dick can walk to work in twenty-five minutes. Martin eats in places where a ten-cent tip is expected with the forty-cent or fifty-cent lunch; Dick never spends more than thirty cents. Martin buys a one dollar and fifty cent or two dollar seat for nearly every musical comedy and prize-fight that comes to town; Dick goes occasionally to see a good drama or comedy, and once a month, during the season, to the opera, and he never pays more than a dollar to see the former, nor more than two dollars for the latter.

Martin is hardly ever at home in the evening. He goes to balls and banquets and to clubs. In other words, he is "popular with the boys." Dick is at home three or four nights a week, reading a good book, or planning an easier and better method for some work in the office. Often he is busy becoming the most popular man with the youngsters down at his church. The remaining evenings he attends the meetings of the local business men's club, and the insurance and beneficial lodges to which he belongs.

Martin sometimes starts a bank account, saves about two or three hundred dollars, and then spends it on some luxury like a launch or a motorcycle. Dick has had an ever-increasing bank account since his eighteenth year, and is in good standing with several building and loan associations.

Thus we find them when they both fall in love with the same young woman—a sweet, attractive and sensible girl, the daughter of a bank official.

Two years pass, and they come to know each other as rivals. Martin is now earning forty dollars a week, and Dick thirty dollars.

Mr. Spender really loves this young lady, and, with much inconvenience to himself, he saves one thousand dollars in a little over a year—quite a painful feat for one so accustomed to the pleasant things of life as he. Still, he does not feel he has enough to ask her to become his wife. No. He is sure of her. He will wait another year or so, and add another thousand dollars; then they can have a delightful honeymoon and start life right.

On a morning two months later, Mr. Spender is astonished to see in all the papers the announcement of the engagement of Miss Lucy Goodwin to Mr. Dick Saver.

Now, with all his faults, Martin is a man. After the shock, he goes to see Miss Lucy, and wishes her every success and all the luck possible. And she, full of her new joy, forgetting that he, too, loves her, tells him all about the house Dick is building, the trip they are to take, and a thousand-and-one things "dear Dick" is going to do.

Amazed, Martin inquires when Dick inherited the money.

Lucy looks surprised. "Inherited money? Why, he saved it all himself!"

"But he only makes about thirty dollars a week!"

"Well!" challenges Dick's future wife; "don't you think he is extremely clever to be able to save so much out of thirty dollars a week?"

"How much has he?" faintly asks Martin.

"Over two thousand dollars in cash, and eighteen hundred dollars in building and loan associations which will mature this year," proudly replies Miss Lucy Goodwin.

Mr. Spender walks away, dazed, to do some thinking and acquire some wisdom. He realizes now that "he laughs best who laughs last," and, moreover, he reflects on how sweet it is to hear the woman one loves say: "He is just splendid!"

How empty now seem the compliments of his host of friends! His awakening has come too late!

Yet—has it? No; it is never too late. How can he undo twelve years of wrong financial managing? Is it possible?

He walks the floor, till at last, tired out, he sits down to figure out what he might have saved now, had he acted something like Dick. He starts with the day they disagreed, a little over twelve years ago. He sets down on paper, as exactly as he can, the various items which could be called luxuries—things he could have done without or bought more economically. Here is his list:

(1)	About 5 cents a day on needless carfare, for 350 days in 12 years	$210.00
(2)	Smoking, about 50 cents a week, 52 weeks, 12 years	310.00
(3)	Lunches, 10 cents a day too much for 12 years	410.00
(4)	Made-to-order suits, $10 too much on each suit, four suits a year, for the last 8 years	320.00
(5)	Theatres, $1.00 a week too much, season of 40 weeks, for the last 10 years	400.00
(6)	Dues and good times in yacht and gunning clubs, for the last 5 years	550.00
(7)	Flowers, candy, cab-fares, and presents to friends, during the last 10 years, on occasions not absolutely necessary	500.00
(8)	Doctor's bills for indigesion and nervous troubles occurring as a result of late hours and too many banquets, last 5 years	200.00
(9)	For popular but senseless novels and yellow magazines during last 10 years	100.00
(10)	Incidentals: For 75-cent and $1.00 ties, when 50-cent ones look just as well; silk socks, that wear out more quickly than the other kind; silk shirts, fancy shoes, needless stick pins, watch fobs, fancy-handled umbrellas; needless extra expenses on vacations, etc., last 5 years	350.00
	TOTAL SPENT ON UNNECESSARY THINGS	$3,350.00

Losses—in Money: This principal, drawing interest, or invested in bonds or in a building and loan association, would have earned between five hundred and eight hundred dollars.

In Opportunity: Three years ago he had been offered a good business chance in a growing firm if he had had twenty-five hundred dollars in cash. He had to let it go by. Since then this business has been earning an ever-increasing profit, and is expanding greatly. The money value of the opportunity thus lost is incalculable when reckoned in years.

GET A BROAD OUTLOOK*

By HELEN THOBURN

SUPPOSE each of us was somewhere up at the top of the sky, and could see her own particular part of the world spreading out before her: I wonder what each of us would see. Did you ever try to bound your world, just as you would bound Montana or Austria in a geography lesson?

If you were to make a map of that part of the world in which you are especially interested, what would it look like? Would it be just a circle drawn around your own community? Perhaps a great-grandmother of yours came from a far country, of which you have always loved to hear stories—you'd have to draw a line out over the seas to that place. Suppose you just finished reading "Lorna Doone" last night; had it occurred to you that you could find the Exmoor country on a map? There goes another long line. Try drawing this kind of a map for yourself.

Contrasts

Is your world any bigger than that of your own mother? Surely her life has been far richer than yours. But ask her, or some other older person, if when she was your age she could find in libraries or daily papers much to read about the biggest country in all the world—China. Ask her if she could see Niagara Falls, in much of its live, crashing splendor, by just paying five cents and going into a darkened room to watch pictures thrown on a screen. Ask her if when she bought material for a dress, she knew, or could possibly find out, by what sort of people and in what sort of a place it was made.

*From "Christian Citizenship for Girls," by Helen Thoburn. Published by the Young Women's Christian Association Press, New York. Used by permission of the author.

Now if you want a game of contrasts, look up a map of the Ancient World. Perhaps in a library or museum you can find a reproduction of one of the actual world maps, drawn in mediæval days, with its grotesque, impossible animals peering over the edges of its crinkled seas. The maps in the back of your Bible are less picturesque, but even more ancient. There is a world that was really bound! When the first missionary of all started to carry the good news into all the nations, was he taking into account China, or the Philippines, or Cuba, or Nova Scotia, or these United States? Perhaps it was a happy thing that in the unfolding of history the civilized world had not yet come to be more than that magic ring lying around the little, blue Mediterranean Sea, or he would not have had the courage to attempt to carry his message to "all men."

Then, to swing back to this day, we have only to pick up the daily newspaper to get the impression that the world is getting smaller, as our knowledge of it grows wider, and not only getting smaller, but mingled and fused, as in a great melting pot. See how far you can trace this in your own community.

The Gift of Wonder

These are days when you're wondering what life is all about. Sometimes, for weeks at a time, it is all perfectly ordinary, every-day living. Sometimes, in one of those piercing strange moments when you feel as if you'd been here before—

> . . . . it doth all seem plain.
> The simple sun could tell it, or the rain,
> The world, caught dreaming with a look of heaven,
> Seems, on a sudden, tip-toe to explain.
> —*Richard Le Gallienne.*

Or again, you catch your breath at the wonder of it all. And mark you, this doesn't last. The longer you live in this world of mystery and beauty, the more likely you are to get all too used to it, unless right now, while you have this gift of won-

der, you make good use of it for teaching you the meaning of life. For instance, here are some simple ways of going about it:

There is a drab sort of person who can walk six blocks, even on a city street, and see nothing at all. There is a vivid sort of person, on the other hand, who can walk the same six blocks and have adventures all the way. Ask yourself these questions, the next time you go downtown:

How does the color of the sky differ from that of yesterday?

How many people of those I meet do I know?

How many languages can I hear spoken?

How many countries have I come in contact with to-day?

When I study the faces of the people I pass what do they look as if they want or need most?

How many "little stories" can I tell at home as a result of this walk?

You see, it doesn't in the least depend on taking a train or boat and going for a long journey. You can set the boundaries of your world as far as the East is from the West, beginning right here where you are, if you don't mind being all alive. Someone once wrote a prayer: "Make it the passion of my life to be all life, to have in me no death and no darkness, and help me to pay unfalteringly the price of life." What do you think that means?

Paying the Price of Life

"If you don't mind being all alive." But why mind? Do you think there is a penalty to it? A girl was once heard to say: "I don't *want* to get interested in foreign mission work—it tires my mind all out, just worrying about mountain whites and slums and things in this country, but now Frances has gone out to China I can't help thinking and caring about that, too!" Larger interests are bound to bring larger responsibilities, are they not?—and a keen response to life may mean greater joy or even greater pain.

Choosing-Time

Somebody once said, "Remember that for every book you read you leave some other book unread," a rather discouraging but disciplinary remark! That's about the way it will be with the collection of interests that you will be getting together in the next few years, that in the end will make your world, your life. If you take up music, for instance, can you think of some other tempting interest you'll probably have to forfeit? If you make your chief concern people, will you be likely to find so much time for reading as you find yourself wanting now? It is a little bit startling to stop and think that ten years from now most of these things will have been decided for you, and people will be saying, "Go to So-and-So if you want to find out all about such and such a thing," or else they'll just be going, without knowing why, because you've got in you some of the things all the world wants. Yes, it's a little bit startling, but what are we going to do about it? Think about it for a minute to-day, while we are up here on the crest of the mountain, looking down at the glimpses of paths and trails lying far below—to-day, while we are up here where we can choose.

Do you remember how, when you were little, you were always "counting toward" the next wonderful thing that was going to happen? If there was nothing else special to count toward, such as the day school closed, or "going on a visit," there was always Christmas. "I wish it would hurry till Christmas," said a small person I once knew. Thereafter the world stood still. Beyond Christmas, time was not—until the next special thing rose up on the horizon and pushed your thoughts a little further along.

How far ahead are you counting time to-day?

HOW TO STUDY THE VOCATIONS

By WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

A FEW of our high schools are trying in a practical way to help their students in their life decisions. In De Kalb, Illinois, for example, a teacher meets a class of forty to fifty once a week for a year or more and talks to them definitely upon industrial conditions. This teacher gives an account of his work, outlining the substance of his first talks:

"You can find out something in regard to your ability by your success in school in the various courses. About other conditions you probably have little knowledge. You will find, for instance, that some occupations are tremendously overcrowded. Other occupations have disadvantages as to working conditions or working hours. These are facts that you ought to know before you choose an occupation. We cannot talk to you about all the great occupations to be found in the business world, but we can classify the occupations into great groups, and by considering the qualifications required in these great groups you will be helped somewhat to make a decision on the choice of an occupation."

After dividing up the occupations into groups, such as the manufacturing group, the mechanical group, the professional group, etc., he suggests certain tests by which a boy may tell whether he has ability in this line. For instance, in the mechanical trades, mechanical skill is a fundamental requisite. A boy must have the necessary skill to handle materials deftly. Next, he must have a liking for machines and power. He must have some inventiveness in making things. He should have some skill in mechanical drawing and be willing to learn the trade which lies at the base of the industry into which he is going. He should not be afraid of hard and dirty work. He should be willing to put on overalls and get his hands

dirty if necessary. Finally, he should try, if possible, to get the technical-school training, which is the basis of his trade.

"Now," says he, "if you think your ability lies in the direction of mechanical trades, take the work in the manual-training shop and try out some of the courses which are offered in woodwork, metal work, printing, gas-engine work. If you find that your interest is aroused and sustained, that you have skill to do good work in the school shop, you have some indication of your ability. You may further use your summer vacations to good purpose by getting a place in some of our shops and finding out whether you really like the work which is carried on in them.

"We try to show that the basis for success in engineering lies in mathematical and mechanical skill. Prospective students of engineering are asked to look over such a book as McCullough's 'Engineering as a Vocation.'

"Just this year a couple of boys who were thinking of engineering came to me and asked for information along that line. I asked them to take this book and read it in the light of the discussions we had had. They both came to me a little later and said: 'We have come to the conclusion that we would not care for engineering as a vocation. We had no idea that it involved taking higher mathematics, physics, and things like that.' This is a practical illustration of the guidance work.

"We now come to the second part of our work. In this part it is impressed on the students that certain qualifications are needed in whatever line they may enter, because they are fundamental to success. These things are attractive personality, practical efficiency, upright character, loyalty. I call their attention to a card which says: 'The face you wear at sixty depends upon what you do to-day.' Now, what is the reason for this statement? The reason is that youth is the plastic period. This is the period in which we acquire and absorb. It is the period of education. We can make ourselves now very nearly what we desire. A little later our habits will be fixed and we shall find it difficult to change them. It is worth while, then, to have some ideals of personal qualifications and to endeavor to make ourselves like our ideals.

"Personality is treated as involving voice, dress, manner, courtesy, tact. In talking to students about courtesy we use this little card, which reads: 'Politeness is like an air-cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.'

"When you apply for a position, how do you act when you enter the office? If there is but one seat left and several people are waiting, do you take the empty seat, without considering the others? When leaving the office, do you allow your employer to go first, or do you step ahead of him? On the other hand, suppose some of you go to college instead of into business. You think perhaps your manners will not be observed. Here is what the college editor wrote about the freshmen whom he noticed on the campus: 'They do not know better than to walk around with toothpicks in their mouths; they do not know enough to tip their hats to a lady; and they gurgle when they eat their soup.' You see, you are being judged in this matter, whether you are in college or whether you are at work."

Still, the Actual Decision Is Your Own

But, after all this careful advice is said and done, note this remark:

"It will be noticed that we do not decide for the individual. We throw the burden back upon the student. Our purpose is to furnish the individual with the material for a more intelligent decision, not to make the decision for him."

So, in the end, you will have to decide for yourself. Your powers are still too undeveloped for any one to run the danger of limiting you by too definite suggestion. What you need is to take all you can learn about these several vocations and the preparations necessary for them, all that may be said to you about the required personal qualities, and then go on to a candid, unflinching study of yourself and your opportunities, determined only to make at length the largest choice that your powers and your courage can undertake.

True, the good places are crowded, but every good place in this world becomes vacant once in twenty years.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A GOOD VOCATION *

By WILLIAM A. WHEATLEY

BOYS all want good positions. But would they know one if they found it? Many men have thought that they had the question answered and have secured what they thought to be a good position, only to learn in middle life that it meant disappointment instead of satisfaction, narrowness instead of growth, and failure instead of success. Since this is a complex world, there are many things to consider before deciding what a good vocation is, and just because Mr. Smith, the barber, looks prosperous or Mr. Jones, the real-estate dealer, says there is nothing like selling land, you must not jump at conclusions in this important matter.

Let us, then, try to unravel this question, What is a good vocation? Whether a vocation is good or bad, as we shall soon see, does not depend on one thing only, but upon a number of different elements. And among these let us consider at once the one which no doubt comes to your mind first.

Remuneration

You are naturally interested in a salary check; you want to know what pay there is in a particular vocation. You hear much of wages—how one of your friends gets two dollars and a half a day in a piano factory and another friend twenty dollars a week in a big department store. We are apt to conclude that friend No. 2 is luckier than friend No. 1, or that the store owner is better to work for than the factory operator. But upon what does the amount of wages depend? There are sev-

* From "Occupations," by Enoch B. Gowin and William A. Wheatley. Used by permission of William A. Wheatley and the publishers, Ginn and Company, Boston.

eral points to consider in answering this question. One is, Why is the employer able to pay you any wages at all?

The reason is, your work is productive. If you take a team and cultivator and spend several weeks at work, next fall there are many more bushels of corn as a result of your work. If you touch briskly the keys of a typewriter, day after day, a profitable business is better able to continue than if your work had been left undone. The employer can afford to pay you because he makes money out of your work. How much can he afford to pay you? This depends very largely on what you can produce. You must not expect more wages than you are worth, and you are not worth more than you can produce.

Again, if your employer can get at a less wage somebody else who will produce as much as you and as well, will he continue to pay you the same wages? This, you see, is the other side of the wage bargain, the amount of wages depending upon the supply of laborers. If there are many wishing to do a certain kind of work, wages will be low because the supply is plentiful. If, on the other hand, the supply of workers is too few, then wages will be relatively higher.

But you may neither possess the special qualifications nor be able to take the required training. Your rate of pay then will depend largely upon how good a bargainer you are. You have a right to demand what your services are worth. Your employer has a right to offer what someone else could be hired for to do the same work. The actual wage, consequently, is somewhere between these two points, the precise figure usually being the result of much discussion. Collective, not individual, bargaining is the plan of the labor unions. No locomotive fireman, for instance, ever talks with a railroad president concerning whether his daily wages shall be two dollars and eighty-five cents or three dollars and fifteen cents. Representatives of thousands of firemen meet representatives of many railroads and the wage schedule is arranged. In whatever way wages are regulated in the vocation you will enter, you should see to it that you are paid as nearly as possible what you deserve.

But which is more important, daily wage or yearly income? Young men are apt to be swayed by the special earning—the high harvest wage, the league pitcher's salary, the big law fee. But as you live all the time, so you should earn all the time. It is the total amount received during the year that counts. In the large wage-earning class Dr. Scott Nearing estimates that the average worker is unemployed twenty per cent. of the time. For example, instead of considering two dollars and a half a day the wages received by a certain workingman, we would, after deducting this twenty per cent, really be dealing with a two dollar wage. Irregular work does not pay in the long run. Consequently, one of the tests that young men must apply to any particular vocation is, Does it afford constant employment?

Yearly wage, however, is not enough. Annual earnings are more important than daily earnings, but life earnings are more important than either. This truth leads us to consider three matters of importance, all closely related to remuneration. These are healthfulness, safety, and the likelihood of advancement.

Healthfulness

Do you know that by choosing some vocations, unless under the most improved conditions, you will shorten your life five, ten, or fifteen years? Some of our decorated pillow covers are made in factories where the workers, unprotected, breathe constantly the arsenic fumes, the spray frequently being so dense as to resemble a mist. Paint and pottery workers find that lead poisoning destroys the appetite and leads to nausea, loss of weight, and low vitality. In a California factory unequipped with respirators men who were willing to shovel in the lime pit received double the usual pay, and workingmen were found foolish enough to do it. Foolish? Yes, for at such work they could last only from four to six years, being forced at that time to leave the lime pit injured for life.

In whatever ways employees find their occupations unhealthful, they should demand from their employers the best

means of health protection known, and should themselves exercise every possible precaution both in their work and in their habits of living.

Safety

Some vocations are not safe. Your life represents your most valuable investment, it is your most precious possession. And when insurance companies, composed of shrewd, far-sighted men whose specialty it is to estimate danger, refuse to accept your risk, is it good business on your part to ignore these dangers in selecting your vocation?

It is to your interest, as a young man about to enter a vocation, to consider safety as one of the desirable elements. And if you decide to work in a somewhat dangerous occupation, give preference to the employer who considers the safety of his employees and do your part by coöperating with him.

Advancement

Andrew Carnegie began his manufacturing career as a "bobbin boy" at one dollar and twenty cents a week.

As we all know, he obtained a better position. He soon became a fireman in another factory, was next set to keeping the books, and at fourteen became messenger boy in a Pittsburgh telegraph office. Then he learned telegraphy, became clerk and operator for the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and later advanced to a division superintendency on the same road.

He invested in some Adams Express stock, took a part interest in the company which made the first sleeping cars, finally resigned his railroad position to organize a new steel-bridge-building company, and thus developed into the world's foremost steel king. And this is the way Andrew Carnegie worked his way up.

You also purpose to become a man of importance. You may find a promising position which not only pays well at the start but offers steady advancement. Or it may be that the only position open to you will be a very humble one like

Andrew Carnegie's first job. In either case, in order to rise you must grow. Much depends on yourself. Are you willing, if need be, to toil hard with little pay at the start, to go out of your way to do things, and to learn things that touch your present work on all sides? Are you determined to please your employers and all whose labors interlock with yours? Are you industrious, studious, thorough-going, gentlemanly, honorable?—for much depends on yourself.

Much also depends on the position. In some positions a young man learns nothing and cannot grow. Ten years finds him receiving the same wage, and with his mind cramped and distorted like a twisted tree. So, while we are naturally interested in good pay, we must not be misled by too large wages at the start in a vocation which does not offer us steady growth, added responsibility, and a decided advancement in salary. There are positions and vocations in which an ambitious young man is ever advancing; as in a good school, he goes from class to class until finally he graduates, but in this case he passes up into a membership of the firm or into some other position that has been his goal for years. Truly, we must bear in mind in choosing our life work that a good start is not enough; it is the steady advancement and a worthy goal that all should seek.

Social Standing

The traditional social standing accredited to some of the various life occupations still persists to a degree, and influences many boys unwisely in the choice of their life work; but fortunately in democratic America men are now receiving more and more that esteem from the public which their services and personal worth entitle them to receive, regardless of whether they have served their fellow men in a professional calling, in manufacturing, or as skilled artisans. Naturally there is still, and perhaps always will be, a sort of vocational aristocracy composed of those callings which demand native ability of a high order and a prolonged and expensive education, and which thus exclude all but a comparatively few who can meet their exacting requirements. Again, there is the

other extreme, that multitude of occupations which require no special qualifications nor education and whose workmen are termed unskilled labor; these occupations are generally overcrowded and naturally offer the least promise of social standing.

As a rule, a young man in any life work requiring some special native ability and a fair education may expect to attain with reasonable surety that social standing for which his financial success and his personal traits, including his public-spiritedness, entitle him. So we can say with assurance, do not be afraid because of social considerations to follow the life calling for which you seem to be best adapted in native ability, personal inclination, and special preparation. Again, in the long run, the community usually esteems most highly that man who has lived and worked with human welfare nearest his heart.

Personal Suitability

As a youth Patrick Henry was an idler. Historians now say splendid things about him, but there was a time when his neighbors called him a vagabond. He tried one thing after another, but every venture failed miserably. He was foolishly married when not yet out of his teens, and at the age of twenty-three the usual failure of his every project—this time a country store—left the youthful Patrick, now with a wife and three children to support, in sorry straits indeed. He turned to law. The beginning was slow, but the Parsons Case fired him with enthusiasm for his new calling, and he forged ahead to become the most celebrated lawyer of his day. Patrick Henry failed for a time, and failed miserably, until he entered the *vocation for which he was fitted*. You, too, will find remuneration, healthfulness, safety, advancement, social esteem, all to be important, but do not forget personal suitability.

All men are not alike. As boys, some by nature take to mechanics. They like to work with hammer and chisel and the clock that won't run. How dull to them would life be in a library working over names which fairly thrill another boy

From a Drawing by Clinedinst

WEBSTER STUDYING IN THE SAW-MILL

—Scott, Shakespeare, Stevenson, Kipling! Natural qualifications may peculiarly fit you for some one vocation. Out of it you are ill at ease; in it all goes well.

But natural qualifications are not everything. Training, education, cultivation are important. They take the crude natural qualifications and shape them for success. You may have the taste for accuracy, neatness, and figures. Training can make of you a high-grade accountant. In other words, education may further fit you, may adjust you to a vocation when natural qualifications alone would not suffice.

Now it may be that you have ready access to the special preparation required for some calling. Other boys, perhaps, must travel far, hold mean positions, and struggle for years to learn what you can easily gain from your father. All his life he has been storing up this valuable information. It is yours for the asking. Therefore, if your father's calling appeals to you as a life work, your father's being in it may be a considerable advantage. A somewhat similar advantage may be in your location. You may live in a great manufacturing center; the attraction then would be toward a manufacturing career. Or your home may be in a great city; commerce would now make a strong appeal. Or your home may be just across the street from a famous technical school—a technical education here would be tempting. Other things being equal, going into a vocation where you have the best chance for preparation simply means taking advantage of the opportunities which are peculiarly yours.

A GIRL'S WORK IN LIFE*

By WINIFRED BUCK

GIRLS, have you ever stopped to think how much you consume? The almost constant time and thought of your parents, the services of friends, teachers, perhaps servants, tons of food, hundreds of articles of clothing, much space? What do you produce of equal value to what you consume? Does it seem to you to be quite honest to use up so much in the world and not put anything in the place of what you take out?

You can be a producer in various ways, spiritual and physical. Unless you have a rare talent for one of the great arts the best thing you can do for the world and for yourself is to marry and create children and that partly tangible, partly intangible thing called a home. If you do not marry but still are supported by your father you can be worth all you consume if you do gratuitous work for the benefit of the community. If you become that admirable person, the self-supporting woman, you can easily earn all you consume.

If you are going to get married stop and ask yourself if you know anything about the work you will have to do when you have a house to manage. Do you know anything about the cost of running a house? Will you be like the girl in a story which appeared in one of the funny papers several years ago? A young engaged couple sat on the sofa together. He said, "Darling, I have just had a raise in my salary. They are going to give me fifteen hundred dollars a year hereafter. Do you think we could *begin* to think of getting married sometime now?" "Why, of course," answered the fair young girl. "Let us be married at once. If I am careful I can get all my clothes for a thousand dollars a year; then we shall

*From "The American Girl," by Winifred Buck. Used by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company, New York.

have all the rest for our other expenses." Or like the bride who came to her mother in great distress saying that she had just had to spend a whole dollar for postage stamps. "Why, naturally," said her mother, "you needed them, did you not?" "Yes, certainly," wailed the bride. "But I didn't know you had to buy them. I thought they just came. Father always seemed to have plenty in his desk."

Value of Money

Young American women, as a rule, know far too little about the value of money. Perhaps this is particularly true in families who are pretty well off. The custom among them is, frequently, to buy what they want and send the bill to husband or father. By that system they never know what anything costs, nor do they learn what proportion of an income should be spent for rent, clothes, food, etc. When the husband or father dies, a woman who has what ought to be a good income often cannot live within it simply because she has never learned anything about the great art of buying wisely.

If any of you girls now live according to this system, my advice to you is to strike at once for an allowance—that is, if you have not the mental or physical energy to earn your own money, or if you are so useful to the community (and you may well be) that you feel you are really worth the allowance your father may give you.

If you are going to marry on a small income you will probably have to do a great deal of housework. Do you know how to cook, how to keep your house in order, how to systematize the housework so that it will not take all your time and strength? Do you know anything about buying, so that your money will go as far as possible, or anything about the utilization of the waste material of the household—paper, rags, bottles, scraps of food? If your husband is well-off you should know, in addition to the things enumerated above, how to manage your servants so that they will do the work of the house satisfactorily and yet will be contented in your employ.

It never seems to me quite straight of a girl to marry and undertake to run a house when she knows nothing about it and does not even take an intelligent interest in doing it well. You would justly feel that your husband had been very dishonest with you if he had made it appear, before marriage, that he had some means of support and then turned out to be a penniless idler. Or, if he had represented himself to be a professional man and turned out to be a day laborer. He would have just as much cause to feel that you had deceived him if you turn out to be a waster of money—a household incompetent. He sees you now living in an attractive home, and he naturally thinks you know how to organize and maintain the home of a lady. Do you not think he has cause to complain if he finds you a slattern? Do not think that because you and your family are refined people you cannot be a slattern. I have known people with plenty of money and a so-called "good" education in whose houses, when you looked below the surface, dirt, confusion and even vermin prevailed everywhere. When such a condition of affairs exists it is always the wife's fault unless she is a serious invalid.

If you are the one woman in ten thousand who can paint portraits, write "best sellers" or run a big business and earn a lot of money you will be amply justified in employing a housekeeper to run your house for you. For most of us, however, the care of the household falls to our share in the family division of labor. The husband is the earner and the wife is the spender. I cannot deny that housework is very monotonous, but so is all work. Sometimes it is extremely uncongenial work to the women who have to perform it. But this much can be said in its favor: You are your own boss when you are doing it, and the more skill, science, and thrift you put into it the more interesting it is.

And now, you may say, How am I to learn all these useful things? If you live in or near a big city you can attend a domestic science course in some school or college. In the smaller cities and villages such advantages may not exist. In that case, I can only say that you must teach yourself. This

you can do perfectly well if you will read, keep your eyes open and develop your critical faculties.

How to Learn

For reading, subscribe to one or more of the women's magazines. In nearly every number of all of them you will find most helpful articles about preparing food, systematizing work or suggesting plans whereby great financial saving may be made in home management.

Then keep your eyes open and notice all the beautiful things you see in the shop windows or in your friends' houses. Do not hesitate to ask the price of things in shops if you think them useful or beautiful. Notice when the food you eat is good and find out how it has been prepared. Nearly every woman you know prides herself on cooking some one article of food well. Get each of them to show you her specialty.

Notice when the work of some house seems to go with great smoothness, and make a point of asking how this most desirable result is attained. A good exercise (and an amusing one also) is to set yourself some imaginary problem in housekeeping. Allow yourself, let us say, $50 with which to furnish a room. With the aid of catalogues which the great mail order houses and big city department stores will gladly furnish you, you can easily select in imagination furniture that will come within the price limits you have set yourself. And what shall this furniture be? Do you want to spend all your spare time dusting it? No. Well, then choose things with flat surfaces, simple straight lines. Simple, plain things are more restful to live with anyway than things of meaningless elaboration. Choose beforehand some definite color scheme and try to follow that out in your selection of rug, hangings and covers. If you have to economize in something try to use good judgment as to where you will economize. For instance, will you get a handsome brass bedstead and a cheap mattress, or will you get a plain iron bed and a good mattress? You will do the latter, of course. Even the cheap-

est iron bed is inoffensive looking and will never wear out, whereas a cheap mattress will never be very comfortable and will give poor service. Moreover, if the time ever comes when you can afford to buy a handsome bed to put with your good mattress, the old iron one may be useful in some other room, or can be sold for at least half what you paid for it. The same principles can be applied to the selection of food and clothes.

Useful Women

I have said on another page that to society you may be well worth the allowance of money your father may give you. Women of independent means and leisure are making a wonderful record for themselves as unremunerated workers in the field of philanthropy and public service. In the great cities large numbers of them work in the so-called "settlements," where the newly arrived foreigner receives, perhaps for the first time, the welcoming hand of the native born. The public schools teach him English and things out of books, but the people of the settlements teach him American standards of living, American manners, American points of view about everything, and, above all, make him feel that he is welcomed to our country. Women, volunteers, still without the vote in most of our States, are toiling to promote better legislation in all our States and in the nation. Women are active in village improvement work and have done wonders in the last few years to make our country places more sanitary and more beautiful. Women are getting together as they never did before—all kinds of women, rich and poor, educated and uneducated—to work for causes in which they are all interested. People can no longer justly say that women are not democratic—that they are not loyal to their own sex.

I could fill a book if I were to record all the useful, civilizing things the unpaid woman is doing for the country. Suffice it to say, that the idle, frivolous woman—the woman who does not earn her salt in some way—is regarded with an increasing lack of interest and respect. If a woman is not more or less of a personage—a personality at least—she finds that

very little attention is paid to her after the first charm of extreme youth has passed.

The Girl Wage-Earner

I want to speak a word of deep respect for the girl who earns her own living. Some girls are obliged to work—poverty leaves them no choice—and a very few have so much talent that they cannot help making money by exercising this talent. Probably the majority of girls who read this book will belong to a third category—girls whose fathers can give them food, shelter, and clothes as long as he lives, but cannot provide for their future after he dies. Girls situated in this way, if they are wise, will go to work as soon as they can get a suitable job. Even if they expect to marry, they should remember that husbands as well as fathers sometimes die or are disabled. It is a good thing to have had some experience in the business world or to have a trade or profession to fall back upon in case of necessity.

Of course it seems hard to have to work when you have a comfortable home and your father can give you all you need. But think how awful it would be to be dependent upon some relative more distant than your father should he die and you not be able to care for yourself. One or two generations ago it was common to see families where the man had to support, in addition to his wife and children, his aged mother, a maiden sister, and an aunt or two. Perhaps your father has been handicapped by a similar burden. There is less excuse for your being dependent now than there was for these unfortunate old ladies. They could scarcely have succeeded in taking care of themselves had they wanted to in their youth. Few occupations were open to them and those that were offered the barest existence with cruelly long hours of work. It is quite different now. Women with good manners and ability can make sometimes a handsome income in a hundred different ways. Even girls of poor education and not remarkable intelligence can earn enough to live on without overworking themselves.

If you should go to work while you are living at home you ought to be able to lay up a good sum of money. Even if you have to pay all your living expenses out of your earnings you will put something in the savings bank every week if you are wise. Why not agree with yourself to deposit a certain sum, whatever you think you can easily afford, at regular intervals? You will enjoy doing it after a while. There is a real fascination about seeing the figures in your bank book gradually getting bigger and bigger. After you have a couple of hundred dollars, let us say, in the bank, you can wisely begin to save up for a more lucrative investment. Savings banks usually only pay from three to four per cent. interest on deposits, but the advantage of having your money there is, that you can get it out at once if you need it. It is never safe to be without some money in the savings bank. But there are plenty of other perfectly safe investments that will bring you in five per cent. interest. Your bank will advise you about these. Of late years some of the biggest financial firms in the great cities have been making special efforts to interest the small capitalist—the man or woman who has, let us say, one hundred dollars to invest at a time.

Girls, I wish I could make you feel the real comfort of having a little income of your own—even if it is only ten dollars a year—that comes in regularly, rain or shine, sick or well. You can soon save it if you bend your mind to it. Unless you have already had experience in saving, you will probably be surprised to see how fast small sums amount into big ones. You probably do not realize, either, how many small sums you fritter away. Americans, I am sorry to say, are great fritterers. We have been called the most wasteful nation on earth, I fear with justice. The savings bank habit will cure you of frittering and wasting.

I hope you realize the importance of having a well-trained mind. The attitude of the public has changed very much toward hard study for women. When I was a girl I used frequently to hear mothers say, "Oh, what a pity Lucy is studying so hard. The men won't like her."

This point of view used to irritate me extremely, even

then. It seemed to me ignominious that a woman should be asked to suppress deliberately such a worthy instinct as a love of study for the sole purpose of having more partners at dances or a greater variety of proposals of marriage. When the Lucy in question finally married a far more distinguished and attractive man than any of her more light-headed contemporaries I felt that my resentment toward the mothers was justified. At the present moment Lucy, now fifty years old, can look back on twenty-five years of great usefulness, finds life intensely interesting, whether she is alone or in society, and is a welcome companion to both men and women. Some of her less intellectual girlhood friends find life a dull affair as advancing years curtail the pleasures that satisfied them in youth.

Nowadays the best type of man likes to admire and even look up to the intellect of the girls he is attentive to. He is not afraid of the girl with a trained mind and a strong, active character. All right thinking girls want to be attractive to men, of course, but those of this generation will not make this desire the sole object of their lives; nor, for the sake of attaining this attractiveness, will they willingly sacrifice the expression of their own tastes and talents. Remember, too, that a well-trained mind is not inconsistent with good looks, pretty clothes, graceful dancing, and pleasing manners.

Ambition, a longing for self-development, the wish to be useful outside as well as inside the home, the enjoyment of study for study's sake as well as a desire for a home and children, are the impelling forces in women's lives nowadays. Incidentally, men still love and marry them and find them better companions for having heads as well as hearts; while the women now find that life, even after youth has passed, is still a joyous thing.

A BOY'S MANNER*

By LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and a noble mind.

"HIS manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. His "How do you do," as he looks straight in your eyes, is speech in itself. It gives you a general impression that you are worth knowing, that the weather will soon be better and your luck go up. He is just as amiable to his family as to visitors and strangers. His entrance into a room seems to change the whole complexion

*From "If I Were a Boy," by Lucy Elliot Keeler. Used by permission of the publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

of the company. An Englishman visiting us once laughingly said the boy could dispel a London fog with his cheerful laughter. He positively cannot be easy at the table until his neighbors are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks any one else is less comfortably seated. He would not interrupt to let loose the wittiest or the most timely remark ever invented. He may learn to do so some day—after he has made his hundred thousand! but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindliness may become confirmed to popular usage, modified, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

He visited a school-friend the other day, and the friend's father wrote us that Robert not only seemed to enjoy every minute of his stay, but made the whole family feel that he did —which is a great thing in a guest. "He lost no time in concocting a pet name for each of us; and had the funniest little finger-touches of graceful and affectionate recognition for any service done him."

How to Do It

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.

Sometimes it helps to dwell on others' methods of self-expression. I like to recall Professor Jowett, of Balliol, who had been criticizing an essay by one of his pupils. Feeling that he had hurt the other's feelings he rose from his chair, lifted the teapot very high and sent a long stream of amber tea into a cup, exclaiming, like Socrates, "Now I will give you some tea, O my good friend!" Socrates' courtesy was charming. Phædo noted the gentle, pleasant manner in which Socrates regarded the words of young men, his quick sense of the wound inflicted by his argument, and his ready application of the healing art. "How I wish," he said to the young Agathon, taking a place next to him at the table, "that wisdom could be

imparted through touch. How much I should prize sitting by you."

Young Tennyson visited the aged Wordsworth and was delighted when the elder said, "Come, brother bard, to dinner." He felt ashamed to pay Wordsworth compliments, but at last, in the dark, the shy young fellow said something about the pleasure he had had from Wordsworth's writings; and the old poet took him by the hand and replied, with expressions equally kind and complimentary.

Spurgeon had the politeness of remembering people. Once he called a man named Patridge, "Mr. Partridge," but added, quick as a flash, "Pardon me, sir, I did not intend to make game of you."

Perhaps the highest compliment ever given to Pasteur is that the great scientist "made happiness around him while he gave glory to France."

Thoughtfulness and Cheerfulness

Plutarch says that a poor laborer, seeing everybody give a present to King Artaxerxes, and having nothing himself, ran to the riverside and took both hands full of water and came and offered it to him. The king was so glad of it that he sent the man, in a cup of gold, a thousand pieces of silver.

"Always look cheerful and good-humored, Gambetta," said the diminutive octogenarian Thiers of France; "don't forget that, Gambetta. It will prove of more use to you than you imagine." True. Gambetta converted many a foe into an adherent by means of his smile, his grasp of the hand, and his happy words.

Wilberforce took his children to see the Cossacks at the barracks. They had been so worried by curious intruders that they could not bear to be looked at. But when they saw Wilberforce's friendly countenance, even the roughest of them, who looked as if he had never smiled in his life, unbent his ebon brows and relaxed the muscles of his iron face and kissed Wilberforce's hand when he left. "It is a fault to be silent," he once said to his son, the future Bishop; "everyone

is bound to present his contribution to the common stock of conversation and enjoyment."

Instances of a bad manner are familiar to us all. Let them serve as warnings. A young soldier visited Aubrey de Vere and whistled loudly in the drawing-room. The gentle poet started visibly and afterward whispered to his sister, "I hope he saw me start."

Hazlitt had few friends. His manners were not good. He shook hands like a fish. His temper was uncertain and his heart was cold. People miss, oh! what opportunities, what kindness, what wealth of good-will because their hearts are lazy; not opening and responding quickly at the moment to the moment's touch. It is often the want of consideration that makes us fail, not want of will to do right.

In the Philippines, the children have classes in what is called Urbanida—manners on the road—public conduct taught like arithmetic. Indeed, politeness is not so much what we owe to others as what we owe to ourselves. *Noblesse oblige,* runs the old French motto; and the Italian is not unlike it: "Cap in hand never yet did a man harm." "Manners Makyth Man" is the motto of Winchester school. Learn it by heart, boys. You want to be agreeable as well as useful members of society. A good manner is a solvent to work with; a power to combine alien forces. It is a great part of morals itself. It will be worth as much to you as it was to Gambetta, to Wilberforce, to Pasteur, or to the boy of the story above—worth *"at least* a hundred thousand!"

THE CHILDREN'S CODE OF MORALS *

Prepared by WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS and accepted by

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MORAL INSTRUCTION, INC.

"Our children must be better men and women than we are," is the heart's desire of each American father and mother; "better physically, mentally, socially, and in morals." To help the latter phase of a child's development, the National Institute for Moral Instruction, whose directorate has been chosen from all over the country and whose headquarters are in Washington, D. C., conducted during the years 1916 and 1917 a country-wide contest for a children's morality code. The expenses of the competition and the prize of $5,000 were the gift of a business man whose name by his own wish remains a secret.

The executive committee in charge included Milton Fairchild, chairman of the Institute; Philander P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education; Willard S. Small, principal of the Eastern High School; William C. Ruediger, dean of the Teachers' College, George Washington University, and Miss Margaret Bell Merrill, a teacher in the Western High School—all of Washington, D. C. The donor himself was in active correspondence with this committee.

State superintendents of education were collaborators to select the code writers. There were seventy original competitors. Every State furnished at least one. Some had more than one. For instance, New York had six, Pennsylvania five, and Massachusetts four. There were patrons of the undertaking, college and university presidents and educational authorities, who aided with advice and gave public sanction.

The writers were urged to discuss their work with as many persons as possible, so that public opinion all over the country might be reflected. Upward of ten thousand are believed to have given help.

Of the seventy writers, a few fell by the wayside. However, fifty-two codes were submitted.

Three judges of national reputation decided the contest: Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale University, the chairman, represented general scholarship in ethics and the social sciences; Associate Justice Mahlon Pitney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, interpreted the Constitution and the broad legal history of the nation; and Mrs. Philip North Moore, of St. Louis, president of the National Council of Women, presented the views of women and the home.

These judges worked almost a year over the decision, for the ex-

* This Code is reprinted with the consent of the National Institute for Moral Instruction, Inc. Thanks are also due *The American Magazine* for calling attention to the Code.

ceptional quality of most of the documents made a choice extremely difficult. The judges did not know the names of the writers, the codes being identified to them merely by numbers. Each judge read all the codes and designated which he regarded as the best three. All the codes which had not received a single vote were then dropped from consideration. The balloting over the "commended codes" continued in this way, until, one by one, they were rejected and only the winning code remained. It was "No. 9"; and No. 9 had been prepared by William J. Hutchins, professor of homiletics, Oberlin Seminary, Oberlin, Ohio.

BOYS and girls who are good Americans try to become strong and useful, that our country may become ever greater and better. Therefore they obey the laws of right living which the best Americans have always obeyed.

The first law is THE LAW OF HEALTH

The Good American Tries to Gain and to Keep Perfect Health

The welfare of our country depends upon those who try to be physically fit for their daily work. Therefore:

1. I will keep my clothes, my body, and my mind clean.
2. I will avoid those habits which would harm me, and will make and never break those habits which will help me.
3. I will try to take such food, sleep, and exercise as will keep me in perfect health.

The second law is THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL

The Good American Controls Himself

Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.

1. I will control my *tongue,* and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words.
2. I will control my *temper,* and will not get angry when people or things displease me.

3. I will control my *thoughts,* and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

The third law is THE LAW OF SELF-RELIANCE

The Good American Is Self-Reliant

Self-conceit is silly, but self-reliance is necessary to boys and girls who would be strong and useful.

1. I will gladly listen to the advice of older and wiser people, but I will learn to think for myself, choose for myself, act for myself.
2. I will not be afraid of being laughed at.
3. I will not be afraid of doing right when the crowd does wrong.

The fourth law is THE LAW OF RELIABILITY

The Good American Is Reliable

Our country grows great and good as her citizens are able more fully to trust each other. Therefore:

1. I will be honest, in word and in act. I will not lie, sneak, or pretend, nor will I keep the truth from those who have a right to it.
2. I will not do wrong in the hope of not being found out. I cannot hide the truth from myself and cannot often hide it from others.
3. I will not take without permission what does not belong to me.
4. I will do promptly what I have promised to do. If I have made a foolish promise, I will at once confess my mistake,

and I will try to make good any harm which my mistake may have caused. I will so speak and act that people will find it easier to trust each other.

The fifth law is THE LAW OF FAIR PLAY

THE GOOD AMERICAN PLAYS FAIR

Fair play increases and trains one's strength, and helps one to be more useful to one's country. Therefore:

1. I will not cheat, nor will I play for keeps or for money. If I should not play fair, the loser would lose the fun of the game, the winner would lose his self-respect, and the game itself would become a mean and often cruel business.
2. I will treat my opponent with politeness.
3. If I play in a group game, I will play, not for my own glory, but for the success of my team and the fun of the game.
4. I will be a good loser or a generous winner.

The sixth law is THE LAW OF DUTY

THE GOOD AMERICAN DOES HIS DUTY

The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work which he ought to do himself. He harms his fellow-citizens, and so harms his country.

1. I will try to find out what my duty is, *what I ought to do,* and my duty I will do, whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

The seventh law is THE LAW OF GOOD WORKMANSHIP

THE GOOD AMERICAN TRIES TO DO THE RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT WAY

The welfare of our country depends upon those who have learned to do in the right way the things that ought to be done. Therefore:

1. I will get the best possible education, and learn all that I can from those who have learned to do the right thing in the right way.
2. I will take an interest in my work, and will not be satisfied with slip-shod and merely passable work. A wheel or a rail or a nail carelessly made may cause the death of hundreds.
3. I will try to do the right thing in the right way, even when no one else sees or praises me. But when I have done my best, I will not envy those who have done better, or have received larger reward. Envy spoils the work and the worker.

The eighth law is THE LAW OF TEAM-WORK

THE GOOD AMERICAN WORKS IN FRIENDLY COÖPERATION WITH HIS FELLOW-WORKERS

One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.

1. In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.
2. I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way,

and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste of time and patience.

3. In all my work with others I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.
4. When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

The ninth law is THE LAW OF KINDNESS

THE GOOD AMERICAN IS KIND

In America those who are of different races, colors, and conditions must live together. We are of many different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life. Therefore:

1. I will be kind in all my *thoughts.* I will bear no spites or grudges. I will not think myself above any other girl or boy just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.
2. I will be kind in all my *speech.* I will not gossip nor will I speak unkindly of anyone. Words may wound or heal.
3. I will be kind in all my *acts.* I will not selfishly insist on having my own way. I will always be polite. Rude people are not good Americans. I will not trouble unnecessarily those who do work for me. I will do my best to prevent cruelty, and will give my best help to those who need it most.

The tenth law is THE LAW OF LOYALTY

THE GOOD AMERICAN IS LOYAL

If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful, in every relation of life.

1. I will be loyal to my family. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my

best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness.

2. I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will obey and help other pupils to obey those rules which further the good of all.
3. I will be loyal to my town, my state, my country. In loyalty I will respect and help others to respect their laws and their courts of Justice.
4. I will be loyal to humanity. In loyalty I will do my best to help the friendly relations of our country with every other country, and to give to everyone in every land the best possible chance.

If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may be disloyal to my town, my state, and my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, state, and country, I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try above all things else to be loyal to humanity; then I shall surely be loyal to my country, my state, and my town, to my school, and to my family.

AND HE WHO OBEYS THE LAW OF LOYALTY OBEYS ALL THE OTHER NINE LAWS OF THE GOOD AMERICAN

YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD!*

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

GIRLS and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!

In Europe, boys of your age are dying daily by hundreds, by thousands! Millions lie dead or wounded; or, famishing in prison camps, watch the slow wasting of body and mind. Millions! Can you imagine it? Five million! Ten million! God knows, how many million more! Twelve million. Fifteen million, perhaps. It is an impossible figure—so huge that it means nothing. It means something only when you consider that the trench in which the dead alone could be laid shoulder to shoulder would stretch from the Gulf of Mexico through Louisiana, through Arkansas, through Missouri, through Iowa, through Minnesota to Canada! From our southern border to our northern border! Laid shoulder to shoulder the dead would stretch from the outlet of the Mississippi to its source, and beyond! What of the other millions, blind, lame, incapacitated? They could stand with arms on each other's shoulders, a shining belt of manhood, from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate! But they will not stand anywhere again in strength and splendor with arms on each other's shoulders. They lie scattered in fields and forests, in villages and bleak cities. Boys who might have been great leaders of men lie there; boys who might have been great scientists, great poets, great tellers of tales, great inventors, great merchants, great physicians, great preachers. Europe does not know yet what she has lost. Europe has great scientists still,

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great poets, great tellers of tales, inventors, merchants, physicians, preachers. But they are old, or aging. They will pass away, and Europe will look around and cry: "My old heroes are passing. It is time for my young heroes to take the places of honor." And Europe will call for her young heroes. Europe will call for new poets, new tellers of tales, new scientists, new inventors, new merchants, new physicians, new preachers.

And no one will answer.

No young heroes will appear. And then Europe will know at last how much she lost in the terrible years of the Great War.

You are dancing to-day and spinning tops and going to the movies and loafing at street-corners (which is pleasant when spring is in the air) and reading the sporting-columns and dolling up your figure and your face; and over there across the ocean every twenty seconds, on an average, down goes a brave boy, and out goes another candle, and on one of you over here suddenly falls a new responsibility. You don't feel it, but there it is. That French boy or that English or German or Russian boy, may leave his watch-fob to his brother and his watch to his best friend, but he leaves his chance in life to you. He might have been a great scientist and drawn some wizardry, yet unknown, out of the air; he might have been a great musician, a great engineer; he might have been the immortal leader men have been looking for, ages long, to lead the world to a better civilization. He's gone, dead at nineteen. Young America, you are his heir! Don't you feel his mantle on your shoulders?

"Mantle?" says Young America. "What bunk are you giving us, anyway?" And off you go dancing, and off you go to the movies, and off you go joy-riding in Pa's car, spending Pa's money; and the twin-six sings as you go, and the wheels sing, and you whistle; and the gasoline flows into the carburetor. Only it isn't gasoline; not really gasoline. It is the life-blood of little children in Europe, not flowing as blood flows on battlefields, but just going off into thin air. For little children, too, are dying in Europe, starving, failing day by

day, going off into thin air. And each little girl as she goes leaves her doll to her sister, and each little boy as he goes leaves his trumpet or his pocket-knife to his brother, but their chance in life they leave to you. Don't you feel the ragged mantles on your shoulders?

"Cut the soft stuff!" cries Young America. "What is all this talk about a mantle? A mantle's a sort of cape, an' capes are out of style, an' I don't know what you're talking about, an' what's more, I don't care, an' there's a new picture at the Bijou, an' who are you, anyway?"

"I'm a fellow that thinks a lot of you, Young America."

"Oh, listen! Isn't he tender-hearted?" says he.

"Come off!" say I.

"Isn't it lovely?" says he.

"Not very," say I.

"What d'ye mean?" says he.

"You," say I.

"My! That's a stinger!" says he.

"Come off!" say I. "Come off your high horse, Young America! It's only a rocking-horse, anyway."

"Are you trying to kid me?"

"I'm trying to have a friendly jaw with you."

You don't answer me right off, Young America. You look me up and down and you look me in the eye, and perhaps you decide that I'm not trying to "save my soul off you," and perhaps you're a bit lonesome and unsatisfied and perplexed for all the bluff you throw, and perhaps you haven't so many friends but that you'd be rather glad for a new one, particularly if he's young enough to remember what a job it is at sixteen or thereabouts to make heads or tails of your place in Creation. And suddenly something seems to open in your eyes, and you let me look away down into that magic Ali Baba cave that is your heart, and you say:

"You said you thought a lot of me. Do you mean it?"

"Yes."

You shrug your shoulders at that, and sniff, and pretend you don't care. But you do. You care a great deal. But you'd rather not have anybody know. So you smile a bit

patronizingly, so I won't forget that you're doing me a favor; and offer me a cigarette and light one yourself and blow a puff or two through your nostrils; and at last you ask:

"What's all this hot air about a mantle?"

"Just this, Young America. Once upon a time there was a fine old fellow named Elijah, a prophet. And there was a young fellow who went around with him named Elisha, a sort of assistant prophet. Elijah did wonderful miracles, parted the waves, for instance; and people said there was magic power in the mantle he always wore. Elijah didn't die like ordinary men. He was suddenly carried off to heaven in a chariot of fire. But he left his mantle to Elisha, and when Elisha wore it, carrying on the old man's work, people said: 'The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.' And Elisha did great things. He was the old man's heir. He wore the mantle of Elijah. Get me?"

"I—think—I—do——"

"Those English and French and German and Belgian and Russian boys have died by millions, with all the great things they might have accomplished left undone. They've gone like Elijah, not like ordinary men, but in chariots of fire. Their mantles flutter off and fall upon the shoulders of the girls and boys of America."

"That means me," says Young America, softly.

"Yes, Young America, that means you."

Then you're silent for a bit, and at last you say: "I hadn't thought about it that way. Perhaps I haven't thought about it much any way. I suppose some of those young fellows that have got blown to shucks in the trenches over there might later have been—why, all sorts of things—Washingtons and Lincolns. And now no one'll ever know. If Washington and Lincoln had been mashed up at nineteen we'd have never known. Say, that makes you think, doesn't it?"

"It does. For if they had been mashed up at nineteen, we might not have a country now. We might be an English colony still and the slaves might still be slaves."

"It makes me sort of sorry for Europe. Why, when the old duffers die, they'll holler for new men and——"

"There won't be any new men."

"They'll get into a scrape—perhaps another war like this—and they'll holler for a Washington or a Lincoln, or even for a What's-his-name?—Joffre—or a What's-his-name?—Lloyd-George—to pull 'em out, and there won't——"

"There won't be any Washington or Lincoln or Joffre or Lloyd-George."

"Who'll there be?"

"Perhaps nobody—in Europe."

You sit a minute, Young America, thinking that over. And then suddenly you rise to your feet, and throw away your cigarette, and frown, puzzled a bit. And then very slowly you say:

"Why, it looks as though when that time comes—perhaps—it may—be—up to us."

Right you are, Young America!

THE VICTOR

By GEORGE NETTLE

THERE are no vanquished days for him
  Whose goal is bright ahead,
Though mists should make his pathway dim,
  And every hour be met
Gray, spectral-hooded ghosts and grim,
  Who follow him and fret.

One falls beside him in the fight
  And claims a silent tear,
Another faints in mute affright
  At the ensanguined bier,
Yet doth his level lance swing right
  Into the face of fear.

What can the craven know of these?
  The clod inert and blind,
Who drugs into unworthy ease
  His sluggard soul and mind,
And never sets his nerveless knees
  Where high the great ways wind.

To such what boots the clarion call
  From the wide urging skies?
So they may doze let empires fall
  And other men devise;
Be merry, eat and drink—that's all
  Life holds to them as prize!

With what contempt and cleanly scorn
  The Victor spurns their plea;
While from the starward slopes of morn
  Beyond the Time-locked sea,
His challenge through the void is borne
  Unto Eternity.

There is no height he cannot scale,
  No death he dreads to know,
Who takes the hem of Error's veil
  And tears it to and fro,
Then battles with his breast in mail
  Each backward-beating foe.

There are no yesterdays for him
  Whose goal is bright ahead.
New morrows o'er the horizon's rim
  Invite his conquering tread.
And sternly spurs he every limb,
  Where glory's sun shines red.

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MEN AND WOMEN OF ACHIEVEMENT

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